

PICTURE-STEALERS SPOTTED

By Ed Sullivan

# Silver Screen

November

11 1938  
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Fredric March and Virginia Bruce  
in "There Goes My Heart."

Virginia Bruce

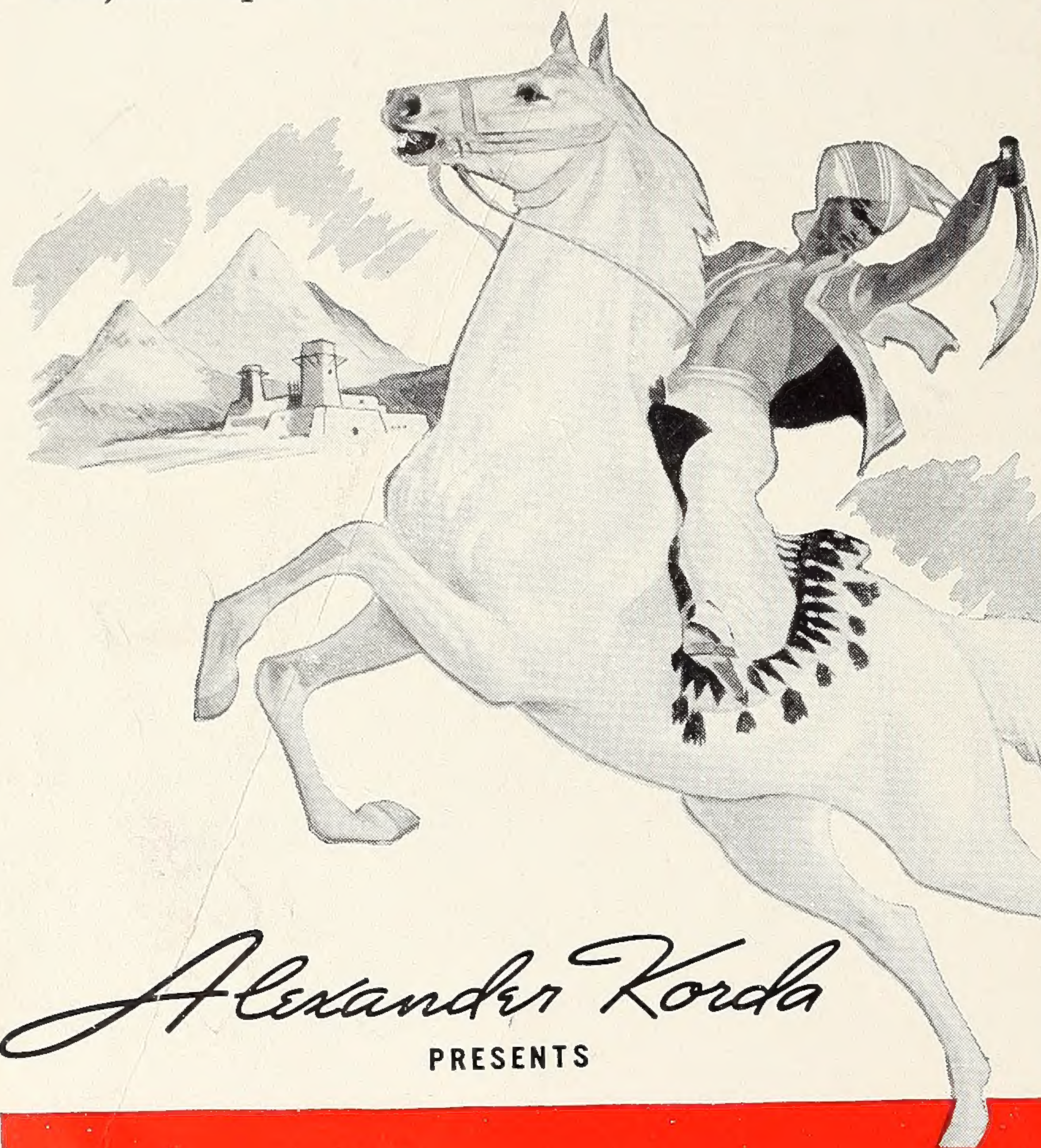
CAN YOU WRITE?—MONEY PRIZES



# Brave Men...

AND THE BRAVE WOMEN WHO FOLLOW THEM!

GO WITH THEM...through the Khyber Pass! Watch the bitter struggle between East and West. Thrill to the love story of a brave woman who followed her man among seething tribes. A majestic episode in the historic drama of India.



*Alexander Korda*  
PRESENTS

## DRUMS

IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR

with

**SABU · RAYMOND MASSEY · DESMOND TESTER**

**ROGER LIVESEY · VALERIE HOBSON**

And a cast of 3,000 · DIRECTED BY ZOLTAN KORDA

FROM A STORY BY A. E. W. MASON

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE—ASK THE MANAGER WHEN!

Thrill to the most majestic scenery on earth...the Himalayas of India...in Technicolor.

See Sabu, native Indian lad, cast as native Indian prince, riding triumphantly his plunging white charger!

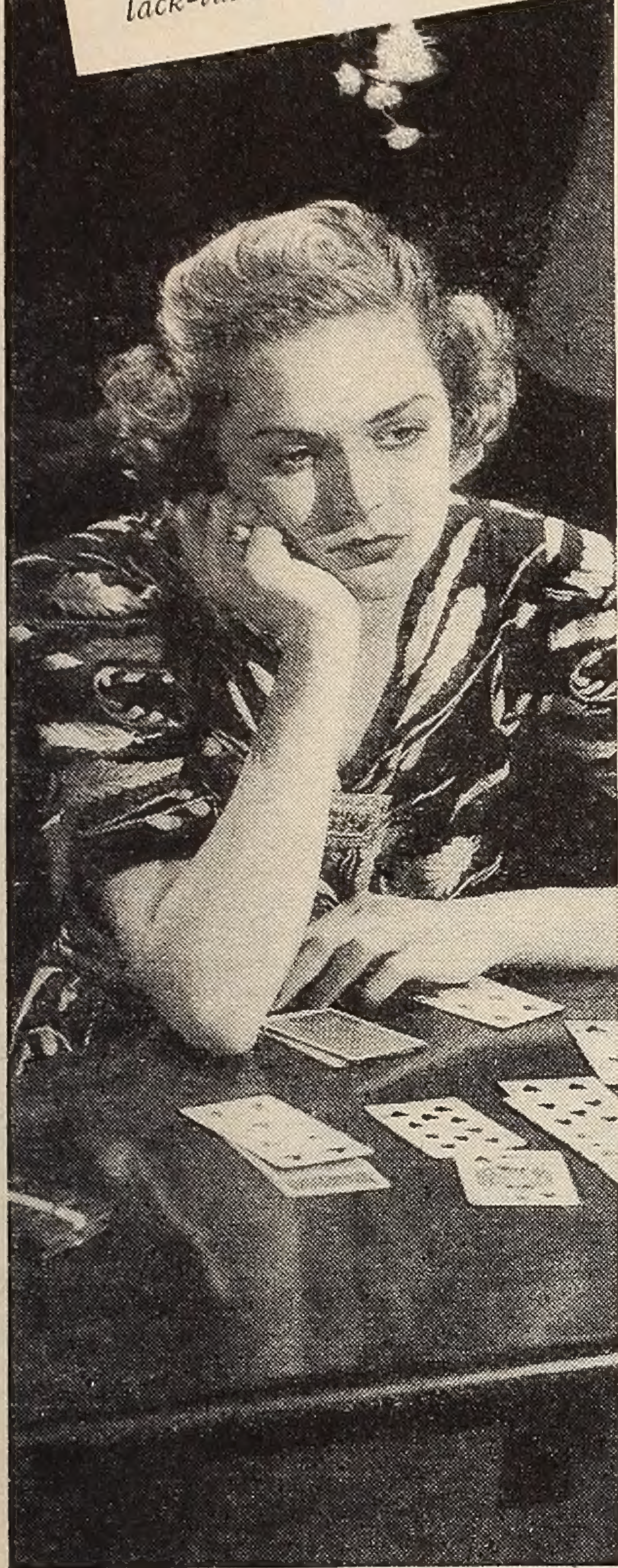


See real British Troops fight where they battled long ago to win an Empire.

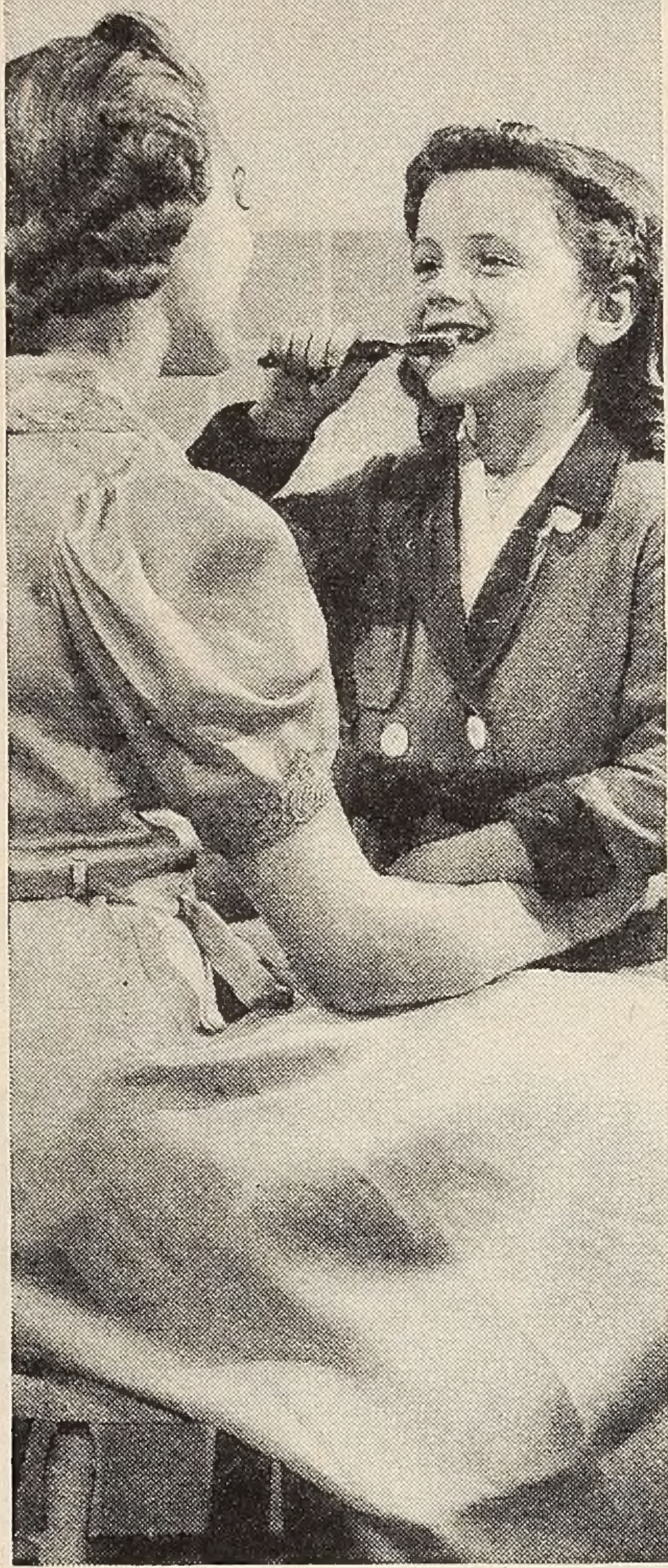
Go to the feast where dining was only a prelude to betrayal...and fear rose in the hearts of the bravest!



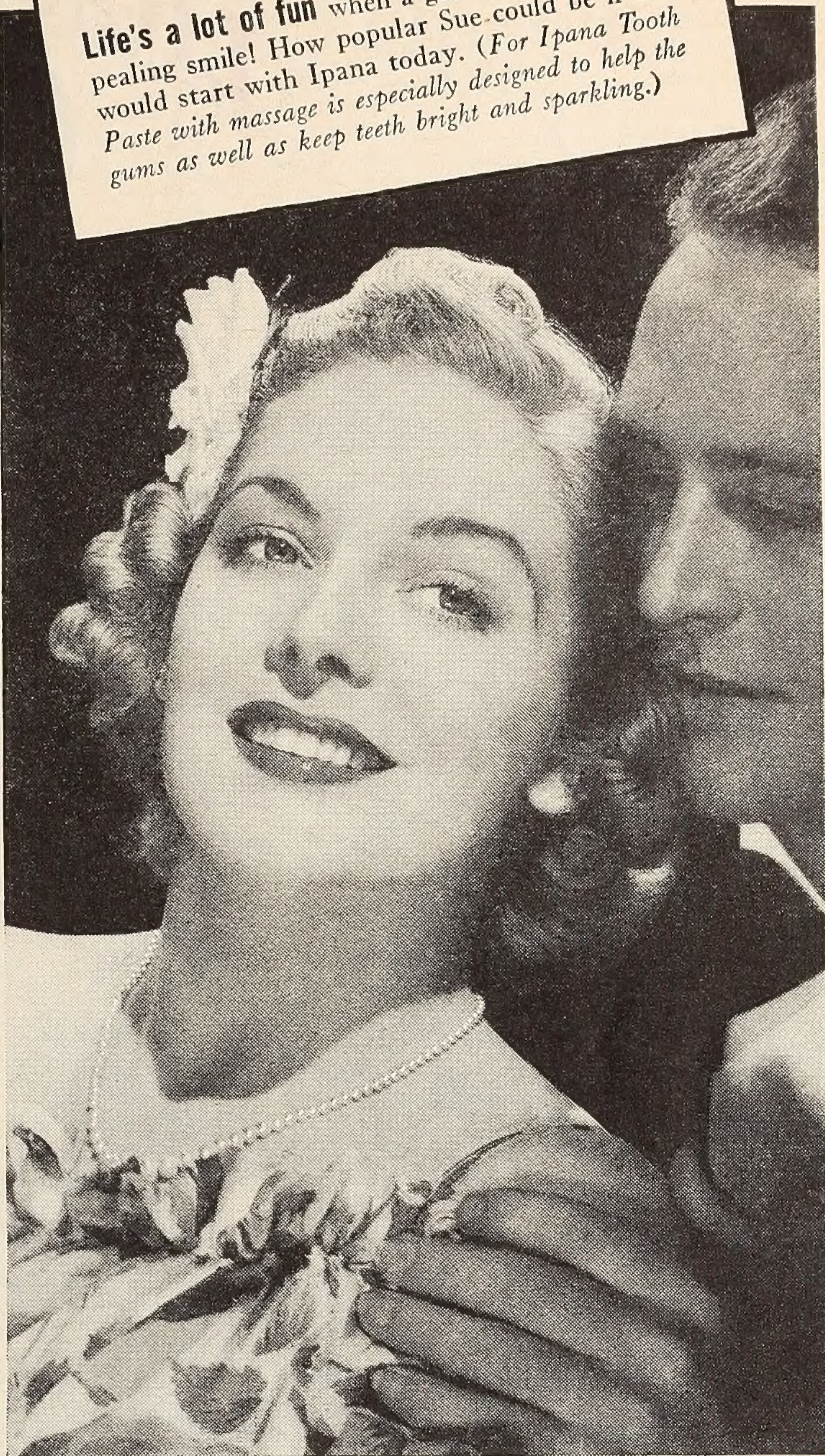
**Poor lonely Sue!** Life's no fun at all for a girl without telephone calls or dates. (But what man wants to play Romeo to dull teeth and dingy & lack-lustre smiles?)



**There's hope** for Sue. Her small sister could teach her the importance of gum massage to a winning smile. (Little Ann learned in school that gums as well as teeth need special care.)



**Life's a lot of fun** when a girl has a lovely, appealing smile! How popular Sue could be if she would start with Ipana today. (For Ipana Tooth Paste with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling.)



## *Lovely Smiles win Romance*

### **Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!**

**H**OW SWIFTLY masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish—don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums,

deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused

—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the common-sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

**TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH**  
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.



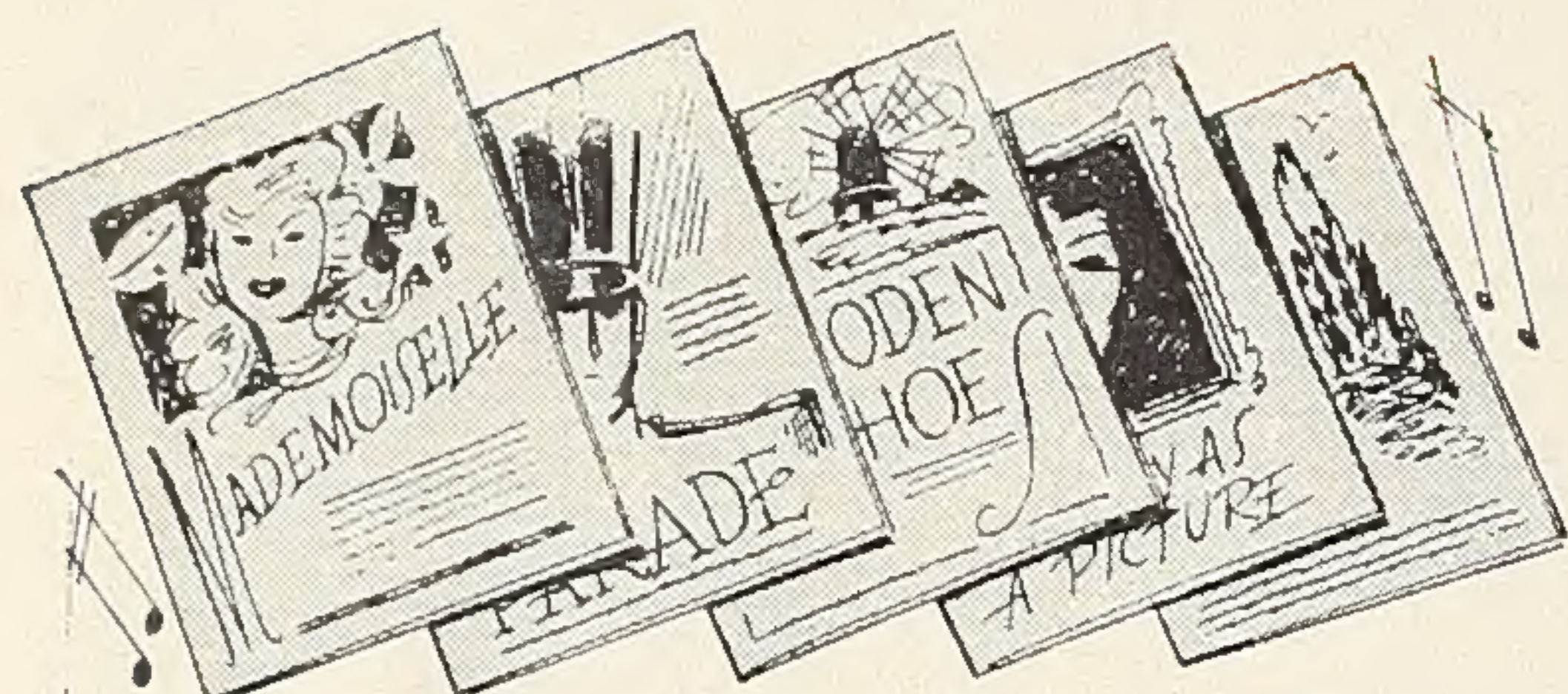
*Change to*  
**Ipana**  
*and Massage*





METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SEASON'S GALA HIT!  
EVERYBODY'S RAVING! EVERYBODY'S SINGING! EVERYBODY'S CHEERING!

# Jeanette MacDonald Nelson Eddy in **SWEETHEARTS**



**VICTOR HERBERT** Love-Songs! Thrilling melodies by the composer of "Naughty Marietta"! Hear your singing sweethearts blend their voices in "Mademoiselle", "On Parade", "Wooden Shoes", "Every Lover Must Meet His Fate", "Summer Serenade", "Pretty As A Picture", "Sweethearts". . . (Based on the operetta "Sweethearts". Book and Lyrics by Fred De Gresac, Harry B. Smith and Robt. B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert)

**A CAST OF FUNSTERS!**



From left to right—garrulous Herman Bing, hilarious Frank Morgan, nimble-footed Ray Bolger, and Mischa Auer, that straight-faced, merry man . . . plus lovely Florence Rice in the background for extra romance!



**HEAVEN MADE THIS MATCH!**

Their greatest musical romance! Thrilling as they were in "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", you've never seen (or heard) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy so pulse-quickenning! Their love story will wring your heart! Their love-songs will charm you as never before! They're breath-taking in technicolor.



**BRAINS  
AT THE  
HELM!**

Produced by Hunt Stromberg . . . Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. They're still taking bows for "Marie Antoinette"—and who can forget their "Naughty Marietta" and all their other great hits!

**IT'S ENTIRELY IN BEAUTIFUL  
TECHNICOLOR!**



A feast for the eye! Dazzling spectacle becomes even more superb by the magic of Technicolor! Wait until you see the colorful "tulip scene" and other eye-filling spectacles!



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with

**FRANK MORGAN  
RAY BOLGER  
FLORENCE RICE  
MISCHA AUER  
HERMAN BING**

Douglas McPhail • Betty Jaynes  
Reginald Gardiner • Gene Lockhart

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • Produced  
by HUNT STROMBERG • Screen Play  
by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell





REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER, 1938

VOLUME NINE  
NUMBER ONE

## Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN  
EditorELIZABETH WILSON  
Western EditorLENORE SAMUELS  
Assistant EditorFRANK J. CARROLL  
Art Director

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## ART SECTION

.....35-50



*The cover of this issue is rich in personality and beauty. A pastel portrait of Virginia Bruce, painted by Marland Stone, is shown against a scene still from her new picture, "There Goes My Heart." In the new film, Fredric March has the part opposite Virginia, and he is shown in the scene still. Virginia Bruce is one of the outstanding girls of Hollywood. She's "different" and differs from the other stars in her own particular fashion. In this issue you will find a "Projection" of Virginia—a story filled with clever observation, entertainingly written by Elizabeth Wilson.*

The  
Opening  
Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

As I wrote you, "The Game" (called by some "Indications," called by others "Quotations," and called by me simply hell) where you have to act out things while people insult the living day-lights out of you made a regular recluse out of me. After I had ruined my best lamé wriggling over the floor on my stomach trying to do "the early bird catches the worm," while Claudette and Carole made cracks about my acting ability, I decided to hole in with a huff until Hollywood stopped playing that revolting game. (I'm not paid to act and by golly I won't act). Having been assured by my friends that the most rabid exhibitionists were bored with the game at last, and it was safe to go places, I ventured out one Sunday recently to the MacRaymonds, lured there by promises of waffles, maple syrup, and new porch furniture. I got "Cartoons."

"Cartoons," in case you care, is the same thing as "The Game," except that now instead of trying to act out something while dimwits guess, you have to draw it instead. There were two tables, each trying to beat the other's time record, and I, who can't even draw a straight line, landed right at the table with Jeanette and Gene, and Nelson Eddy and Hedda Hopper.

Jeanette dashed up to the leader who handed her, and John Mack Brown from the other table, a slip of paper. One glance at it and she was back at the table drawing like something mad. She drew a circle with curlicues on it, and then inside the big circle a little circle with a note of music coming out of it. "Jeanette MacDonald," yelled Nelson, and rushed for his slip of paper. He drew a small dancing figure, then a postcard, and then a clock. "Having a Wonderful Time," shouted Gene, and we were two up on the other table. Gene then dashed for his slip of paper and tore off what resembled a map of the United States. Up there, where the Great Lakes and Illinois should be he made a dot, and before he could even spread on a little fire and smoke Jeanette guessed "In Old Chicago."

Well, I must say, by then I was beginning to enter into the spirit of things and when Jeanette drew a fan I (who know about things like that) screamed "Sally Rand." And when Nelson guessed "Jezebel" from a hoop skirt I drew which looked like a bag of potatoes and a Colonial house that no Southerner would recognize, I was as pleased as punch. Our side struck a snag though when Hedda had to do "Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy." That thing on Edgar's knee looked more like a wart than Charlie. It threw us for a complete loss.

Liza

## EDITOR'S NOTE

*(She's got something there and you may as well share in the fun. So—in the next issue, you will find an article on "Games" enabling you to pep up your holiday parties the Hollywood way.)*

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer  
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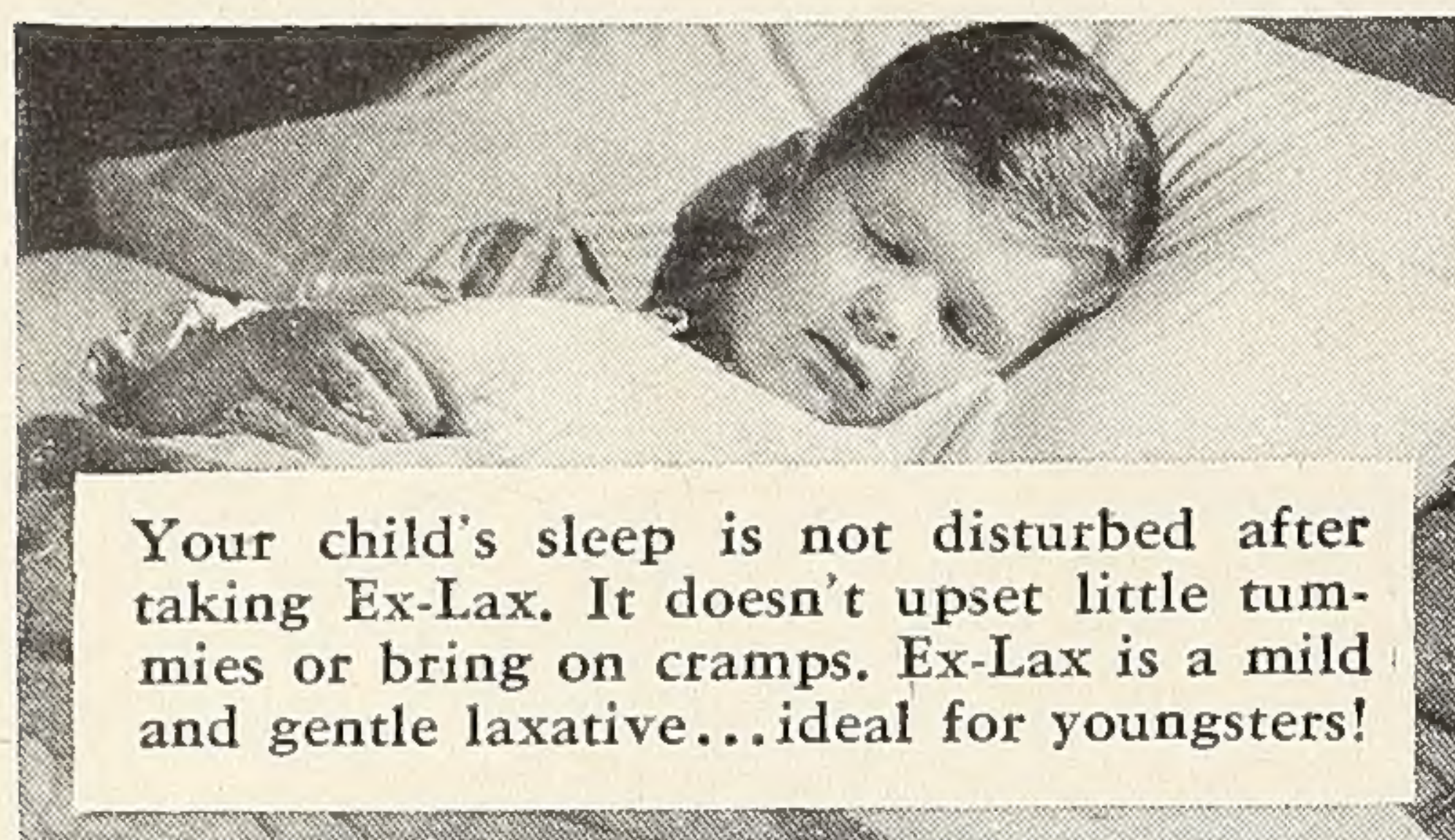


# CHILDREN CONSTIPATED?

Give them relief this  
simple, pleasant way!



Watch your youngster's face brighten when you give him a half-tablet of Ex-Lax. No struggle. No forcing, to get him to take a laxative. Children actually *love* the delicious all-chocolate taste of Ex-Lax!



Your child's sleep is not disturbed after taking Ex-Lax. It doesn't upset little tummies or bring on cramps. Ex-Lax is a mild and gentle laxative...ideal for youngsters!



In the morning, Ex-Lax acts . . . thoroughly and *effectively*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy bowel movement that brings blessed relief.

Ex-Lax is just as effective for grown-ups as it is for the youngsters. You can get a box at any drug store for only 10¢ or 25¢. Try it!

Now improved—better than ever!

## EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

### SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC J. CHAS. McNEIL

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To  
BACHELOR OF MUSIC  
4153-V South Van Ness Los Angeles, Calif.

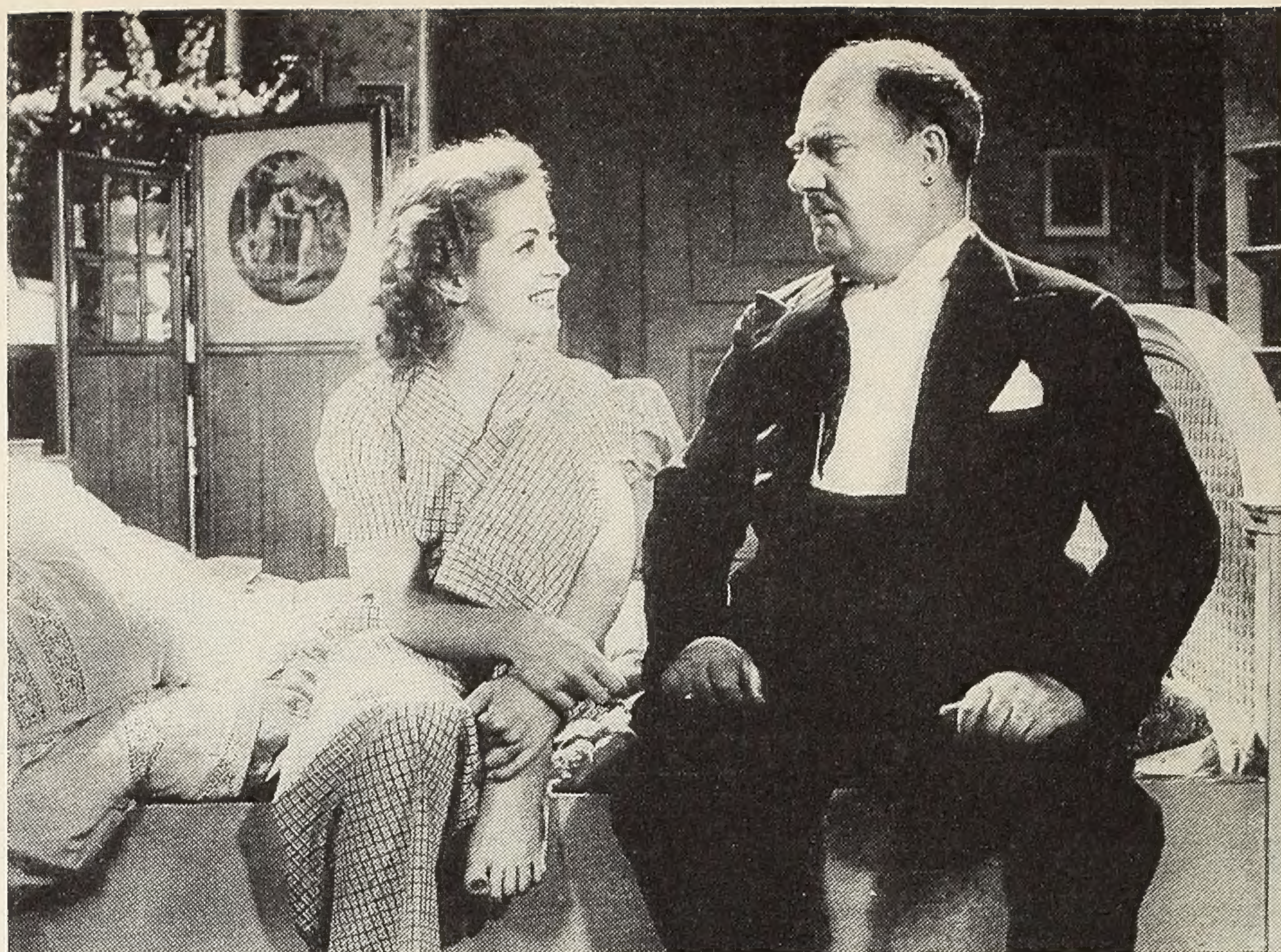
## New FOOT RELIEF

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, the new velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, instantly relieves pain, stops shoe pressure on Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Tender Spots on feet and toes. Prevents blisters. Flesh color. Cuts to any size or shape. Drug, Shoe and 10¢ Stores.

## Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX



Cuts to any  
Size or Shape



## Tips On Pictures

**ALWAYS IN TROUBLE**—Only fair. It's good that Jane Withers has her "regular fans" for this story is a weak sister. It concerns an oil rigger who suddenly gets rich, and the effort his family makes to get him to retire. The most exciting point of the picture is reached when a yachting party is shipwrecked on a smuggler's island. (Jean Rogers, Arthur Treacher, Robert Kellard).

**AVOCATE D'AMOUR**—Amusing. A French language film, (with English titles) starring Danielle Darrieux, familiar to us for her charming performances both in Mayerling and The Rage of Paris. In this she plays a well-bred French girl desirous of becoming a lawyer. Her subtle *Papa* encourages her and sees that she meets a romantic client for whom she gives up her career. (Alerme-Henri Garat).

**BOY MEETS GIRL**—Fine. One of those staccato satires on the movie business, having no mercy at all on the executive end of the industry. Taken from a SRO Broadway play, it is equally devastating on the screen, with laughs coming so briskly you can't begin to keep up with them. Guaranteed to take you out of that passive mood. (Marie Wilson, Pat O'Brien, James Cagney, Ralph Bellamy.)

**BREAKING THE ICE**—Fair. Bobby Breen is linked up in this film with little Irene Dare, the cute little figure ice-skater who is going to give Sonja Henie a run for her money. The story is trite but Bobby has some swell songs to sing, Irene dances beautifully, and for good measure the adults are represented by Dolores Costello and Charles Ruggles.

**BROADWAY MUSKETEERS**—So-so. This is hokum pure and simple, that's if hokum can be simple. It tells the story of three girls—Margaret Lindsay, Ann Sheridan and Marie Wilson, who try to find success and happiness in New York, but are hopelessly frustrated.

**FOUR DAUGHTERS**—Fine. One of those charming films which, like equally charming novels, you hate to see finish. But, don't despair. You can sit right through it again. It all has to do with a musician and his four delightful daughters, their love affairs, their sorrows, their careers. The cast is exceptional. . . . Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola Lane, Gale Page, Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn and John Garfield.

**FRESHMAN YEAR**—Fair. Fun and frolic on the campus. These college freshmen may do some studying too, but not when the camera's peeking. Ernest Truex turns in a swell performance as a professor in quest of his youth, and various singers and dancers of swing fame contribute lustily. (Constance Moore, Dixie Dunbar, Frank Melton, etc.)

**FUGITIVES FOR A NIGHT**—Fair. The trials and tribulations of a movie-struck young man who has genuine acting talent but whose career has been ruthlessly thwarted by a ruthless

producer. The scene is Hollywood, and the plot is dramatically cluttered up with a feud between two important leading men, unhappy romances, and a murder with our hero suspected of the crime. (Frank Albertson, Paul Guilfoyle, Adrienne Ames, Eleanor Lynn.)

**HOLD THAT CO-ED**—Most Amusing. This is a broad satire on American education and politics, with so much robust comedy that your sides will ache from laughing. Excellent cast includes John Barrymore, George Murphy, Marjorie Weaver, Joan Davis and Jack Haley.

**HIGGINS FAMILY, THE**—Good. Here's another "first" in a pleasant new series of full-length films featuring the same set of players in each one. The Gleason family, Papa, Mama and Son (meaning James, Lucille and Russell) have top spots in the cast. The plot of this one hinges on the radio ambitions of Lucille, and is very entertaining.

**LETTER OF INTRODUCTION**—Fine. This is a grand production, with a grand cast, including Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Ann Sheridan, Eve Arden, etc. The theme is delightful, that of a successful middle-aged romantic actor who won't admit his advancing years. When Andrea breezes in with a letter introducing her as his daughter, the amusing plot just gets started. You take it up from there on.

**PYGMALION**—Fine. Made in England, this stars Leslie Howard, who has been off the screen too long to suit us. The picture is smartly produced, with very amusing dialogue, and if you don't mind the British accent when it gets off to a big o' cockney, then you're due for a good time when you see this modern comedy. (Wendy Hiller, Marie Lohr, Wilfred Lawson.)

**RACKET BUSTERS**—Interesting. District Attorney Dewey's splendid attempt to clean up New York has been the inspiration of so many melodramas that it's hard to keep up with them. This one has to do with the gangsters moseying into the trucking business in order to fill their pockets. Humphrey Bogart is an excellent menace, and on the side of law and order we find Walter Abel and Geo. Brent. (Gloria Dickson.)

**TENTH AVENUE KID**—Good. As the title indicates you're in for a bit of reform in this one—especially as Tommy Ryan, our Tenth Avenue kid, is as good a crook's stooge as they come, under eighteen. There's a gun-popping climax and, yes, you've guessed it, sweetness and light for the kid at the end. (Bruce Cabot, Beverly Roberts.)

**WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS**—Good. This is a fast-paced melodrama concerning a newshawk (Michael Whalen) who always manages to be around when an exciting news story breaks. Jean Rogers is charming as the familiar little girl from the small town, and Joan Woodbury is good as the nightclub songstress. (Chick Chandler, Sidney Blackmer, etc.)

SILVER SCREEN





# The Man Who Made The Picture

## *Talks to the people who are going to see it!*

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life's joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I'm trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur,"

"Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth's laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn — is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it's the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

*Jack L. Warner*  
JACK L. WARNER, Vice-President  
In Charge of Production,  
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

WARNER BROS. Presents



FANNIE HURST'S Great Story

# "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

with

PRISCILLA LANE • ROSEMARY LANE  
LOLA LANE • GALE PAGE  
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD  
JEFFREY LYNN • DICK FORAN



Famous on the New York stage—John Garfield now takes his place among Hollywood's chosen great.

Frank McHugh

Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine Story



May Robson

Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein and Lenore Coffee

Music by Max Steiner • A First Nat'l Picture



A dashing new personality — Jeffrey Lynn brings the gay romantic glamour that wins all hearts.





## YOUR SKIN

Becomes Youthfully Soft  
Cleansed with Hospital-proved  
**Albolene Solid**

Your skin is safely, thoroughly cleansed with pure, wholesome Albolene Solid—the *hospital-proved* cleansing cream. (Used for 20 years in many leading hospitals to protect babies' skin.)

Contains no adulterants to irritate skin, won't grow hair or harden in pores. Gentle cleansing action clears pores of dirt and make-up, protects natural texture, leaves skin soft, smooth, radiant.

Trial Size, 10¢; Vanity Jar, 50¢; One-pound Tin, \$1. Made by McKesson & Robbins, whose products have been prescribed by doctors for 105 years.



**Albolene**  
SOLID  
CLEANSING CREAM

## HAVE YOU A SONG IN YOUR HEART?

You may just hit it!

Many amateurs have received big royalties. Why not try it? No experience required. You write the words or melodies—we do the rest. Experts in every branch of song-writing will write, arrange and compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music in professional form. Marketing distribution.

Send for our "Free Instruction Folder" today.

**STUDIO SONG SERVICE**

SU2 Guaranty Bldg.

Hollywood, Calif.

## EMBARRASSED BY HORRID PIMPLES?

Help protect your skin against  
intestinal waste poisons

Ridiculed and shunned because of ugly, pimple-blemished skin? Get right at a common cause of the trouble—guard against intestinal waste poisons.

Between 13 and 25, the skin is apt to be oversensitive. At the same time, poor digestion and elimination often throw waste poisons into the blood stream . . . that may be carried to the skin and cause repulsive, ugly pimples to break out.

Many young people help solve this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this famous fresh food helps eliminate intestinal waste poisons from your body *before* they can get into the blood stream . . . and so gives your pimples a chance to clear up. Don't run the risk of permanent scars from neglected pimples. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—3 cakes daily—one cake ½ hour before each meal. Begin now!

# THANKSGIVING DINNER

By  
Ruth Corbin

*The Turkey's Important, But The Trimmings Are What Make It A Memorable Occasion.*

(\*All recipes pre-tested)



Franciska Gaal carves her turkey right on the table, family style.

PERHAPS it is just because at heart I am an old-fashioned woman, but when Thanksgiving and Christmas draw near I simply cannot get my mind off food. I visualize a luscious turkey, bursting with my favorite dressing; crisp, curled celery; olives—stuffed, ripe and plain—and the other accessories which make the collective family mouth water to think about. One glance at the menu I have prepared for you—with several alternate dishes—and you will understand that no right-minded person could possibly do other than think of food.

### MENU

Harvest Soup  
Turkey with \*Giblet Gravy  
\*Oyster or \*Chestnut Stuffing  
\*Ruby Squares or \*Cranberries  
\*Whipped Sweet Potatoes on Pineapple or  
\*Squash Pudding with Bacon  
\*Fresh Stuffed Tomatoes with Tiny Peas  
Celery Olives  
Hot Rolls  
Plum Pudding or \*Pumpkin Pie  
Demi-tasse

Starting with soup—here is a new one I have devised as a not too heavy beginning to an otherwise heavy meal. Carefully blended canned soups defy the most critical detection and make soup-making easy.

### HARVEST SOUP

Combine 1 can Crosse and Blackwell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with 1 can of Campbell's Chicken Soup (add water as directed on can) and heat thoroughly. Add ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains of pepper. Whip ⅓ cup cream and fold in 1 teaspoon

horse-radish. Float a spoonful on each cup of soup. Sprinkle with paprika. Serves 6.

### GIBLET GRAVY

Pour off liquid in pan in which turkey has been cooked. Skim off about 6 tablespoons fat. Return fat to pan, brown with 6 tablespoons flour, stirring constantly. Add 3 cups stock in which giblets, liver, heart, neck and wing tips have been cooked. Cook, stirring constantly, until gravy is creamy and smooth. Season to taste with salt and pepper and add giblets, liver and heart cut in small pieces.

### OYSTER STUFFING

2 quarts stale (not hard) bread crumbs  
4 teaspoons salt  
¼ cup melted turkey fat  
⅛ teaspoon pepper  
1 teaspoon Bell's Poultry Seasoning  
4 tablespoons chopped parsley  
1 onion, minced  
1 quart oysters  
¾ cup oyster liquid

Fry minced onion in turkey fat until a delicate brown. Add bread crumbs, salt, pepper, seasoning, oysters and liquid. Mix well and stuff into breast of turkey. A portion of dressing may be reserved, fried in a pan and served from an extra dish. For chestnut stuffing, follow above directions, omitting oysters and liquid and adding 3 cups chestnut purée made by boiling 1 quart large chestnuts until tender. Remove shells and brown skins and force nuts through a purée sieve or potato masher. Do not stuff bird too much.

[Continued on page 10]



# NOW ON THE SCREEN!

... Broadway's most successful comedy hit! ... The biggest laugh show in a generation! ... A two-season sensation!...The movie rights cost more than any other play ever produced—and, measured in laughs, it was cheap at twice the price! ... ONE LOOK AT WHO'S IN IT—AND YOU WON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU AWAY WHEN IT PLAYS YOUR LOCAL THEATRE!



## THE MARK BROS.

madder than ever,  
with a million  
new gags... in ...

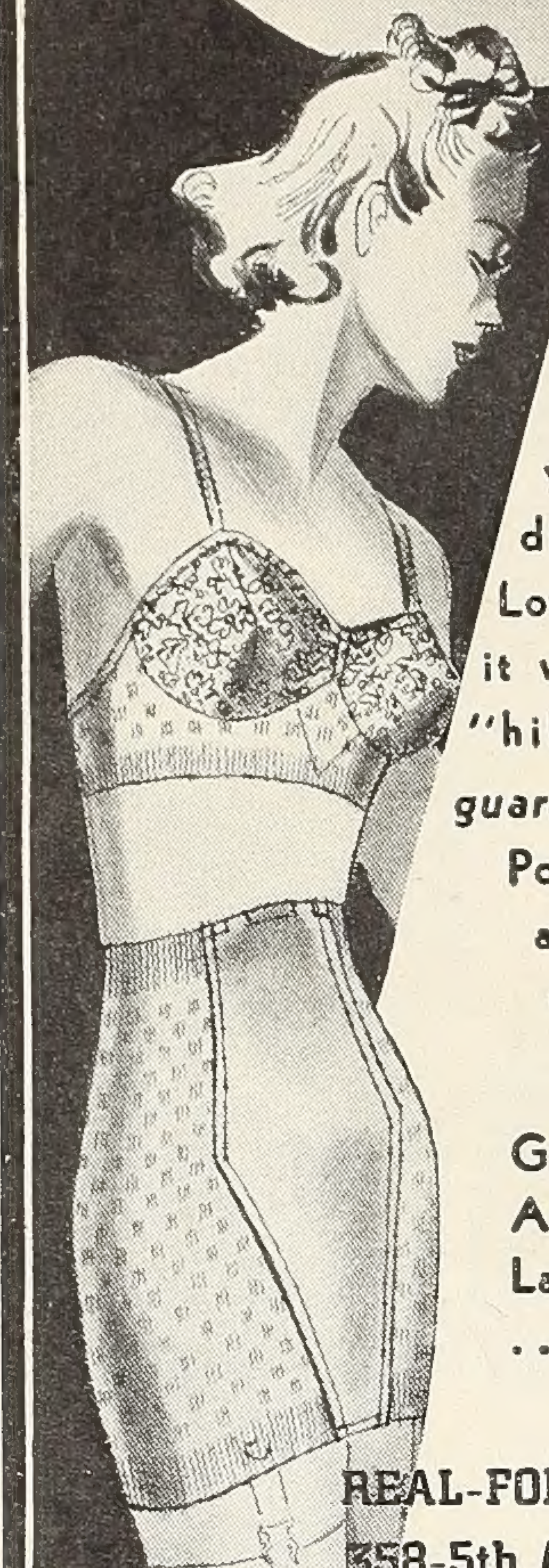
## "ROOM SERVICE" WITH LUCILLE BALL ANN MILLER FRANK ALBERTSON

PANDRO S. BERMAN IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION  
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM A. SEITER  
Screen Play by Morrie Ryskind





# "FIGURE" SMARTLY WITH "Soft Skin" by REAL-FORM



You don't feel girdled when you wear a "Soft Skin" but admiring eyes tell you that your figure appears divinely molded. Lovely, light and soft, it will not twist or "hike-up" and is guaranteed non-run. Popularly priced at leading stores everywhere.

Girdles, Panties, All-in-ones of Lastex and Bemberg... fashioned to fit.

REAL-FORM GIRDLE CO.  
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### RUBY SQUARES

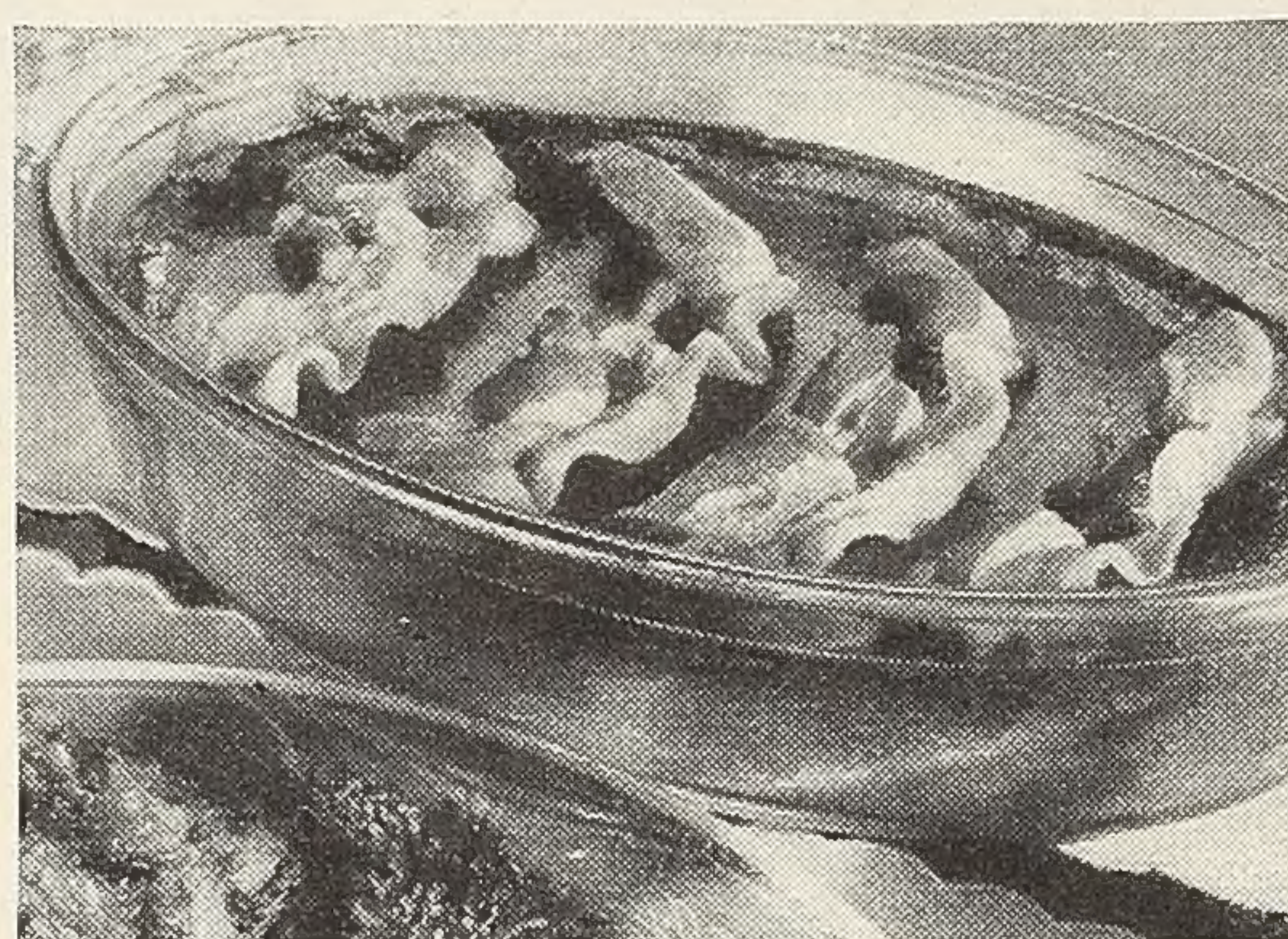
Core unpeeled red apples and cut in slices about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of an inch thick. Cook in a syrup made of plain sugar and water for about 5 minutes; drain on waxed paper and cool. Place a cube of Ocean Spray cranberry jelly on each slice and top with a walnut half.

### CRANBERRIES

Put 1 pint cranberries in granite or porcelain pan large enough for each berry to be on or touch bottom of pan. Dissolve 1 pint Domino Sugar in about 1 cup water and pour over berries. Place berries in moderate oven and cook till plump and tender. Cool in pan before taking up.

### WHIPPED SWEET POTATOES ON PINEAPPLE

Sweet potatoes may be baked with your bird to save time and gas. Cream them with plenty of butter or force through a ricer. Pile on to a slice of Dole's canned pineapple and top with a marshmallow. Run under a hot blaze just long enough to melt marshmallow slightly and start it running over edges.



Squash pudding with crisp bacon is delicious.

### SQUASH PUDDING WITH BACON

- $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups strained and mashed winter squash
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Brer Rabbit Molasses
- 6 slices bacon
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon
- $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups rich milk

Combine squash, sugar and molasses. Blend well and add salt, cinnamon, beaten eggs, milk. Place in a buttered Pyrex dish. Arrange slices of bacon on top and bake in moderate oven ( $350^{\circ}$  F.) about 45 minutes or until firm. Serves 6 to 10.

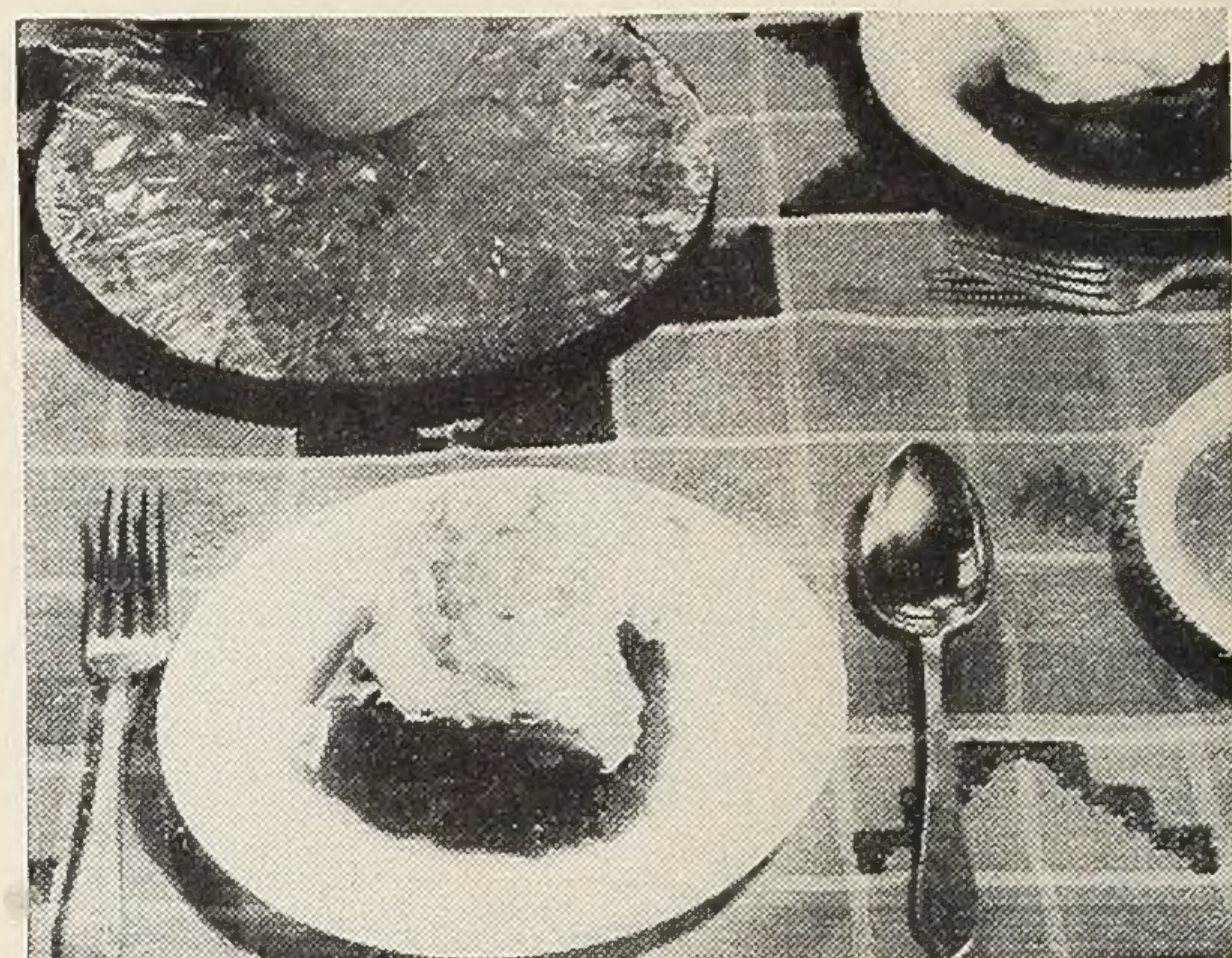
### STUFFED TOMATOES

Choose 6 tomatoes of uniform size. Wash and cut a slice from the stem end, scoop out pulp and invert to drain. Add to this pulp enough chopped celery, green pepper, chopped onion and seasoning for individual taste. Put in a skillet and simmer about 5 minutes. Remove from fire, add toasted bread crumbs (about 3 slices) and 2 slices breakfast bacon fried crisp and broken in small pieces. Fill tomato shells, buttering outside of tomatoes lightly, place on a buttered Pyrex dish with sufficient water to barely cover bottom of dish. Place in oven ( $325^{\circ}$  F.) about 10 minutes, just long enough to brown lightly and heat thoroughly. Serve surrounded with Libby's tiny peas.

Other vegetables which may be substituted for tomatoes, which go well with turkey, are broccoli, turnips (mashed), cauliflower, corn patties and carrots. The turnips are particularly good and their color harmonizes with seasonal decorations.

The traditional desserts for Thanksgiving

are Plum Pudding, which may be served plain or blazing, or Pumpkin Pie. Today it is folly to spend endless hours making Plum Pudding when such excellent ones can be purchased for such a little—Crosse and Blackwell, Richardson and Robbins, Heinz—all delicious and in sizes to meet every need. Pumpkin Pie may be purchased from the bakery or made by the following recipe. It is truly excellent. Individual Pumpkin Tarts may be desired instead of pie. But with either, be different and garnish with drizzled honey or, better still, whipped cream into which has been folded shaved ginger. There is nothing that can beat it for a rare taste sensation.



Pumpkin pie garnished with ginger strips and whipped cream.

### PUMPKIN PIE

Measure  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups cooked and strained Gebro pumpkin. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Domino sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons Brer Rabbit Molasses, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt. Add 2 egg yolks slightly beaten, then add  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups scalded milk. Mix thoroughly. Fold in 2 egg whites beaten until stiff. Bake in one crust. Aside from the above garnishes for this pie, nests of whipped cream filled with honey around the edge is nice.

If the above suggestions seem too heavy to you for dessert after such a filling dinner here is one which is delightful. I have improved on the old-fashioned ambrosia and brought forth a dish fit for the gods and one which you'll want to serve for other occasions than Thanksgiving.

### AMBROSIA SUPREME

- Coconut
- Diced Pineapple
- Whipped Cream
- Maraschino Cherries
- Sugar

Grate a fresh coconut. (Baker's Southern Style Coconut may be substituted.) Place a layer of this on the bottom of a serving dish. Cover with a layer of whipped cream, sprinkle with sugar. Then cover with a layer of diced pineapple and chopped maraschino cherries combined, dropped at intervals over the cream. Continue with these alternating layers until the dish is filled.

Conclude your dinner with Chase and Sanborn's dated coffee served in fragile cups. Serve it at the table, if you are unable to move after this gastronomic flight, or before a blazing log fire in your living room. But be sure to have it strong, fresh, steamingly fragrant... "good to the last drop"... and you will have a fitting climax to a day for which you can truly be thankful.

When you are eating your turkey it might be interesting to recall that it is not only a 100% American bird but an innovation hardly 400 years old. The first turkey was taken from Mexico to England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and later the idea was returned to this country.





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( C<sub>14</sub> H<sub>27</sub> O<sub>5</sub> S Na )

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*At touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent foams into an aromatic "bubble bath" of almost unbelievable penetrating power... consequently it surges into and cleanses hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures seldom before reached... the very areas where, many authorities say, from 75% to 98% of decay starts.*

When thousands upon thousands of women and men gladly lay aside their old favorites to use the New Listerine Tooth Paste, there must be a reason. That reason is Luster-Foam detergent (C<sub>14</sub>H<sub>27</sub>O<sub>5</sub>S Na), the strange, gentle, almost magical ingredient that cleans teeth in a new, safe, delightful way.

You owe it to yourself to try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. Some high authorities call it one of the really great improvements in dentifrices in the last hundred years.

Luster-Foam lies inert in this dainty tooth paste until saliva and brush energize it into an aromatic "bubble bath." This "bubble bath" freshens, cleans, and polishes in a way you didn't believe possible.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its exceptional penetrating power. It actually foams into and cleanses the hundreds of pits, cracks, and fissures that ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter... the very areas where, many authorities say, 75% to 98% of decay starts.

As the Luster-Foam "bubble bath" surges over the gums and teeth, here is what it does:

1. Sweeps away food deposits.
2. Obliterates dull, stained film.
3. Combats dangerous acid ferments.
4. Reduces the number of decay germs.

What other tooth paste so thoroughly fights decay these four ways? Get the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, now! Regular size, 25¢. Double size, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

### THE NEW FORMULA







● Hair once like straw can become healthy, resilient and pretty. And you can obtain this renewed hair health and loveliness easily at home at no increased cost. You'll notice good results with the first treatment of **Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo**. You rub this pleasant oil into your scalp. Then comb it through every hair on your head. A quick water rinse... and all the oil in the shampoo, dust, dirt and dandruff debris are swept out. Your hair fibres and scalp are clean. The natural scalp and hair oils you need for healthy hair are not impaired. Try this new way to care for your hair. For a trial sample send three 3-cent stamps to Dept. 34, Admiracion Laboratories, Harrison, New Jersey.

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**Improve your Chances...**  
**Instantly!**  
 Don't let skin blemishes ruin your social and business success!

**PREVORE REJUVENATOR**

- ★ Helps conceal pimples and freckles instantly!
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Don't envy a fresh, flawless youthful appearance! Have it yourself... instantly... by using **PREVORE INSTANT SKIN REJUVENATOR**. Gives blotchy, sallow skin a pearly film of beauty. Wonderful as a powder base. Simply apply and **BEHOLD!**... a new appearance of beauty is yours at once. **SEND NO MONEY**... just postcard... pay postman one dollar plus few cents postage or sent postpaid if \$1 is sent with order. Try this new-type cream 5 days. If not delighted money refunded at once.  
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# PERSONALITY FOR SALE!

By Mary Lee

*Beauty Tips Addressed Especially To The Job-Hunter, But Good For Every One Of Us.*



Three views of Miliza Korjus' sculptured hair-dress designed for formal evenings, and guaranteed to make you forget the workaday world. It is brushed up from temples and neck, with double rows of curls moving from a left forehead dip up and over the crown. The back hair is drawn into flat curls at crown, curving to end behind right ear.

**N**OW with the first frost, many of you are facing a new experience. You are after your very first job—you who graduated in June. This first job seems so all-important, as indeed it is, because it is the first step in a career ahead. And a career is measured as definitely for the sales-girl, the desk-worker, the teacher, as it is for the author or the movie star. Whatever your chosen field, you are confident; you know you can do it—and well. But perhaps you are encountering a few discouragements. It is not so easy to persuade others that you can do it.

Here are some practical words that may help you. Think what you really have for sale. It isn't experience, achievement and background, as it is with the girls who've been at jobs for several years. Actually, you have only appearance and personality for sale. That means that you must accent these two as sharply as you can. Make them stand out and work for you. The trick, then, is to look as smart as you can. This looking smart for business is a knack.

Good grooming and perfection of detail count more than clothes. The personnel manager invariably sees you before your clothes, unless they are entirely of the wrong order. Now and then, it would pay everyone of us, employed and unemployed, to take a thorough account of ourselves—to honestly check just how we do look. Making the most of every point that counts for an attractive, smart, efficient appearance is an unfailing recipe for success to a large measure, whether business girl, school girl, sweetheart, wife or mother.

Unquestionably, one of the problems baffling us right now is hair. Fashion pictures, beauty pages, your milliner, everything and everyone tells you to put your hair up. But you look at your neck, perhaps too long and thin; your ears, that are not like sea shells; your aquiline nose, maybe, and you are in a dither. And well you may be, because in such cases your hair can't go clear to the top of your head with good effect.

Unfortunately, the word up, so far as hair is concerned, has been misinterpreted by many. The right meaning is an upward movement somewhere, not necessarily all over. Perhaps hair swept up and off your forehead, alone, shows a finer, clearer brow

than you thought you had. Or perhaps a sweep up from the temples gives interesting breadth to your face and shows lovely ears; or, if your ears don't meet beauty standards, soft curls may cover them.

For business girls, hair up and off forehead and temples is a smart idea, harmonious with business clothes. Illustrated, are three poses that tell the up hair story in varying moods. Ann Morriss shows a generally good idea for the business girls. The others, of course, are not for work-a-day wear.

To you of the hey-hey, campus spirit, a fine spirit that I believe in, by the way, don't just comb out that permanent and let it go, if you're trying for your first foot-hold in the business world. Comb it out and curl or roll it up—anything for a groomed effect.

No matter what you do with your hair, it must be lovely, itself—clean, sparkling, alive. This kind of hair beauty lies in Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. You'll find practically every other man who is hair-conscious addicted to Fitch's, and for a very good reason. This shampoo seems



to do a super-job because it washes away scalp accumulation in the way of oil, dust and dead cuticle, which, if not removed, causes congestion. This congestion interferes with a normal flow of oil. The girls might well take a lesson from the boys, and try this splendid shampoo, whether oily, dry or normal. It's a real regulator. With this shampoo now comes a Fitch Rubber Scalp Massage Brush, a simple device of live rubber with flexible fingers that reach the scalp through the thickest of hair. A great help to easier shampooing and a beauty massage combined.

Fall make-up, especially rouge and lipstick, are baffling many. Your skin, of course, is more or less as usual, but your costumes won't be, if the enticing array of the purple tones appeals to you. This purple is mixed in blues, reds, even browns, a rich, soft tone you can hardly detect. One of the good standbys in lipstick to harmonize with these tones is Tangee. Tangee gives your lips that soft, blush-rose tone. It's very feminine, appealing and flattering with difficult costume colors. This is the lipstick, as you know, that is orange in stick form but changes to a lovely rose on your lips. It is a good choice for the job-hunter, who may be doubtful as to just how much or just what make-up to use.

A nail lacquer that is actually very smart, yet solves the problem of whether a deep or light polish is the thing in that new job, is Glazo's Tropic tone. It is a smartly muted rose, a tone that bespeaks good nail grooming yet does not scream out with color. A good tip for secretaries whose bosses may not like too, too brilliant nails while taking dictation.

No matter what you do in business, hands invariably are foremost. They must be immaculate and attractive. Attractive hands enable you to sell successfully because you can display things to much better advantage. They give an impression generally of neatness, and efficiency, and I've heard school children comment on a teacher's hands. As for the more personal, emotional moments of our lives—you don't need to be told about that! Jergen's Hand Lotion is a dependable way to soft, smooth hand skin. It is easy to use, quickly absorbed, and one of those good hand habits that should be developed by all women. It combats

## ANN IS PRETTY—ANN'S EFFICIENT WHY CAN'T SHE KEEP A JOB?



### Mum would have saved her charm and her job. Mum prevents underarm odor

IT'S a miserable thing to know you're intelligent, efficient, attractive — yet never to *win*! Ann's jobs, like her dates, always came to grief, and she never knew why. She never thought it could be *underarm odor*—didn't she bathe each day?

So many girls make Ann's mistake of thinking a bath keeps them fresh and charming all day long. Remember, no bath can! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*!

Girls who are *really* smart play safe with their jobs—and their friends. In one quick half minute they take an all-day-long precaution. They *prevent* odor

—with Mum. They *like* Mum—it's so pleasant, so quick, so dependable.

**MUM SAVES TIME!** A touch of Mum under each arm and you're through. Keep a jar in your desk to use even *after* you're dressed. Mum is harmless to fabrics!

**MUM IS SAFE!** Try this pleasant cream deodorant even after underarm shaving. See how it actually soothes your skin.

**MUM LASTS ALL DAY!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Buy Mum from your druggist *today* and on your job, on your dates, you can be *sure* of your charm.

### IN BUSINESS OR IN LOVE—MUM GUARDS YOUR CHARM



For Sanitary Napkins—  
Thousands of women use Mum for napkins because it's so safe, sure. Avoid worry, with Mum.

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Edwardian hair-do looks particularly appealing on very young girls like Ann Rutherford. It is drawn up from temples and neck to expose her ears, with forehead line broken by one forward wave.




the signs of household chores; at the bridge table your companions cannot guess the work that those white, smooth hands actually do. It's a general skin protective and conditioner, too, excellent for guarding against biting, drying wind and cold.

With the first job, foot trouble often starts. If you must stand or walk for that weekly stipend, this is a real drawback. Dr. Scholl's foot aids will take care of almost any general emergency for you, if you will but walk into a drug store and inquire. There are too many effective remedies to attempt to enumerate, but worries like corns, callouses, [Continued on page 72]



*Youth*...EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT  
LOVE . . . IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!

A picture dramatically presenting two  
young stars destined for instant fame  
...in the heroic story of the wooden  
cockleshells that won the Navy's  
greatest honors! Produced on a  
spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck!  
Masterfully directed by John Ford!

A composite illustration for the movie poster. The top half features a close-up of a young man in a naval officer's cap and a young woman smiling together. Below them, a large submarine is shown on the water's surface. In the bottom left corner, a smaller scene depicts several sailors in uniform on the deck of a ship.

# SUBMARINE PATROL

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

**RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY**  
**PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT**

and

**SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE**  
**JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA**  
**DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER**  
**MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.**  
**J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY**

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell  
Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production





## Topics for Gossips

# SILVER SCREEN

was supposed to be on a case two blocks away! "Well, I'm awfully glad she didn't treat me for ptomaine poisoning," said Glenda, thawing out her hips.

**BETTE DAVIS** says those divorce rumors aren't true. She spent her vacation on a ranch near Lake Tahoe with her sister Barbara because "Hank" had to go East on a business engagement. He'll join her in Hollywood soon, she says.

And Dorothy Lamour insists there is no truth to the rumors that she and orchestra leader Herbie Kaye are about to call it a day. "Why he is cutting his tour short and arriving to spend a month with me any day now," says Sarong Lamour. Randy Scott, reported to be interested in Dorothy, and vice versa, is in Pineville, Missouri, on the "Jesse James" location.

**I**F they're going to make a Garbo out of Hedy Lemarr the studio has a lot of work ahead of them. For Hedy is one of the friendliest people you've ever met, with not the least desire to be alone. She loves having people around her—even fan writers

and photographers, which is certainly not in the Garbo tradition. At a dance hall recently I saw at least three stars refuse to have their pictures taken with the band leader—but not Hedy. And while waiting for the baton wielder Hedy had a perfectly grand time gabbing with the camera boys. I don't seem to see Hedy putting her hands in front of her face a la Garbo or running like mad when she sees a flash light a la Hepburn. And at a party I heard a hostess sigh, "Oh, I do hope Hedy doesn't pick up too many people to bring along with her." Shades of Garbo, my eye.

**D**ON'T ever ask Una Merkel what the Eskimo from the North Pole and the Eskimo from the South Pole said to each other when they met—you'll think it the silliest joke ever but you'll die laughing. The Eskimo from the North Pole said, "Glub—glub—glub." And the Eskimo from the South Pole said, "Glub—glub—glub, you all."

**JOAN BENNETT'S** coiffure in "The Texans" got quite a bit of razzing from the critics because she went through the rigors of a blizzard, dust storm, prairie fire and Indian fight without a hair out of place. Hardly a reviewer failed to mention the remarkable staying powers of the Bennett tresses—and

[Continued on  
page 65]

**M**YRNA LOY, the hussy, recently confessed that once she wore tights in a vain effort to catch a man. She was eleven years old at the time and deeply interested in a boy named Johnny Brown. "I had to figure out a way to attract his attention," confessed Myrna without shame, "and a show did it for me. I produced 'Sleeping Beauty' in our cellar and I played the part of the prince so I could wear tights. The tights were made from mother's stockings. But my show died a tragic death. When the curtain went up, Johnny took one look at me, then doubled up with laughter. The show was called off—and so was my romance."

**T**HE hottest romance in town at the moment seems to be that of Janet Gaynor and Adrian. They have dinner together some place nearly every night and spend late hours at the Bublich listening to the gypsy music—completely oblivious of anyone else in the world. At the gala premiere of Tallulah Bankhead in "I Am Different" the arrival of Janet and Adrian aroused quite a stir. They held hands during the entire play. It must be love.

**G**EORGE BRENT, one of the most eligible young men in town this gay fall season, divides his attentions, and invitations, among Merle Oberon, Loretta Young and Olivia de Havilland. A mighty pretty threesome, Mr. Brent.

**S**PRAINING an ankle when she jumped off a submarine in her newest Torchy Blane picture Glenda Farrell was given emergency treatment by the studio first aid department. Then she was sent home for the day and told to stop at the family doctor's and have some X-rays taken. The X-rays were made in due time and the doctor told Glenda to go home and rest and he would drop by to see her later. Imagine her surprise when an hour after she arrived home a nurse suddenly appeared and said she was there "on doctor's orders." She bundled Glenda off to bed, packed her hips in ice and applied heat lamp rays to her back. Glenda's protests brought only that it was "doctor's orders." H'mmm, thought Glenda, this is the funniest ankle treatment I've ever heard of. Is she crazy, or am I? The pay-off came two hours later when the doctor arrived quite frantically looking for the nurse. She

Ray Milland and Louise Campbell are in "Men With Wings." Cupid, the Boy With Wings, plays a part.





# PICTURE-S

When Mickey Rooney wants to put a comedy scene in his pocket for keeps he only has to give 'way to tears.

Thomas Mitchell in "The Hurricane."



Lionel Barrymore and Jean Arthur in "You Can't Take It With You." Lionel must smile at the title for he took the picture, scene after scene, and nailed it up on his barn door where it joins excellent company.

*Before A Player Gets Top Billing, Which Is The Star's Perquisite, He Must Pilfer A Picture Or Two—Try And Stop Him!*

**I**F YOU are haled into court on a grand larceny charge, the indictment is not a sprig of laurel wreath. However, in Hollywood, if a performer is charged with grand larceny, accused and convicted of Scene-Stealing, he is on the high road to stardom. Because a scene-stealer must have plenty on the ball to divert attention from the star and focus it on himself. Likely as not the supporting player who accomplishes the theft has only a small part. He or she therefore must click quickly and emphatically in limited footage.

Mickey Rooney, toast of the moment, became a star as a result of a series of larcenies. The freckle-faced, pug-nosed Rooney came by his larcenous habits naturally, because vaudeville, which was the survival of the fittest, honored those who could monopolize the spotlight and the plaudits. Young Rooney, of vaudeville parentage, seemed to come by his scene-stealing tricks naturally. He'd scratch his head while a scene was being played, he'd rub his nose, he'd scuffle his foot in the dirt—and those apparently haphazard things are the badge of the scene-swipers. As a result of these repeated unpremeditated thefts, M-G-M gave

him the equivalent of star rating.

In "The Crowd Roars," you saw one of the greatest scene-pilferers in the industry—Frank Morgan. He does it by lifting his eyebrows, by letting a look of pained bewilderment sweep across his face, by turning his head this way or that, by fumbling at his chin. Stars who work with him never are completely comfortable because when he is in a scene, anything can and does happen. Many a star, looking at the rushes of a picture, has found himself playing "straight" for Morgan, instead of Morgan playing straight for him.

In "You Can't Take It With You," Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, James Stewart and Edward Arnold are co-starred, but it remained for Lionel

Allen Jenkins has made many a small part grow until the whole picture bore his stamp.





# STEALERS SPOTTED

By Ed Sullivan

Barrymore to steal the picture, no small accomplishment when you consider the wealth of talent opposed to him. Barrymore will come pretty close to winning the Academy Award on the strength of that exhibition, probably the best thing he's done since his jury address in "A Free Soul." The veterans are never far off the mark. Alice Brady showed the youngsters something about scene-stealing and picture-stealing in "In Old Chicago." She had only one big scene in the picture and it came early, the scene in which she kneels at her husband's prairie grave. Yet by the time she got finished with that very moving scene, she had imprinted herself so vividly on the mind of the audience that they never forgot her thereafter.

Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour were the stars of "Hurricane,"

In "Lost Horizon," H. B. Warner, Isabel Jewell, Edward Everett Horton, Ronald Colman. It ended up as H. B. Warner's Shangri La.

but think back to the magnificent performances of Thomas Mitchell and Raymond Massey, one as the doctor and the other as the governor of the island. In "Life of Emile Zola," only a performer of

Paul Muni's quality could have dominated the picture in the face of Joseph Schildkraut's challenge in the role of Dreyfus. In "The Awful Truth," Irene Dunne and Cary Grant had to be very good indeed to save their star rating from the scene-stealing Ralph Bellamy. "Lost Horizon" was a triumph for Ronald Colman—but no less a triumph for veteran H. B. Warner and Sam Jaffe. Whenever they were in camera focus, these two supporting players kept your attention on them.

Animals, of course, have the edge when it comes to grand larceny. You sympathized with George Raft, Henry Fonda and Dorothy Lamour in "Spawn of the North," because the scene-lifter was a seal, a most extraordinary seal. He romped away with every foot of film in which he appeared, and there was nothing the human stars could do about it. They didn't talk his language. Most classic example of this, while not in the animal kingdom, is Charlie McCarthy. In pictures and on the radio, the redoubtable Charlie McCarthy swipes everything but the back-teeth of other players. And as in the case of the seal, there's nothing that can be done about it.

Amusingly enough, scene-stealers even bob up in Walt Disney's cartoons. For instance, in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," it was Dopey who committed enough grand larceny to win him a long and extensive term in San Quentin. If the Disney characters could talk, they'd give you an earful about Dopey that would singe your eardrums. Don't think for a moment that Mickey Mouse doesn't despise Donald Duck, who is a scene-burglar of no mean proportions. Mickey told me privately that Donald Duck is a quack.

In the silent days a Pearl White or a Theda Bara or a Wallace Reid or a Rudolph Valentino were sufficient to

[Continued on page 76]

After seeing "100 Men and a Girl," no one ever forgot the taxi driver who had \$8 invested in Deanna Durbin. That was Frank Jenks.



Elizabeth Risdon, as the mother, helped Joan Crawford and added "Mannequin" to her string.

Ralph Bellamy scored delightfully in "The Awful Truth," although Irene Dunne and Cary Grant retained their membership in the champion class.



*Fargo, Minnesota,  
Stand Up And Take  
A Bow. Virginia  
Bruce, Your Daughter,  
Clicked. You'd Better  
Take The Credit.*

**W**OMEN, being what they are, and I don't have to stop to tell you what they are, are never as enthusiastic over Virginia Bruce as men are. They simply can't forgive her for being able to get out of bed in the morning looking as fresh and gloriously beautiful as Venus rising from the foam of the sea. No smears of last night's cold cream, no damp wisps of straight hair, no squinty eyes and shiny nose. When Virginia, all radiantly pink and white, gets up in the morning she looks exactly as if she were waiting for her cue to go on in the "Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" number of the Ziegfeld Follies. We women with our big generous hearts can condone murder and cheating at bridge—but we can't condone *that*.

Virginia is one of the few natural beauties in Hollywood. That lovely glowing skin—one glance at which can drive a Glamour Girl into a fine jealous frenzy—she has had ever since she was a child jumping off haylofts in Fargo, Minnesota. Until a few years ago, when she had it cut for the first time, her luxuriant blonde hair used to fall about her shoulders at the slightest provocation, making her seem too divinely beautiful to be of this world. Her unusually big clear blue eyes with their long lashes and her well-shaped nose (she doesn't like her nose) and even, straight teeth are all her own without benefit of a make-up artist's magic touch. In fact if all stars were as naturally beautiful as Virginia the poor studio make-up man would lose his job, and the Factors and the Westmores would have to go on relief. They simply shove Virginia right out there in front of the camera just as God made her. And the results are sensational.

Before she married J. Walter Ruben, a Metro producer, about a year ago, Virginia was, without doubt, the most popular girl in Hollywood. Men being what they are, and I don't have to stop to tell you what *they* are either, they practically knocked each other out in a mad scramble to be the one to take Virginia dancing at the Trocadero. And of course *that* made us women a little sore too. It seemed enough that Virginia should have all that beauty—without having Jimmy Stewart, David Niven and Cesar Romero besides! Whenever Virginia and her escort entered a night club everybody in the place from Santa Barbara society to Kansas City visiting firemen stopped talking instantly, their eyes fairly popping out of their heads. Men, they tell me, adore this overwhelming admiration of their girl.

Well, the Jimmys, Davids, and Cesars might



Daughter Susan is five years old and she's mother joy.

have enjoyed it—but Virginia didn't! Immediately people start staring at her she assumes that she has a speck of dirt on her nose, lipstick on her teeth, a rip in her dress, or at least a hole in her stocking. She becomes nervous and self-conscious, and, as Virginia says, "I talk silly to try to cover up my confusion." It has never entered her head that they might be staring at her because she is beautiful. I like this in Virginia. With every reason in the world to be conceited, she isn't, not in the least.



In "There Goes My Heart,"  
with Fredric March. (They  
are on this month's cover.)

Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Ruben.  
Marriage sometimes goes *right*.

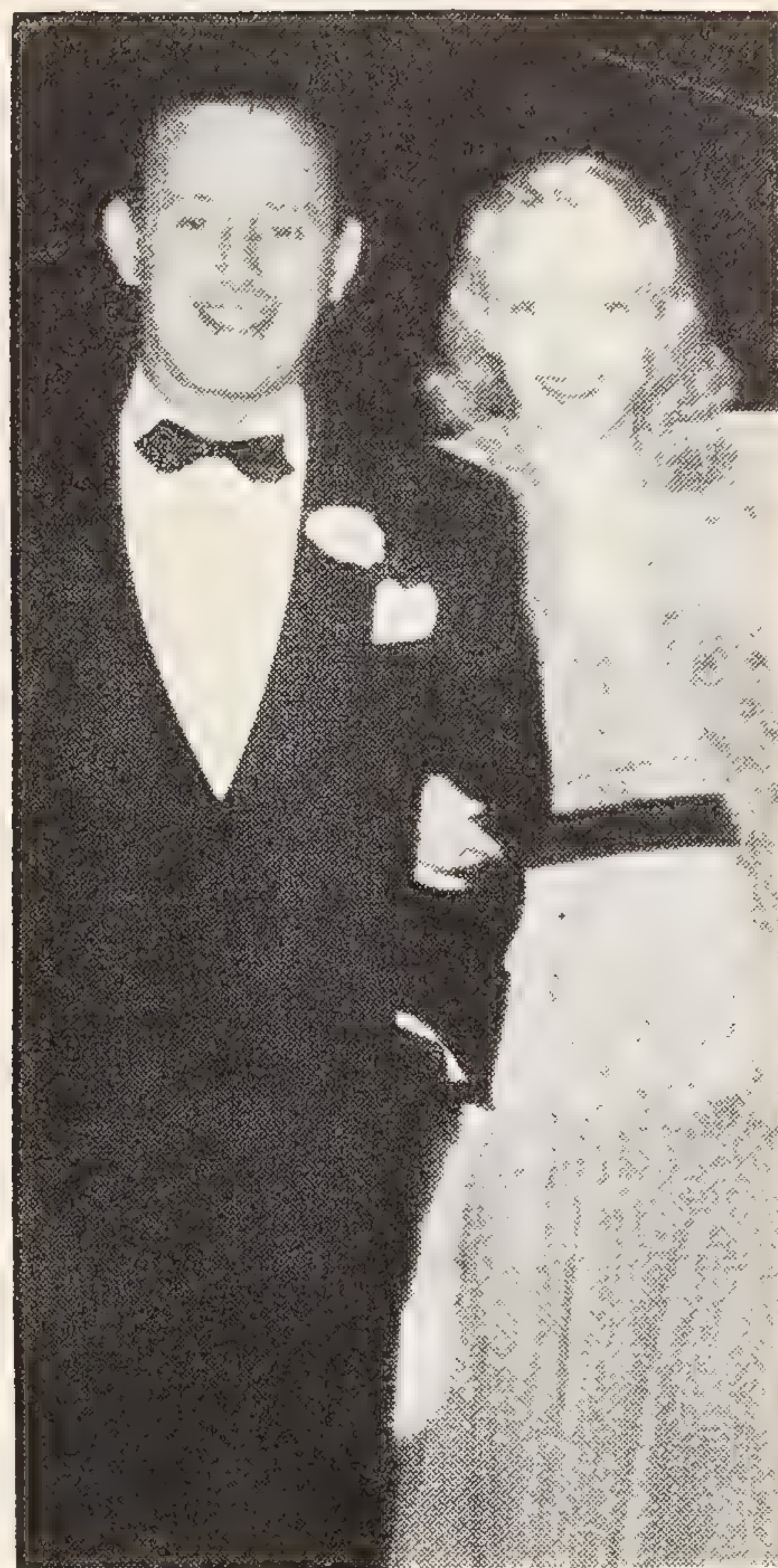


PROJECTION  
OF

# Virginia Bruce

By

Elizabeth Wilson



Virginia says, "But butter helps my eyes. I read that some place." "You," says J. Walter Ruben, with admiration, "have the greatest store of misinformation of anyone I've ever known." But

—surprise, surprise—when Virginia sets her mind to losing weight she loses weight, and with plenty of butter.

Virginia has that delightful homey quality of being able to make every situation seem like a back porch talk. No matter where you meet her, in the Whitney's box at the track, on the Selznick's yacht, on the dance floor at the Clover Club, in the sand pile with five-year-old Susan, or on the set of her picture she is always the same Virginia. Charming, chatty, and cozily social. She has none of the mannerisms of a star, none of the phoney little affectations, none of the snobbishness. Once she has met you she knows you, and by name, for the rest of eternity. On the set she is usually surrounded by gaffers, extras and the cast, in whom she seems to take a personal interest. Knitting away like mad (she does pretty needle-point, too) she exchanges recipes with the gaffers, diets with the extras, and cures colds with the cast.

Any day on the "There Goes My Heart" set, her last picture which was made at the Hal Roach studio, you could find her with Alan Mowbray on one side and Freddie March in a studio chair on the other. But there was none of that bantering that goes on between the sexes—indeed no, Virginia would be giving her ideas on bringing up children, and comparing her ideas ("I shall certainly send Susan to a public school") with those of parents Mowbray and March.

Alan Mowbray has a cute little girl named Patricia who, once a month, takes her idolized Daddy out to lunch at the Beverly Brown Derby or the Vendome and does all the ordering and pays the check. "Gives her independence," says Mowbray proudly, "and you know that kid knows exactly how much to leave for a tip."

"Well," says Freddie March, "you should have seen Penny at the beach yesterday." But Virginia usually tops them all with her recital of Susan's cute sayings. The day I visited the set Mrs. Ruben had everyone in hysterics over the story of how she walked in on Susan and a little neighborhood boy in the kitchen the other afternoon when the cook was out. The children were helping themselves to a jar of jam. "Hello, mother," said Susan, "we're having a jam session."

Though she usually has an even, [Continued on page 72]

Virginia does only one thing to preserve this rare beauty, and she really doesn't do it because it is the right thing to do, but simply because she likes it. She sleeps, and how. She loves to sleep. She insists upon having her eight hours, and if she can slip a few more hours in without the studio giving her hell she'll slip 'em in. Because she just couldn't get up in the morning she fell into the habit of arriving on her sets about half an hour late, a little habit that Bob Montgomery, who co-stars with her in many of her pictures, didn't approve of, being a

punctual soul himself. There were a couple of sour looks but Virginia didn't worry about that.

Then, one day, Mr. Mayer called her in to the "front office" and gave her a lecture on how many thousands of dollars the studio lost every minute she was sleeping, and since then Virginia, who is practical when it comes to money, has been the very soul of promptness. Though she likes to go dancing and partying (not so much now that she is so happily married) Virginia is not, and never has been, a stay-up-late. Long before curfew rings she is hurrying home to get her eight hours.

She is the only movie star I have ever met who admits, and without trace of shame, that she goes in for ye olde tyme hearty breakfast. When Venus has had her shower she settles down to a large bowl of oatmeal (or some other hot cereal) with plenty of cream and sugar, and she tops this off with as much toast, and buttered, my dear, as she happens to want. And this, morning in and morning out the year around, even during those brief interludes when she goes on a diet. "I've always eaten oatmeal for breakfast with cream and sugar," says Virginia, "and I guess I always shall." And then she adds, "And I am bringing up Susan to like it too." When her husband gently suggests that she might help her dieting along by leaving off so much butter for breakfast,



# *The Broadcasting Of A Big Game Is A Job For Experts And Usually You Hear Details Of A Play While The Ball Is Still In Motion.*

By Ruth Arell

**E**VEN without a calendar you can tell. For, when the first faint strains of the siren song of the soaring pigskin comes to the ears of eager fans, and raises their blood-pressure as well as their hopes for their favorite teams, you know it's autumn by the advent of the football season. Between twenty and fifty million persons "attend" the weekly meetings of the various teams, although the stadiums where the games are held seldom seat more than fifty thousand.

Of course you'd rather be in the grandstand yourself, unless it's rainy or very cold. But if you can't be there, simply twist your dial and out of your loudspeaker comes a play-by-play description of what's going on, while you take your ease at home. For by the magic of radio you and millions of other pigskin enthusiasts are able to "see" what happens and "observe" the prowess of the players. Your "eyes" are a corps of announcers, every one a former football player himself, who are now experienced and seasoned veterans of radio sports reporting and guarantee to deliver color, accuracy and technical understanding of the game in all its phases.

There you sit in a comfortable chair and the chances are a thousand to one that you never think of the man describing the game unless it's to grumble when he gets mixed up on the player who just ran sixty yards. You forget that even when you attend the game in person you can't always tell who is carrying the ball or who is making the tackle, no matter how well you know the team. I know I didn't give it much thought before I set out to do this article. But having learned something of what goes on behind the scenes, I don't promise I won't be annoyed the next time the announcer takes too long to identify the player who intercepted a pass, but at least I'll understand why

he was tardy and maybe I won't stay mad for long. After you read this see if you don't agree that Ted Husing, Bill Stern, Paul Douglas, Tom Manning, Don Wilson, Ken Carpenter, Lynn Brandt, Don Thompson, Ford Bond, Hal Totten, Ernie Smith, Norman L. Sper and Fort Pearson—the men who will broadcast this year's games from all sections of the country—certainly have an uncanny ability to "shoot from the hip" at the microphone and get across the eye-filling word picture they project at each game.

To begin with, each announcer starts preparing for the broadcast just as soon as he knows which games he is going to air. He reads every newspaper and magazine article he can get hold of and corresponds extensively with coaches and athletic officials, all for the sole purpose of learning everything he possibly can about the players. These men who man the mikes at major games realize that football broadcasting differs from

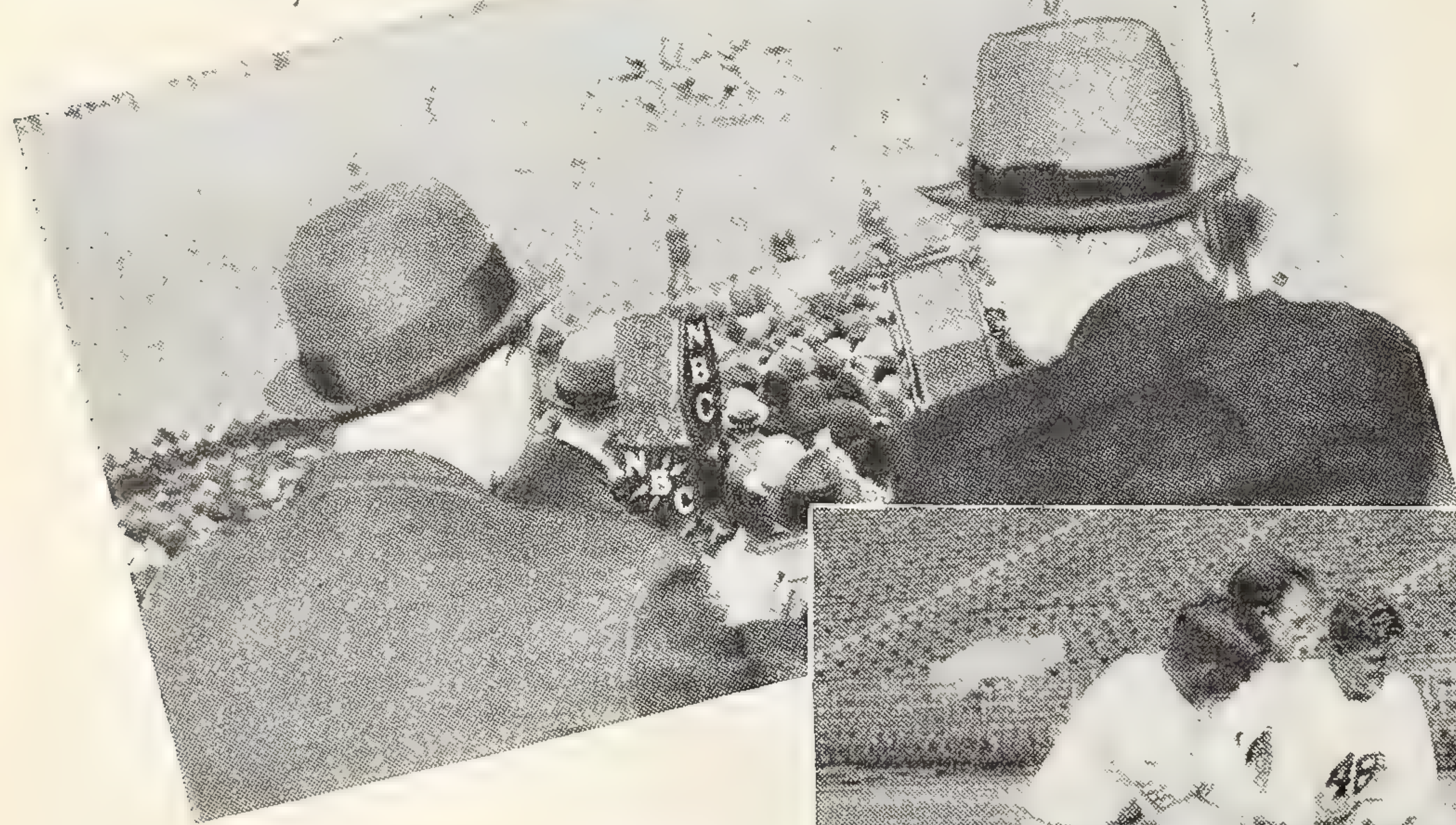
other sports reporting in that an announcer must know in a split second not only the names and positions of 22 players but also the names and positions of innumerable substitutes, and in one memorable game Notre Dame ran in 87 subs. Before each game the announcers will actually spend several days with each team to familiarize themselves with the players.

Bill Stern, who heads the National Broadcasting Company's football mikemen, likes to spend three to five days at the training camps of outstanding college elevens. He literally eats, sleeps and works with them, haunting the playing fields during

**The radio broadcasting booth with the parabolic mike on top with which to catch the roar of the crowd.**



practice in order to absorb every idiosyncrasy of the players. After watching them in action from the sidelines, he retreats to a far-off vantage point so that he will get to recognize them from a distance, as he will actually see them at the game. He notes that one end is short, stocky, and has a way of standing with his weight on his right leg when relaxed, and that a tackle has an inclination to gallop when he runs and uses a slightly bulgier padding over his left knee. Mentally Stern tabulates all the peculiarities of posture and dress of each player.



**The men at the mike are a long distance from the plays, but still the listeners show no mercy.**

**Ted Husing makes a study of each team days before the game.**





# RADIO

AT  
THE

# GAME

Ted Husing, Columbia Broadcasting's mile-a-minute spieler with a photographic mind on football plays and players, even puts on a suit and goes through a practice workout with each team, the better to get the feel of things. Lynn Brandt, an NBC midwest mike man, takes movies of the practice plays and runs them off just before he goes to the broadcasting booth so he'll have the players fresh in mind.

When practice is over, the announcer circulates on the campus, fraternizing with the players to saturate himself with the background, accomplishments, and choice bits of human interest stories on each. As soon as he can, he transfers this information to index cards which he will use for ready reference when he wants to give the listeners a colorful idea of each player.

He also spends considerable time with the coaches to get an outline of the plays each will use in varying circumstances and conditions of the game. This is most important because when the coach lets the announcer in on his strategy—whether it's to be an offensive or a defensive style; whether a back-field man is used primarily for blocking, running with the ball, passing or kicking, and whether he is expected to do part or all of these things, as well as the lowdown on other fancy plays—the announcer can look for and anticipate trick plays and unusual formations before the opposition fully realizes the deception. The announcer treats all of this information as confidential until they are actually used in the game, but this advance knowledge gives authority to his voice and insures a high degree of accuracy in his description. So you see why announcers cannot place too much emphasis on this preliminary work with teams.

Now we're ready to step into the broadcasting booth and that's where the technique of the various announcers branches off. Of course, while the announcer has

Announcers see more than most spectators and the radio listener will know more about the game than a stadium visitor. But the game is only as good as the announcer.

been busy with the teams, the engineers and technicians have set up various microphones for use in the booth, huge cone-shaped parabolic mikes outside to pick up crowd noises, and other lines for direct communication with the control room back at the studio.

Most of the announcers use two "spotters," one for each team and seated on each side, to help get facts straight when play is fast and furious. According to Ford Bond, "In stormy weather when visibility is bad, a good spotter is half the battle because his accuracy makes it unnecessary for the announcer to take a second guess." A spotter is a man selected by the coach for his ability to recognize the players on his team from any angle; by their features, eccentricities, posture, and number. He can do this for he is usually a former football player out of that game because of an injury, or he may even be a student athletic manager. In front of each spotter the announcer places a chart of his team on which are clipped cards placed in the team's proper lineup. On each card is the name, number, position, weight, height, year, age and home town of the player. These spotters are the announcer's auxiliary eyes and it is up to him to decide how much responsibility he wishes to give them. Their chief job is usually to keep the lineup of their respec-

Ted Husing talking to millions for two hours and a half. He has a very accurate indicator which is operated by his assistant.

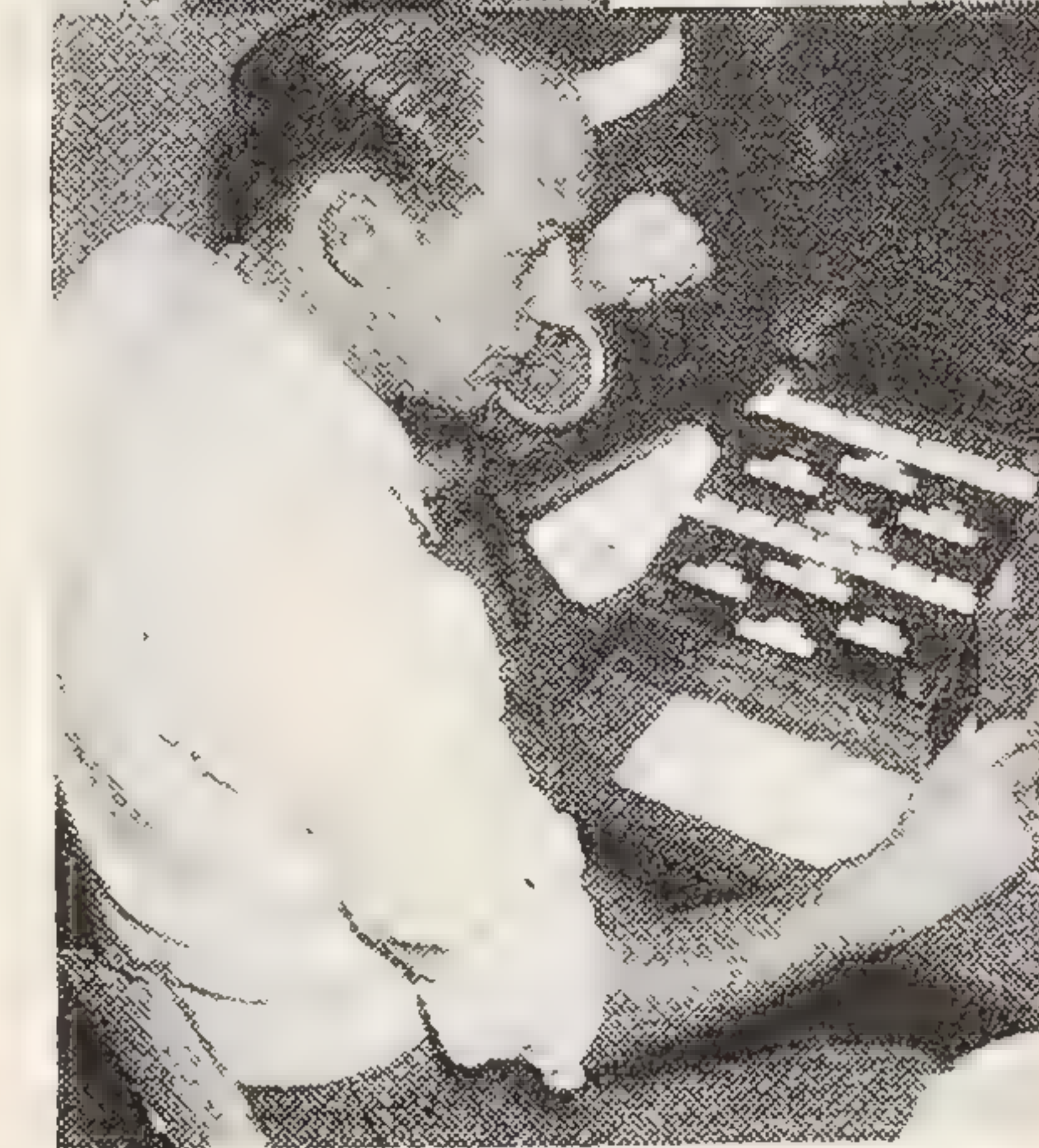
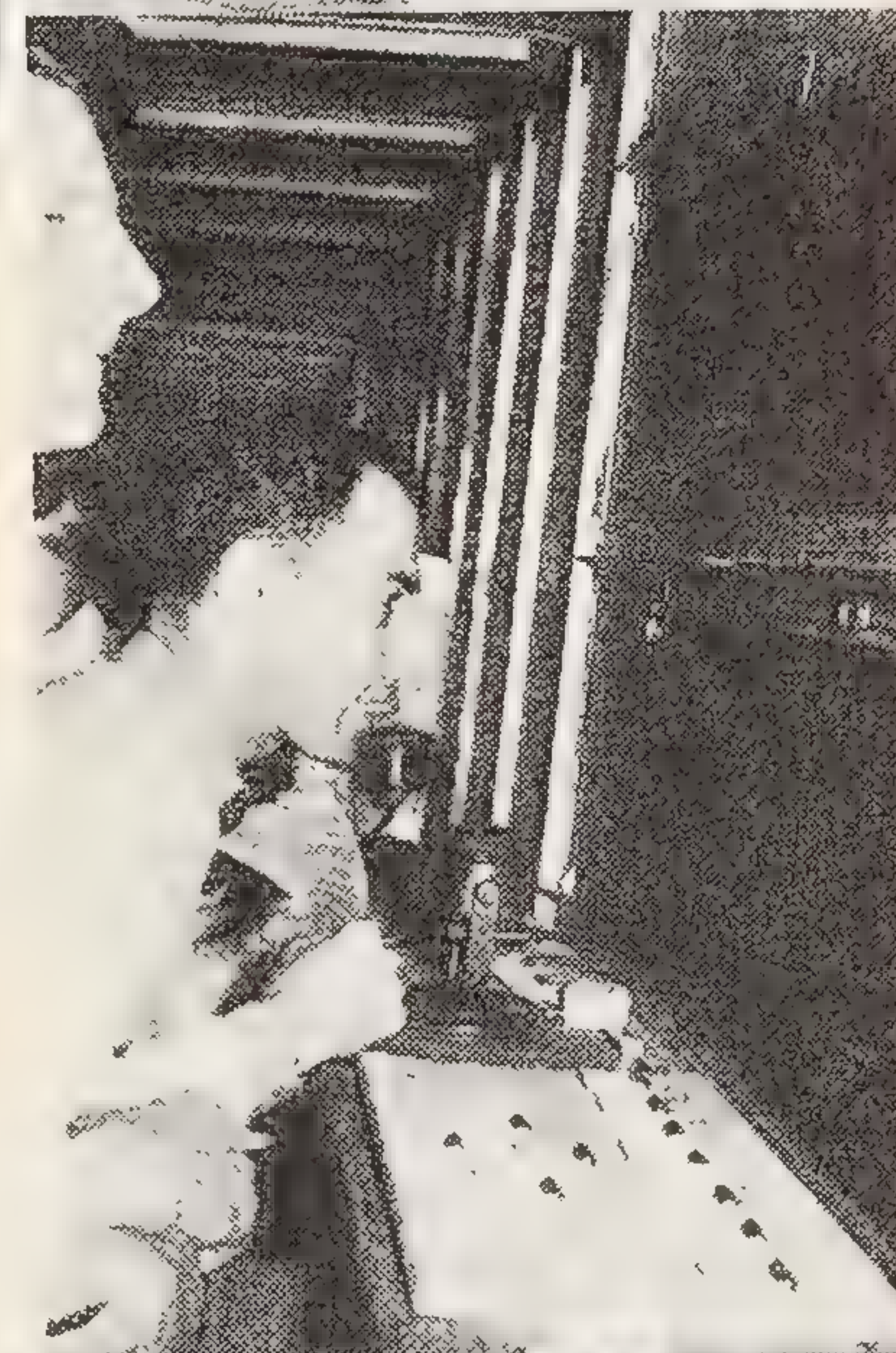
tive teams correct at all times, changing cards on the chart as substitutions are made.

Ken Carpenter instructs his spotters to watch tacklers, pass receivers and defensive play. When Fort Pearson is announcing, all he wants the spotter to do when the ball is passed from one man to another, is to point from the name of the bearer to the name of the receiver, and he knows all that is necessary to describe the play. In addition to such aid, Bill Stern has worked out a set of finger signals by which his spotters indicate the cause of all penalties: exactly how many yards the penalty is and whether it is for offside, unnecessary roughness, holding, crawling, interference, or what.

Usually the preliminary work with the teams is so thorough that the announcers have little difficulty in identifying the players themselves, in which case the spotters are really valuable only on complicated plays where the ball is lateraled several times, and in a pile-up where it is difficult to determine the tacklers. On the other hand, both Don Thompson and Ernie Smith never use spotters, relying upon themselves entirely to achieve identification of the players. They claim that, not being trained reporters, the spot- [Continued on page 74]

Bill Slater broadcasting a game from the Yale Bowl. Note the electrical indicator operated by the spotter to aid in identifying players. Below—Bill Stern and his players' chart.

Acme





*There Are Scientists Who Brave The  
Deepest Jungles To Find An Orchid,  
And The Searchers For Possible Picture  
Stars Penetrate Even Darkest America.*

added, and interested only in getting an education for himself. When it came time for the annual Oratorical Contest, Jack decided to enter it. He did. And no sooner had he finished his recitation of "John Brown's Body" when a contact man for the Talent Department of Paramount approached him and asked if he would like to go into the movies; he had heard the oratory and felt that Jack had picture possibilities.

Jack amazed the Scout by frankly stating that he was not interested; he knew nothing about acting, had never even given it a thought; he was at Western Reserve to get a diploma, and he was going to get it or know the reason why; furthermore, he wasn't so sure that his family would approve of his going to Hollywood.

All this Jack said in one breath. The dazed scout could only reply: "If you are ever in New York, drop in and see the Head Talent Scout." With that he left the campus, shaking his head in wonderment.

Her perfect photographic features were Arleen Whalen's "open sesame."

Vincent Price resembled a certain famous character.

When John Howard was invited into the charmed circle he refused.

Six months later, after graduation, Jack Cox was in New York. He decided to go to the Head Talent Scout and see if there was anything to that movie business. He made a good impression there, and was sent to the Paramount Dra-

SCOUTING

SOMETHING must be done about it—but definitely!

What with wars and recessions all over the place it does seem as though the vast American populace has enough trouble. But no, still it comes. And you may be the next victim.

The situation has reached a point where Mr. Everyman must try his utmost to hide his identity. Should he fail to take precautions, some Talent Scout is liable to pop up from nowhere, sign him while he's not looking, and before he knows it, whisk him off to Hollywood to make love to Madeleine Carroll and Ginger Rogers on the screen—for a few paltry thousand a week! 'Tain't right. No tax-payer should have to run such a risk.

But that is the way they work, nowadays. These Talent Scouts just won't leave you alone. Ask Jack Cox; he knows. He was a quiet, modest young man attending Western Reserve University, out in Cleveland, Ohio. Minding his own business, too, might be



matic School where the coaches changed him from a green college boy to a fine actor. Jack Cox, renamed John Howard, passed his screen-test and went to Hollywood where he was starred in those exciting "Bulldog Drummond" films.

Do you want this to happen to you?

The opposite sex needn't feel immune. Don't forget the case of "Talent Scouts vs. Lana Turner." She knew nothing about acting; nor did she intend to even try to crash pictures. But her parents moved to Hollywood and, like any other normal girl, Lana was sent to school.

She only had an hour for lunch between classes. Where else could she eat but in the drugstore across the street from Hollywood High School? You can't blame her because that reporter, who knew a Talent Scout, came in for cigarettes just as she was finishing her soup. And how could she prevent it when the very next day a Warners' Scout dragged her off to the

studio for a screen-test? She couldn't and she didn't.

Destiny's irresistible force cannot be denied. Mervyn LeRoy gave her a small part in "They Won't Forget." The die was cast. Out of that "short but sweet" performance came world-wide fame, a contract, and a few thousand bucks. It just goes to show the chances you take these days.

To safe-guard you and you from becoming a victim of such a fate, the writer has interviewed five New York Talent Scouts,

representing five of the larger film companies. Indeed, it is a tough outlook. For these Talent Scouts really get around; they see all, hear all, and know all. Apparently the only way to remain undiscovered is to hibernate—even then it wouldn't be surprising if some producer, looking for a pet wood-chuck, found that you were just the "type" for his latest film.

Each Head Talent Scout has his own method of combing the country for talent. Twentieth-Century-Fox has no school in the East and prefers to watch people with some experience. Every week they receive a photostat copy about five pages long that contains data on all known plays, college, professional, local group theatres, and so on.

From this the Head Scout makes an itinerary for his four assistants who do nothing but travel from town to town, viewing every play listed. A complete report on each play is sent to the Head Scout who remains at home, covering New York personally. By mid-August of this year they had covered over two hundred summer productions. If your college or local group is planning a show, it is quite within the realm of [Cont. on page 67]

Olympe Bradna was found dancing in a chorus in New York.

R TALENT

It all began for Frances Farmer when she won a prize contest.

By  
Julian Ralph  
Walkley

The minute Fred MacMurray walked in, the atmosphere seemed to change. He is now in "Men with Wings," with Louise Campbell.



# "YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN I AM"

*Adventures On Location With The "Gunga Din" Troupe.*

By  
Edward  
Hillis



Victor McLaglen plays an officer of the British Army. Just a chapter out of his own life, to Vic.

Sam Jaffe, as *Gunga Din*, and Cary Grant "A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen."

Producer - Director George Stevens rides back to the "location camp" at the base of Mt. Whitney, in the High Sierras.

THREE tall, sun-browned Englishmen in light khaki uniforms and sun helmets crouched on a roof under a blazing tropic sun. Steadily they fired at a relentless group of white-clad natives stealthily approaching across the house tops. One huge Hindu ran from cover—a rifle cracked. With a high, thin scream he toppled from the parapet, hurtled to the street to lie in a huddled heap. A second fell . . . a third . . .

From their roof, though retreat was cut off and ammunition failing, the English and their pitiful handful of Sepoy troops continued steady, disciplined gunfire. But the mass of natives continued—slowly, surely—to advance, firing raggedly as they came.

They knew, which the Englishmen did not, that native reinforcements were at hand. And at that moment they arrived, a mounted horde of brown Hillmen, shouting defiance, sweeping up the crooked native street, deadly rifle fire concentrated on that tiny British force.

The village shook to the thunder of hoofs, the incessant roar of guns. But over the din rose the steady voice of the English sergeant: "Ready! Aim! Fire! Ready! Aim! Fire!" and the regular beat of volley upon volley in response.

But the natives came on, filling housetop and street, driving the English to the farthest corner of their tiny roof. Desperately, with a reckless, abandoned gesture, one Englishman leaped to the parapet, in his hand a crude bomb. An instant he poised, ready to hurl it . . .

"Cu-u-ut!" shouted an exultant voice over the tumult. "That's it!"

Instantly gunfire ceased. Horses were halted, shouting died away so abruptly the silence was deafening. "Corpses" sat up, gratefully drank coca colas. Stunt men, who had been falling off roofs for hours, casu-

ally picked themselves up, rolled cigarettes. Property boys passed out another thousand rounds of blank cartridges for the next "take." And our three Englishmen—none other than Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—strolled over to the edge of their recently besieged rooftop, grinning down at us.

"Hot," said they, referring to the weather. Another scene of "Gunga Din" was "in the can."

But behind that thrilling battle scene, so realistic that even hardened spectators forgot the battery of cameras, lies two years of planning, of research, of writing, two million dollars, the concentrated efforts of two thousand men—and more funny stories than you could put in a dozen books.

To begin at the beginning. Two years ago, RKO-Radio decided to film an adventure story of British India in the 'nineties, basing the production on Rudyard Kipling's poem, "Gunga Din," which tells of the heroism of a native water carrier under fire.

Out of this grew a tale of three daredevil young sergeants (Cary, Vic and Doug), who spend their time getting into sprightly little difficulties (one such "difficulty" is the scene described above), to the despair of old Gunga Din—and their Colonel. Repeatedly the Colonel decides to throw them out of the army; but invariably some military emergency arises demanding their particular brand of irresponsible pluck. Doug complicates things by falling in love with the daughter of an English tea planter (Joan Fontaine), plans to leave the army to marry her. Faced with such a catastrophe, Vic and Cary determine to break off the

match, with funny and disastrous results.

Eventually the trio becomes involved in a situation too much for even their luck and daring. Plucky old Gunga Din (Sam Jaffe) comes once more to their rescue, loses his life but saves the three. As to whether Doug stays in the army or marries the girl—why should we tell you everything?

Though part of "Gunga Din" was filmed on the lot, most of the production was shot on location, 220 miles northeast of Hollywood. The location department had scoured the country and finally found in the Alabama mountains a collection of low, worn-down-to-a-nub desert hills with the High Sierras in the background—an exact reproduction of the Khyber Pass country in the Himalayas. The only thing that didn't match was the soil, which is black in India, sand color in this particular part of California. Undisturbed, the production department shipped 26,000 gallons of crude oil up to location, and "dyed" the soil black.

One super-reality furnished free by the location department was the weather. It was HOT! India at its worst was never like this. The thermometer climbed as high as 120. 110 was counted refreshingly cool! Try that on your constitution for twelve solid weeks. As Douglas remarked plaintively, "After all, they can't film the tem-





theater where "rushes" were shown nightly, and where pictures requested by the company were run four times a week.

Stars and other "top" members of the company lived two to a tent—which comprised three rooms ("parlor, bedroom and bath"), comfortably furnished, equipped with every convenience from stall showers to ice boxes. Other members of the company lived five to a tent, their quarters equally comfortable. All tents were floored, had sectional sidewalls which opened for ventilation.

A mile north of this city was built the village of Tantrapur, a typical north Indian town, complete from houses to shops. Here they filmed the rooftop fighting described at the opening of this story.

Five miles south of this set, far back among high, tumbled boulders, was the giant temple, its walls decorated with a frieze of life-like stone elephants. The temple was surrounded by dozens of crude huts for native traders, a native smithy and forge, dozens of cannon illegally purchased (according to the story) from white smugglers.

[Continued on page 70]

An "off stage" snap of Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as they rehearse.



perature, so why not pick a cool place?"

The location selected, 100 workmen moved in and spent five weeks constructing the three enormous sets required by the exterior shots, and built a tent city to house the company and crew. The city—appropriately named Gunga Din—contained more than 100 buildings designed to feed and house a population averaging 600 men (1200 were there during the filming of big battle scenes).

Gunga Din included a commissary where 400 men were fed at one time, a recreation tent humorously named "Gungad Inn," a hospital with staff of male nurses, make-up tent housing 120 make-up tables, wardrobe tent with racks for 2,000 costumes and uniforms, administrative tent, postoffice, open-air

"Tent City," erected for the "Gunga Din" troupe. In spite of the withering heat, a classic is being filmed—but then it was hot in India, too.



THE HOLLYWOOD

# DERBY

By Whitney Williams



Perhaps posing in clothes she didn't own caused Lucille Ball to become cynical. She dislikes pretense and stays "just herself," and that's good enough for us.

**I** DON'T know how you out there in the vast movie audiences feel about it, but I always get a kick out of watching new players in their rise from obscurity to a position of prominence on the screen; what measures they employ to achieve their goal, how their new position matches that from which they originally sprung, the changes—if any—in personality, outlook, opinion, and how they regard the future and their chances in the Hollywood scheme of things.

To me, it's a fascinating study of a passing parade, forever kaleidoscopic, undulled even by years of steady observation. More particularly, when four such charming and talented demoiselles as Lana Turner, Marjorie Weaver, Nan Grey and Lucille Ball are the subjects of inquiry.

This quartet of youthful loveliness represents the full flower of the newer crop of screen notables. Individually and collectively, they are worthy of attention on any screen and potentially are as likely candidates for stardom as any who recently have forged into the spotlight. Glamour, allure and a certain beauty attaches to each, as well as an overwhelming enthusiasm. Our purpose in grouping these four girls together for comparative reasons however, is not wholly in view of these estimable and paralleled virtues. It is deeper than that . . . it is for what they stand.

Nan Grey was escorted to several studios and each studio wished her to stay. Which certainly interfered with her plan to be a newspaper woman.

In them, and their respective struggles for film recognition, lies the endless competition between the North and the South. Two from either side of the Mason and Dixon Line, they symbolize the spirit of the new North and the new South and from them we may be able to determine whether the chill of Northern climes provides better screen material, or the nightingales among the magnolia blooms in the South develop in the ladies of Dixie those qualities which are so superior. If, indeed, one may reach such a conclusion.


Protagonists of the Blue are Lana Turner and Lucille Ball; of the Grey, Marjorie Weaver and Nan Grey. By devious

routes they've reached Hollywood, scored on the screen, insinuated themselves upon public consciousness. Alike as peas in the proverbial pod in certain respects, in others they are as far removed as the poles.

Striking, first of all, is the fact that in their childhood, which was the happy contented existence of normalcy, none of the quartet harbored any theatrical aspirations. In her home town of Wallace, Idaho, Lana was like any other child of moderate circumstances,

her interest resting mainly in her pencil and drawing pad, on which she sketched figures and beautiful ladies garbed in the most exorbitant creations. Lucille, in Butte, Montana, where her father was an electrical engineer with the Anaconda Copper Company, was never so happy as when she could don old overalls, throw school troubles to the winds and play with older boys.





Left—Marjorie Weaver in "Hold That Co-ed," in a scene with one of the greatest actors in the whole world. And that raises her score.

## *Two Girls From The North And Two Southern Belles In A Race For Stardom.*

Down in Kentucky and Tennessee, between which states Marjorie divided her time, the little Weaver gal devoted her energies to trying to stick to the back of one of her father's thirty horses. He owned a livery stable, and Majorie had her choice of any of his horses that weren't hired out for the day. By the time she was six, she could ride with the best of 'em and won honors in more than one horse show.

For her part, Nan Grey was firmly resolved to be a newspaper woman when she grew up in Houston, Texas, and out of school composed the most lurid and fantastic adventures on paper. Little indication, here, that in days to come each would win laurels for her acting in Hollywood, that they would be rivals for fame and popularity in a hotly contested race.

In the event you do not readily place each of the four girls...

Lana Turner was the girl killed in the early part of Mervyn LeRoy's "They Won't Forget," whose murder motivated the plot. And Hollywood's been raving about her ever since.

Lucille Ball added to the zest of "Stage Door," as the hard-boiled sister who teamed with Ginger Rogers in the boarding house. She enacted the title role in "The Affairs of Annabel."

Marjorie Weaver walked away with all honors in "Second Honeymoon," as the angel child always getting into trouble; and appeared opposite Warner Baxter in "I'll Give a Million."

Nan Grey played one of the "Three Smart Girls," Deanna Durbin's initial film, and was leading lady in "Love In a Bungalow." Universal thinks she's some pumpkins.

Remember 'em? Of course, you do... but in the future, and not so distant, either, you'll see far more of them.

Until she arrived in Hollywood, after having lived in various towns in the Northwest and San Francisco, Lana Turner had planned a fashion designing career. Upon the death of her father, Lana and her mother left San Francisco for Hollywood, not, as you might suspect, for the movies but for Mrs. Turner's health. How Lana entered pictures was purely accidental.

She had skipped a typewriting class at Hollywood High School, and was in the drugstore across the street when a newspaperman chanced to see her at the counter. He managed an introduction, convinced her she should meet a friend of his, an actor's agent. The agent, enthusiastic at the possibilities of this golden girl—she is that, you know—was certain he had a "find" in his hands.

It happened that Mervyn LeRoy, the director-producer, was

"They Won't Forget" had the ring of prophecy, for they (meaning all of us, of course) never did. Lana Turner was accepted and the chariot of her career started upward.

looking for a sixteen-year-old screen novice for the role of Mary Clay in his "They Won't Forget." The agent hurried the school girl to LeRoy's office and arranged for a test. When LeRoy saw this test, along with those of some twenty others, Lana's girlish wholesomeness was so marked that he signed her immediately for the role that startled the natives upon the film's release. The rest is history.

Although she acted occasionally in college theatricals at the University of Indiana, from which she was graduated, it never occurred to Marjorie Weaver to turn thespian. It remained for her roommate and best friend, Judy Parks, to pave the way that eventually led to Hollywood.

A magazine was conducting a beauty contest, the winner to receive a dance scholarship in New York. Judy sent on her friend's photograph, and Marjorie won, just like that. After all, she had been voted her school's most beautiful girl four

[Continued on page 68]





In racing, Sonja Henie never saw anyone else finish. They're always behind her. So she got the habit.

Gail Patrick has clicked in whatever she's started. Do you think she could be Governor of Alabama?



Kay Francis



**H**AS it ever occurred to you that the reason a lot of players have achieved fame and fortune in Hollywood is because they have acquired, so to speak, "the habit of success"—that they are screen stars because they also reached the top in some other field of endeavor before tackling the movies, and are only applying the same drive and initiative to acting that they applied to whatever pursuits they tackled before?

Having read so far, perhaps I should stop for a moment and warn you before going any further that this article is not intended—Heaven forbid—to tell you how to win success in the movies in 2000 or 3000 words but that its one and only purpose is to point out by some concrete example that a lot of outstanding players are Hollywood champions because they were also champions in some other division, to use a boxing term, and that, judging from their records, the chances are they would also wear crowns in any other field they entered.

No matter what you think of the "how to win success" advisers or the boys who write the "as we have thought, so we have become" messages, the fact remains that there is something to be said in favor of the philosophy which urges that "we are what we have made ourselves" and that the will to be successful or even beautiful is enormously powerful.

This same will to be beautiful which

# THE HABIT OF SUCCESS

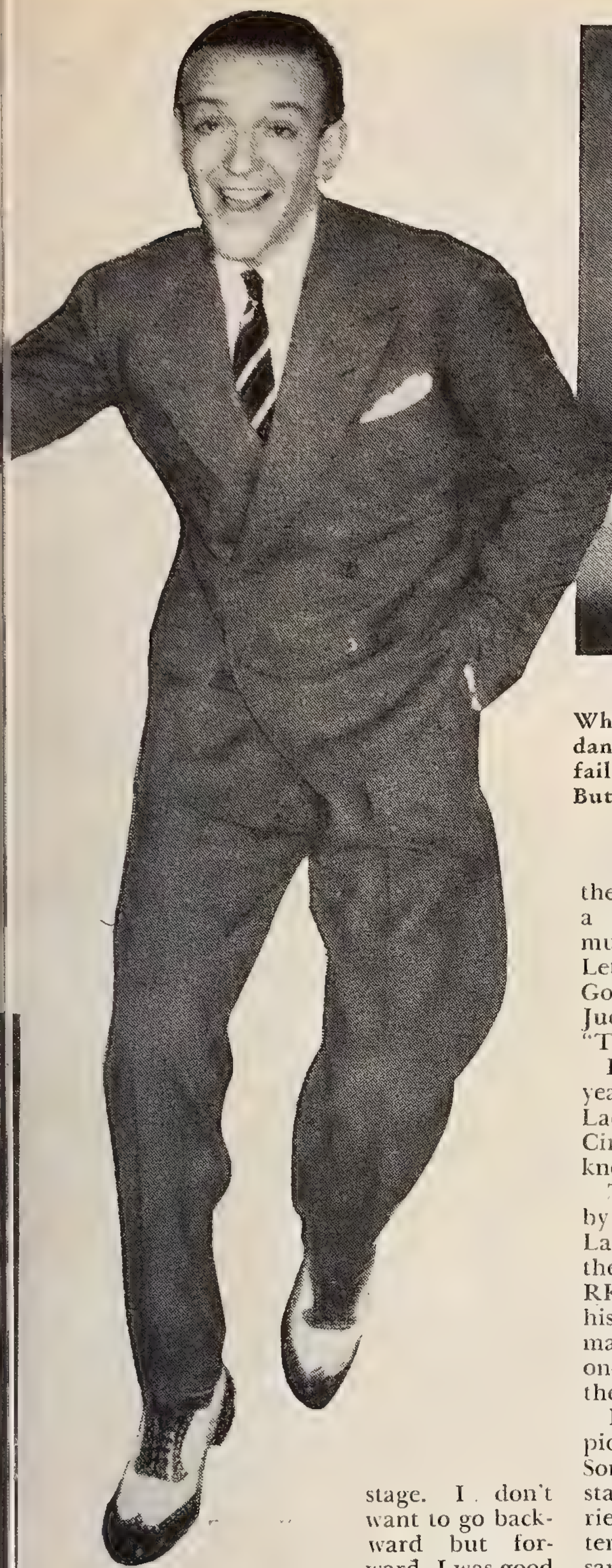
By William Boehnel

certain women possess, is also evident in the will to succeed among many of today's most successful players, and because of that will to succeed they have formed the habit of success that has landed them on the top of the heap.

Take W. C. Fields, for instance. When

I last saw Mr. Fields in Hollywood, his chief concern was not about pictures but how to make a success in television when it finally arrived. When I asked Mr. Fields if he missed the old days in the theatre this is what he said: "No, I don't miss the old days and I'm never going back on the





When Fred Astaire first danced for the camera, failure called the turn. But now he's a big screen star.

Jean Arthur is never afraid to tackle anything. She's Success' Girl Friend.

the stage both in America and England, as a result of his dancing in such stage musicals as "Apple Blossoms," "The Love Letter," "For Goodness Sakes," "Lady Be Good," "Funny Face," "The Bunch and Judy," "Smiles," "The Band Wagon" and "The Gay Divorcee."

Even before this, when he was only eight years old, Fred and his sister, Adele, now Lady Cavendish, were touring the Orpheum Circuit in a dancing act of their own and knocking down 200 bucks a week.

That is why, when after being let out by Metro after a small bit in "Dancing Lady," he had the perseverance to reach the top in his new medium. Going over to RKO, the same urge to be a champion in his new field, the same drive which had made him a success at eight, lifted him to one of the ten biggest money makers in the movies.

Having been crowned Olympic champion before she was old enough to vote, Sonja Henie is another successful screen

star who has carried this same determination, this same ability to forge to the front, into a new medium. Winner of Olympic awards in 1928, 1932 and 1936, Miss Henie was a smash box-office favorite with the ice fans long before Hollywood beckoned.

When she made a deal which was satisfactory to herself with Twentieth Century-Fox, this same habit of winning skating championships at an early age followed her to the coast. Today she is one of the most successful stars in the film colony and when, between pictures, she tours the country with her ice carnival, the "Standing Room Only" sign is out in front of the house long before the day of her scheduled appearance.

Perhaps being a successful commercial photographer's model is considerably less

exciting than being a star and playing opposite some of the screen's most popular leading men, but this same success habit which made her one of the most popular models in New York while she was still a sophomore in high school, was undoubtedly the propelling force which carried Jean Arthur to stardom in the cinema.

While still at school, Jean was earning \$25 a day posing in her spare time and it wasn't long before her face was seen on magazine covers throughout the country. Her first efforts in Hollywood were considerably less than startling but there was no holding Jean back. Having been tops in one field it was only natural that the same effort would sooner or later catapult her to the top brackets in the movies, where she now rests with the best of them.

The next time some of you gals who are secretaries get fed up with your jobs and want to chuck them because you think there is no future in them, it would be wise to consider the case of Kay Francis, one of the highest salaried players on the Warner Brothers' long and interesting list.

Although the chances are that Miss Francis eventually would have become an actress anyway because her mother, Katherine Clinton, was a well-known stage player, when she finally finished school Kay took up secretarial work. Even in this field she was satisfied with nothing but the best and chose as her employers such socially prominent women as Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Mrs.

Minturn Pinchot and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.

But Kay had formed the success habit long before this. While in school she excelled in tennis and ran the 100-yard dash in 12 seconds flat. Success, too, followed in her stage career and it is not unlikely that had she remained in the theatre she would have achieved the same high ranking she has enjoyed [Continued on page 73]

W. C. Fields, a success in five different worlds.

stage. I don't want to go backward but forward. I was good in burlesque, but not so good in a circus side-show, so let's forget that. I was tops in vaudeville and made two

trips around the world with my act. I was considered tops in musical comedy. I'm a star in the movies and I'm doing pretty well on the radio. Now all I want to do is to figure out how to make the grade when this television business comes along."

Mr. Fields is perhaps the best example in the movies I know of the star who has "the habit of success." He ran away from his home in Philadelphia when he was a kid because he was scared of his father. He has knocked around all over the world since then and today, at 58, after having been a success in five different mediums, he is plotting and planning on how to reach the top in a sixth.





Irene Dunne keeps a story of a gallant lady among her never-to-be-forgotten treasures.

THE stars of Hollywood, I found myself thinking one summer day, what memories they must have . . . the young as well as the old . . . for small Shirley Temple, surely, has more memories right now than most of us accumulate in a life time, what pressed flowers of what fame and glory they have in their Memory Books . . . Talisman roses and rosemary for remembrance . . . what a multi-coloured tapestry from which to pull the threads of thought . . . and I wondered what their dearest memories would be . . . of Neon lights blazing their names . . . of flattering crowds and wealth and material possessions . . . of previews where their names first sky-rocketed to stardom . . . or would they be of candlelight and moonlight . . . childhood . . . the "little things" which do not glitter but yet are gold . . . I fell to wondering . . . what would they name as the most poignant memory of all, the most precious, the most unforgettable . . . and why . . .

And so, from time to time, as we were talking, the stars and I, I poked an inquisitive forefinger, gently, I hope, among their memories . . .

Norma Shearer, the possessor of more triumphs and conquests and wealth of many kinds than you or I could hope to have in twenty rich reincarnations said to me, tears in her eyes, " . . . of all my memories? Oh, I can answer that. For all the memories which are most precious to me belong with Irving. And, of them all, the most precious is knowing that I knew how much I loved him while he was here. So many times, I am afraid, we do not realize how much we love someone near to us until it is too late. That bitterness, at least, is spared me. For I can and I do cherish the thought that I *knew* how happy we were, knew how much I loved Irving, realized the preciousness of every moment we had together while he was here . . . there never has been, there never will be a memory more poignant than this. Because without it I would face utter desolation."

When Norma told me this I had a premonition that the memories of the stars would come, for the most part, from their hearts; would have little to do with fame and limelight and the riches which can be touched and seen and spent.

I remembered, then, how Mary Pickford once said to me "my mother's eyes when she looked at me . . . I have had a rich and varied life, but no memory is so dear to me as this . . ." I thought of how Jean Harlow said to me, in the year before she passed on, "If I should die this year I know what memories would warm me most . . . my mother's selfless love and service above all, of course . . . and then the remembrance of the little humble tasks people have done for me, those 'little things' which, alone, make it possible for us to do the so-called 'big', spectacular things . . . I would forget, I think, the



things they call 'fame' and would remember how this one ironed my clothes for me, how my meals were planned for me, how Blanche, my maid, would stay on the set with me, half the night through, if necessary . . . the errands that were run for me, the stitches that were taken . . . the tasks that are unrewarded, as we count rewards . . ."

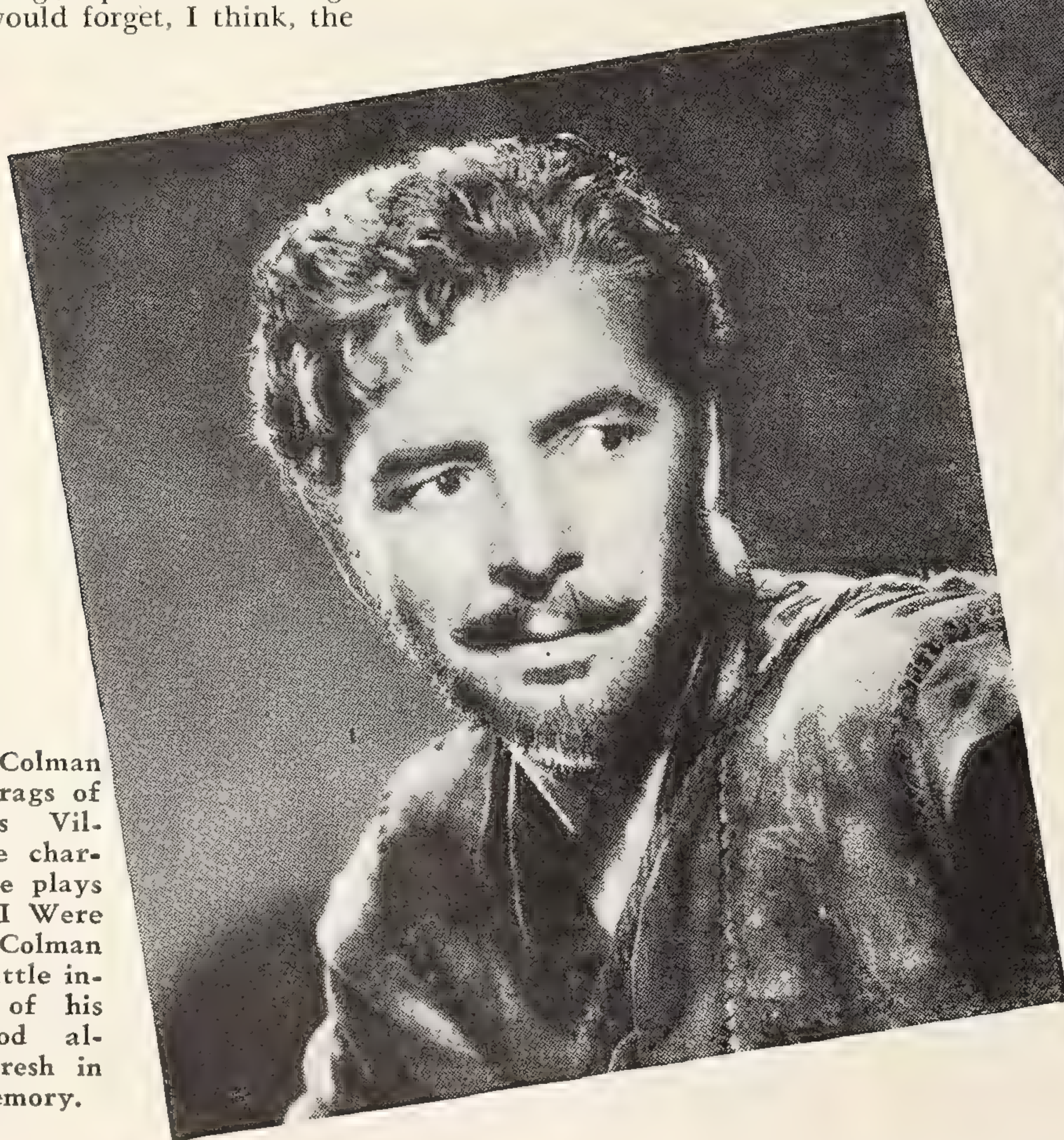
Spencer Tracy told me, "During the year I was away from home I used to go to the house and have breakfast with the family almost every morning. One such morning my son asked me to drive him to school. I was late for my call at the studio and couldn't, and reluctantly told him so. And then he said 'You know, Dad, I think that a girl belongs with her mother but a boy belongs with his Dad.' I guess I knew right then and there that I'd never forget

# TREASURED MEMORIES

By  
Gladys Hall

In Hollywood, Where Every Day Brings Disappointment Along With Its Joys, The Players Hold Many Remembrances Dear.

In the book of happy moments, Loretta Young's first romance trails clouds of glory.



Ronald Colman in the rags of Francois Villon, the character he plays in "If I Were King." Colman has a little incident of his childhood always fresh in his memory.



those words nor the look in Johnny's eyes when he said them.

"Well," said Pat O'Brien when I prodded the Celtic cells of the O'Brien memory . . . "well, I say thanks for the memory of a certain Russian Inn where I mustered up courage to ask Eloise to marry me; for the memory of the light in her eyes that put to shame the blazing candles on the table; for the Russian Cossack music that was no wilder than the beating of my heart at that moment. It's the happiest memory I have—topped only by the years we have been together . . .

It was Ronald Colman who said "Childhood memories seem the most unforgettable to me . . . I think I shall remember the longest the time I thought I would help my father with his garden. Now, my father was something of a horticulturist and his garden was his passion and his pride. One day—I must have been about seven—I decided to surprise father by doing some weeding for him. I did. And succeeded in pulling up something simply *priceless*. It was one of his rare, very rare bulbs. I still remember the look in my father's eyes when he regarded my handiwork. I still remember with what admirable self-control he made himself realize the motive back of the mischief done. It is my most unforgettable memory because it was my first realization that the more I kept myself to myself the better off I would be. I have never lost that realization."

Richard Arlen, too, believes that of all our memories the memories of childhood sink the deepest and linger the longest. He said, "Childhood memories are best because nothing sullies them. I had a happy, carefree life as a kid and am forever grateful for it. Recently I went home to visit Mother and Dad. I wandered over many of the spots I remembered as a youngster. The lot where we played baseball is now an apartment house; the grove where we picnicked, the roads where we scuffed our bare feet are

now a series of paved streets. In fact nothing was as I remembered it except Mother and Dad. And yet *nothing was changed*. Not really. It was then I learned  
[Continued on page 68]



Spencer Tracy will never forget a lesson his son once taught him.



Bette Davis cherishes a little incident which brought much pleasure to her. (Below) Richard Arlen says "Memory is more enduring than stone."





*The Movies Are In Need Of New Faces And There Is A Man  
In Hollywood Who Helps Ambitious Youth To Reach  
The Enchanted Spot In Front Of The Cameras.*

"TALENT Department," reads the sign on the door of a sprawling structure on the Paramount lot. As you enter, you find yourself in an exciting place, the studio's dramatic school, presided over by that noted star-maker of Hollywood, Oliver Hindsell, one of our specialists working behind and not in front of the camera.

Mr. Hindsell has interviewed at least 100,000 people for the movies, and some twenty stars and starlets owe their careers to him. He discovered and trained Robert Taylor, and among his finds and protégés are Robert Young, Mary Carlisle, Irene Hervey, Jimmy Ellison, Bill Henry, Michael Whalen, Cecilia Parker, Edward Norris, Virginia Bruce, Shirley Ross, Karen Morley, Martha Sleeper, Gertrude Michael, Ann Dvorak, and recently, Ellen Drew, ex-sales girl in a Los Angeles confectionary store, the new candidate for stardom at Paramount.

Such things as an amateur today and a star tomorrow do not happen any more. Behind every "break," every meteoric rise staged by a newcomer on the firmament of the screen, you will find months and even years of intense study and preparation.

The Paramount talent department is a hubbub of activity. Doors fly open, and in rush beavies of attractive girls with scripts under their arms. Or tanned young men, some of them dressed like fashion plates, others coatless and with the collars of their shirts open, come and go, or loiter around, murmuring their lines. There is immortal ambition, the hopes and dreams and doubts of youth, in their eyes. All of them are under probation, their options may not be taken up after six months or a year, and it is practically a matter of life and death for them to make good.

Oliver Hindsell attracted the attention of Hollywood when the Dallas Little Theatre, of which he was the director, won all honors at the National Little Theatre tournament in New York City for three successive years. He is the author of "Making the Little Theatre



Luise Rainer knew the magic of footlights and had heard the symphony of applauding thousands, but her future depended upon her speech—in English.



One of Mr. Hindsell's protégés is Mary Carlisle.



At the left, above, is Robert Taylor, who was discovered by Hindsell in a college play.

Charles Boyer, whose screen success was possible after he learned English from Hindsell.

Pay." Louis B. Mayer called him to Hollywood, and he started a school for actors at M. G. M. For the past two years he has been connected with Paramount.

Hindsell has injected into the atmosphere of Hollywood the idealism and traditions of the stage, and has maintained a standard of individual instruction which has enabled many young players, with no stage experience to speak of, to learn the tricks of the trade. His assistant, Harold Helvenston, is a product of Professor Baker's famous dramatic workshop at Yale, was seven years director of dramatics at Stanford and worked two years with Walt Disney before his present connection with Paramount. He is the author of a book on scenery.

These two men make the talent department of Paramount the outstanding training ground for young screen actors in Hollywood, if we except Professor Max Reinhardt's new school, which, however, is not connected with any studio, and is primarily devoted to the theatre.

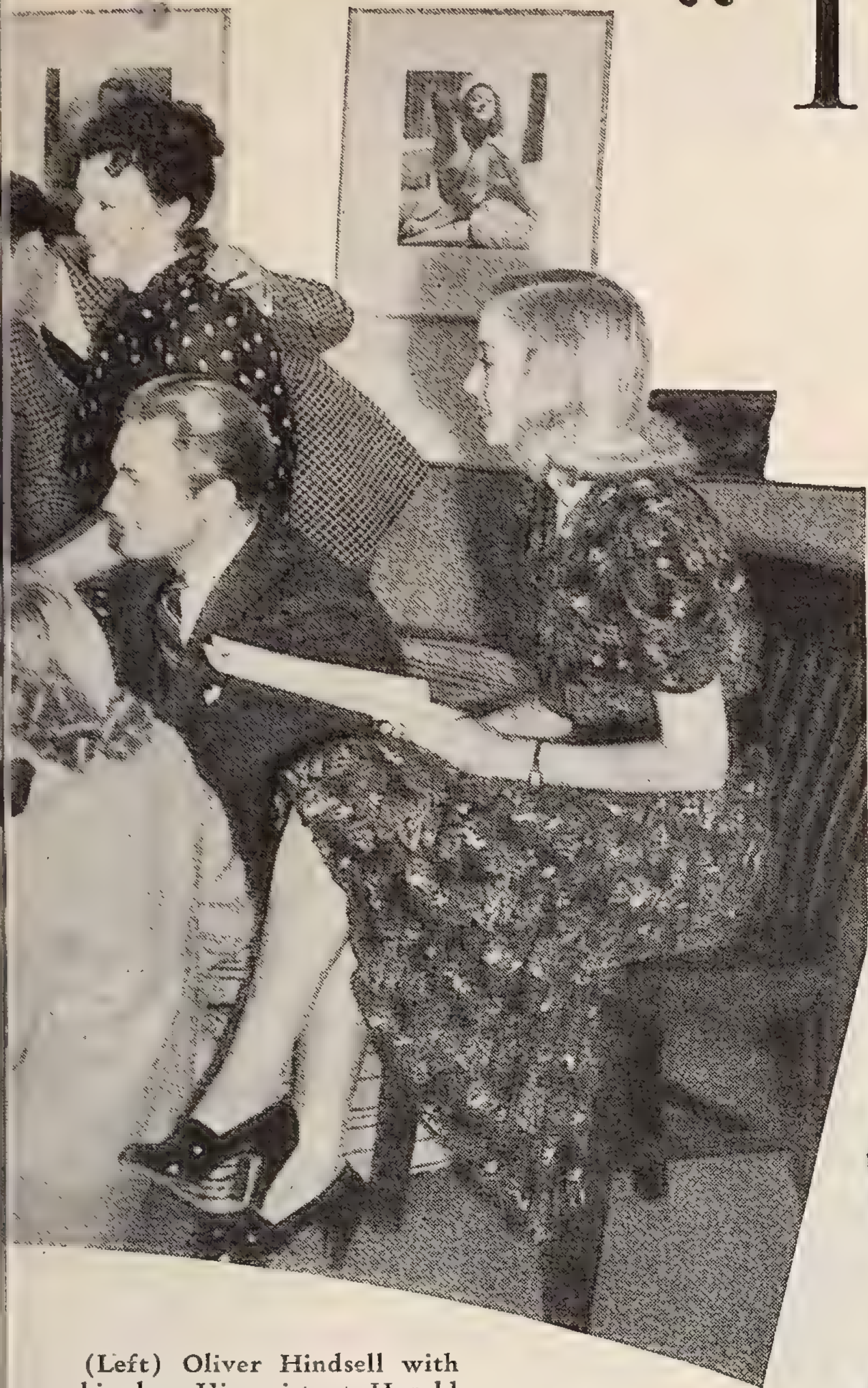
Hindsell is a man with prematurely gray hair, and of imposing appearance. His department is one big happy family, and you see young men coming in and greeting their



# "TRICKS of the TRADE"

*Oliver Hindsell, The Distinguished Dramatic School Head, Does Not Believe In Amateur Greatness. Study Makes Stars.*

By  
Leon  
Surmelian



(Left) Oliver Hindsell with his class. His assistant, Harold Helvenston, stands near center. The students are like thoroughbreds at the post.

"Pappy" by a bit of shadow boxing, to which he responds with his fists. His office is large and serves as a stage for interviews and rehearsals. It is elegantly furnished, and the walls are covered with autographed portraits of stars and promising unknowns. You read: "For Oliver Hindsell, with gratitude and affection, Charles Boyer." Hindsell taught him English.

His linguistic pupils include Dolores del Rio, Paul Lukas, Franciska Gaal, Luise Rainer. A portrait of Robert Taylor will particularly attract your attention. The inscription on it reads: "They say actors are a most ungrateful lot. May I become an exception to the rule by saying that I can never repay you for your help and confidence in me. I am yours, truly grateful! Bob."

Hindsell discovered Bob in a college production in the picturesque theatre of Padua Hills. Bob was then a senior at Pomona College, "The Oxford of the West." Hindsell's toughest job is selling to producers and directors the young men and women he is training. "I presented Bob in a one-act play," he recalled, "but nobody was interested. I then presented him again in a three-act play, with Rosalind Russell, but still they were not interested. And Bob was so ambitious. He used to drive forty-five miles to the studio and back to study with me. He got discouraged, and went back to Nebraska. He wrote me from there, wanting to know if I would advise him to return to Hollywood and try again. I told him to return at once. He was bound to get a break sooner or later; I never doubted his ability."

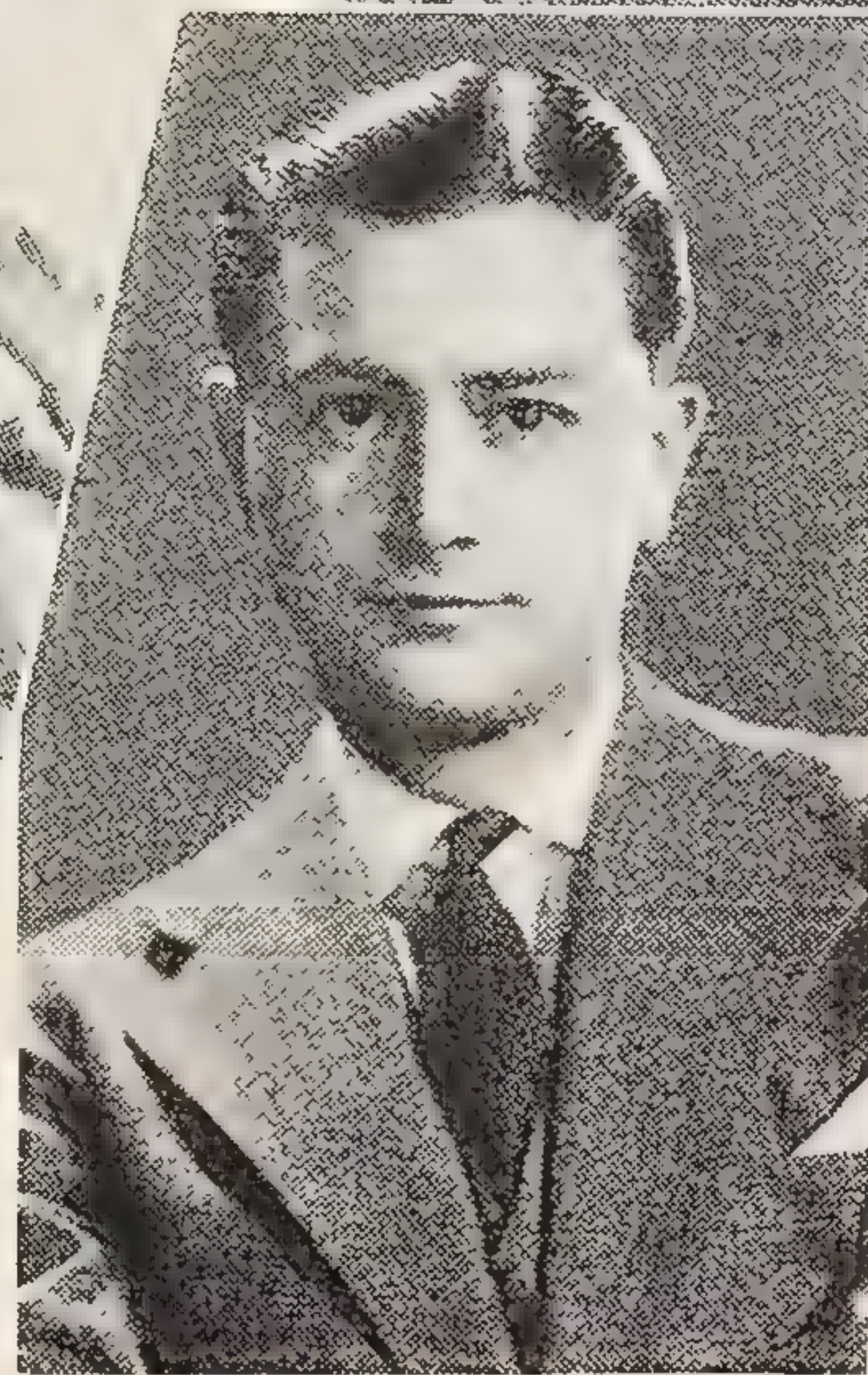
What were Hindsell's first impressions of a young man from the Nebraska hinterlands who, in two years, rose to rule the romantic roost of Hollywood? "I thought he was a fine American boy, with perfect photographic features. The trouble with him was he was a little too good looking, a fact that belied his character. The texture of his skin was such that we had to be very careful with make-up. When he outlives his present bad publicity, he will become one of the foremost virile actors on the



Beautiful Myrna Loy started in the wrong, or Corrigan, direction, but she landed O. K.



Michael Whalen (above) and Robert Young. Both were taught by the star-maker.



screen. He is no pretty boy. I liked his small town timidity. He lacked confidence in his own ability and worth, and wasn't one of those conceited fops who are blinded by their ego.

Bob didn't think he was a good actor, and was willing to learn and work hard. He was sensitive to the point of being shy and retiring. I would purposefully throw him with groups of people older and more sophisticated than himself to see how he'd take it. I remember, one night I had him at my home for dinner. He hardly opened his mouth all evening. I asked him why he was so quiet. "What can I say?" he said, "all these people have traveled widely, been abroad, while I haven't even been to New York."

Hindsell has helped many established players, but he hesitates to talk about them and divulge their names. However, he spoke about Myrna Loy when she was trying hard to get somewhere. "She was thoroughly sick of playing those slant-eyed Oriental vamps when she came to me, and discouraged too. I saw that she had real charm and a delicious sense of humor, qualities which the false roles she was playing then gave her no opportunity to display. I gave her confidence in herself. Then I began to cultivate her lovely voice. She was a tireless worker, and when we took off her mask, her success was immediate."

Night clubs and such places do not interest Hindsell as fields of undiscovered talent. He believes in the value of college education and real cultural background for attaining any lasting success in pictures. Recently he made [Continued on page 70]



# ANN HOW!

*Ann Sheridan  
Teaches Movie  
Fans The Meaning  
of Languor, Grace  
And Beauty.*

By  
Alyce  
Shupper



**She entered the North Texas State Teachers' College — which was immeasurably tough on the professors.**

**I**T IS only by one of those strange accidents, which occur every once in a while in Hollywood, that Ann Sheridan is raising the temperatures of film fans in her audiences rather than teaching groups of children their A, B, C's in an obscure little schoolroom in Texas. That was the course she intended to follow when she entered North Texas Teachers' College.

"I'm afraid teaching school was always a somewhat nebulous possibility," she told me, "The teachers' college was a good school to attend. We had a lot of fun and I doubt that any of us ever gave serious thought to the fact that some day the responsibility of teaching would be staring us in the face."

It all happened while she was preparing to dispense higher education. Aside from her activities in basketball, tennis and swimming, Ann, who was then known as Clara Lou Sheridan, also dabbled in college theatricals. Her first public appearance was as a blues singer with the college orchestra!

John Rosenfield, of the *Dallas News*, who heard her sing, induced Ann to enter the competition when Paramount announced its "Search for Beauty" contest. She won and spent several months under contract to that studio before she decided to free-lance.

"A beauty contest winner usually has two strikes on her before she gets started," Ann pointed out. "A few, like Joan Blondell, Mary Astor, Corinne Griffith and Clara Bow, have won great success on the screen, but there are scores of others lost in the shuffle."

"Too often a beauty contest winner has nothing exceptional save her face and figure. Of course the opportunity offered is marvelous; one that hundreds of girls would like to have, for it opens the studio gates and places them before a camera. What she does from then on is entirely up to her."

"When I started free-lancing, I lost confidence in myself. The experience I had had at Paramount was valuable, yet it was months before I completely regained my courage."

"Many times I considered giving up and returning to Texas to teach school. I never

actually went hungry, for I was always able to get enough work to keep going, but the prospect of getting anywhere, or ever winning real success, seemed bitterly hopeless."

When the future looked absolutely blank, Ann's first real break came with the role of a lovable school teacher opposite Pat O'Brien in "The Great O'Malley." Her earlier experience singing the blues with the college orchestra came to the fore when she was called upon to portray a night club singer in "San Quentin," and was an enormous asset at this time, particularly, when words and music play such an important part in film stories and

an actress, to be successful, must be able to do practically everything in the entertainment field.

Less than a year ago, Ann took another important step in her career when she married Edward Norris, the handsome young leading man who scored such a sensational hit in "They Won't Forget." But, evidently something went wrong with this marriage, for they are now applying for a separation.

Recently Warner Brothers offered her a term contract. She accepted, "with more alacrity than poise," she says, and started in on the road toward stardom.

"It hardly seems possible that a little over a year ago, I had my plans made to go back to Texas and school teaching," says Ann.

There is nothing pretentious about Ann, no danger of her "going Hollywood" in her manner of living. She has a Filipino houseboy who is terrified by the telephone and will answer only in emergencies to say "Missy Sheridan she not in" and hang up!

If you are one of her small circle of friends and are invited to dinner, chances are that you will sit down to a real meal of delicious chicken fried by Ann, herself. After dinner, there is often a friendly game of poker. Ann has the Texan's love for gambling, but the stakes are small.

Still athletic, Ann goes in for horseback riding and aquaplaning. As a child she was something of a prodigy as an acrobatic dancer, and even now, with only her right hand and right foot on the floor, she can draw herself up until her entire weight is on the right hand and her legs are straight in the air.

This, in brief, is the backstage story of Ann Sheridan, Hollywood's 1938 version of the perfect "It" girl.



WE POINT WITH PRIDE

# To FRANK MORGAN

Meet Frank Morgan  
—A Business Man.  
His Business Is Comedy.

HE WAS known as one of the best boy sopranos in New York. As Frankie Wupperman he sang at St. Thomas and All Angels churches. He has appeared in many pictures and with his befuddled manner has never failed to be amusing. He is six feet tall and weighs 180 pounds, has a fine tenor voice, and, with all his gifts, is content just to insure the success of every comedy role in which he is cast.

Below—Scene from "Sweethearts" in which he appears with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald.



Below—Lionel Stander, Robert Taylor and Frank Morgan in "The Crowd Roars." Below, right—With Wallace Beery in "The Port of Seven Seas."







Lynn Bari is appearing in "Samson and the Ladies." Twenty-seven actors wanted to play Samson.

# GIRLS



Betty Compson arouses her husband, Rolfe Sedan, in "Under the Big Top." She is down to her last mink coat.

If there were no lovely girls like Loretta Young, the men would never have tackled "Suez" and finished both the canal and the picture.

In "Hold That Co-Ed," John Barrymore, exalted by a hundred classic outlines, goes forth to tackle the recession.

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Alph Bellamy has chosen strategic position in the coup with Jean Lucius, Martha O'Driscoll, Marjorie and Peggy Moran. They are in "Girl's School."

Joan Woodbury in "While New York Sleeps," a play about the importance of night work, no doubt.



THE women, so beautiful and persuasive, arouse the ambitions of men, fill their breasts with determination and then touch off the whole thing with the dynamite of Love. The crusader who carried the glove of his trothed was a knight inured—his armour rang like great bell to the beating of his heart. And, today, songs have spread across all Christendom of the fame of the beautiful colleens of the Emerald Isle—and so there is Corrigan.

The movies are never too occupied with the spinning tales to pay homage to beauty and because of the idols of the screen men try to climb to greater heights and rule yet vaster dominions. Solitary prospectors search for gold for some fair perch and high overhead a silver flies to a smiling, aggravating, cajoling, bewitching daughter of Eve.

Their Great Grandmothers Used To Weave And Spin, But The Activities Of The Modern Girls Know No Limit.



Hedy Lamarr started a thousand arguments before she really got warmed up.



Ilona Massey only has to slip on her "swimmies" and the earth speeds up to 1000 RPM. No wonder the men are dizzy.



Jack Benny and Punkins Parker, Gwen Kenyon, Marie De Forest, Sheila Darcy, Yvonne Duval and Janet Waldo. In "Artists and Models Abroad," Jack reaches an Alp that is a new high.





Herbert Marshall and Claudette Colbert in "Zaza"—all in the spirit of the gay nineties.



Maxie Rosenbloom, Joan Valerie, Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene in "Submarine Patrol."



In "Road Demon," Joan Valerie gives Henry Arthur the racer's reward.



Charles Farrell and Jacqueline Wells in "Wings of Doom."



Ronald Reagan and Jane Bryan in "Girls on Probation." She uses the old Mrs. Pitman system.



Dennis O'Keefe and Florence Rice acting up for "Vacation from Love." The profiles are O.K.—go on with the picture.

# THE MOVIE HEROES HAVE TH





Shirley Temple looks with a large lack of enthusiasm at Bennie Bartlett. No Umph! They're in "Just Around the Corner."



John Howard and Mary Carlisle in "Touchdown Army." Just a couple of recruits in the war that never ends.

Below—Fernand Gravet and Luise Rainer. Both come from abroad and give to "The Great Waltz" the true European flavor.



In "Suez," Annabella and Tyrone Power introduce a personal note in their politics.



# TUATION WELL IN HAND

WE HAVE heard a stage director, when rehearsing a scene that led up to and included an embrace, shout at his leading juvenile and pretty ingénue. "Don't you know," he yelled, "the woman's arm is *always* above the man's? Try it again." In a million gardens the movements of lovers have been rehearsed, and yet, in Hollywood, no better method has been devised. It must mean something.


The Former Technique Of Pictures Included Few Words And Many Embraces. Now Dialogue Peps Up The Plot, But They've Never Improved On The Clinches.




A full-length photograph of a woman standing outdoors against a brick wall. She is wearing a two-piece tweed suit with a herringbone pattern. The jacket is knee-length with a wide notched lapel, a single-breasted front with two buttons, and a large patch pocket. The skirt is knee-length and flared. She is also wearing a matching tweed hat with a veil and a small bow. She holds a small, dark, rectangular clutch bag in her hands. She is wearing dark shoes with light-colored socks. The background is a brick wall and some foliage.

# THE SUIT'S THE THING THIS FALL!

And There's A  
Variety Of Models  
To Choose From.

A simple line drawing of a maple leaf with three lobes, positioned in the lower left corner of the page.

Left—Tweeds are in high favor. Joan Bennett's two piece green and brown reefer suit has a plain flared skirt topped by a handknit hunter's green slip-in sweater. The single-breasted coat has green velvet slash pockets and collar. Joan's accessories are green antelope.

A simple line drawing of a maple leaf with three lobes, positioned in the lower right corner of the page.

Right—A more elaborate suit, excellent for late afternoon wear, is worn by Joy Hodges. It is of teal blue smooth wool with navy accessories. The finger-tip box jacket has full bell sleeves trimmed with double skins of blue fox, and the simple frock has a high-necked draped bodice.



A postage stamp hat for the new high hair-do looks lovely on Lana Turner. It is of black velvet, adorned with pink and black feathers and held on by a roguish band of black velvet.

Cut in smart military fashion is this tunic suit-dress worn by Kay Francis. It is of black duvetyn trimmed with silver buttons. Her accessories are black.

Above — This pancake felt in olive green, with coarse face veil in brown to match her frock, goes particularly well with Olivia de Havilland's long bob. The veil ties in back with a flared bow.

A striking sports suit is chosen by Joy Hodges. The double-breasted jacket is of heather rose plaid tweed, with the lapels faced with terra cotta velvet, and the straight skirt of light beige wool has a slot seam in front ending in an inverted pleat. Her pill box hat is made of the same material as the skirt trimmed with gros-grain ribbon carrying out the color scheme of the jacket. A beige sweater is worn with this costume and terra cotta accessories.

**N**O MATTER what milady's individual taste happens to be this season, there's bound to be a suit to catch her gleaming eye. If she's the ultra-feminine type who never goes in for sports wear, no matter what the occasion, she will find many modified suit models to fit in with her program, and if she's the tailored type she will be absolutely nonplussed what to choose, so many and so varied are the sports suits. But for sheer comfort, not to mention *chic*, both types will agree that there's nothing like a suit in the wardrobe to fall back upon when the dilemma of *what to wear* comes up.

Rice in a trim terra cotta rough wool suit. The closely buttoned jacket is fastened with zipper and has cut revers. The back of the white blouse fits high. Her shoes match her suit.









*The BIG*  
PICTURE OF THE  
MONTH

Nelson Eddy and  
Jeanette MacDonald  
in

*"SWEETHEARTS"*

An M-G-M Technicolor Picture.  
Number One in Silver Screen's  
Series of Scenes from Great Pictures.





Left—Very unusual indeed is this white dinner suit sponsored by Joan Bennett. It comprises a long, slithering skirt of crepe and a slip-on sweater of solid crystal beads. A short swagger coat of crepe, lavishly panelled in white fox completes this ensemble. Silver kid slippers are worn with it. (Remember that white is always most effective on blondes, no matter what the season).



For dining luxuriously, but not formally, Isabel Jeans wears a gracefully draped black crepe frock, accented with a double chain of heavy gold metal. Her finger-tip cape is of luscious blue fox (perishable but oh, so flattering!) and is squared at the shoulders. A blue fox gauntlet muff adds distinction to this costume, and so does the eye-concealing black antelope beret, shot through with a teal blue quill.



Silver fox is still tremendously popular for dress-up occasions. Patrick's three-quarter length has exaggerated shoulders and skins in the sleeves are used horizontally, emphasizing their width. A black velvet one-piece dress with a smooth amber kidskin harmonizes beautifully with the beautiful coat. Gail's off-the-hat (yes, they're still being worn) is of black velvet, with a coarse black veil.



Crisp black taffeta is always charming for the ingenue. Priscilla Lane demonstrates this fact in her high-waisted gown topped with a matching bolero with flaring peplum. The taffeta is embroidered with a scroll design in turquoise blue velvet, and the camisole bodice is held up by turquoise velvet ribbon bands. The skirt is gored and boasts a fishtail train.

## EVENING TO PUT RIGHT



## A Few Suggestions For Formal And Informal Dining And Dancing.



uturier borrowed from the  
of mail worn by knights of  
en he designed this conser-  
dinner gown worn by Kay  
. The tunic, worn over a  
slim back crepe skirt, is  
nit of silver thread, and the  
p collar, the girdle and the  
osing is of heavy silver lace.



The debutante will take a fancy  
to this French influenced pow-  
der blue moire frock accented  
at the waistline with a criss-  
crossed belt of dusty pink vel-  
vet. The shaped decolletage  
will appeal to her, as well as  
the circular skirt with its grace-  
ful front draping.



The long dress-concealing evening coats are much  
in evidence this Fall. Joan Bennett favors sumptu-  
ous mink for hers, with an exquisite wide belt  
fashioned of simulated rubies encrusted in gold.  
A gold encrusted kid bag and ruby velvet gloves  
finish up this costume in grand style. (Of course,  
this coat can be made up in velvet or lamé, within  
your own purse limits.)

FASHIONS

YOU IN THE

MOOD

### KNOW THYSELF

ONE of the Greek philosophers wisely said, many hundreds of years  
ago, "Know Thyself!" And how wise he was.

This axiom applies to clothes as well as deeds, say we. And so,  
if you are the tall, svelte, dignified type never, *never* wear styles de-  
signed solely for the flirtatious debutante, and if you are the frilly  
"little-girl" type, please don't go slinky and sophisticated on us. It  
won't work.

Just as with the suit fashions, evening models are so varied that  
everyone gets a fair break this season, whether she is thin or fat, con-  
servative or flighty.

Keep in mind Socrates' friendly warning and you can't go wrong.



Jean Dixon, the best age for character parts — young enough and old enough.



Paul Hurst, gifted with a character face.



Ruth Donnelly can play leads, too.

# THEY'RE WELCOME ON ANY SCREEN

WHEN a star grows old and he can no longer play a young lover, you can be very sure that he is happy then to be numbered among the dependable character actors of the screen. Sometimes a character man plays a certain role too well. His reward is long waits and small pickings, for no one will cast him except in similar roles. Walter Brennan played "Old Atrocity" and, though he won an Academy Award, the only parts he can get now are echoes of his one success—he's typed. And how Arthur Treacher must hate butlers!



Lionel Stander makes every one of his parts so prominent he worries the stars.



Elizabeth Patterson has screen-mothered half of Hollywood. Above — Berton Churchill, whose strongly marked features have made his face that of the accepted, typical business man.



Two character players who give to the parts they play a master touch of realism. Arthur Treacher King of Butlers Douglas Dumbrille plays various roles with distinction.





e Overman

Helen Westley

C. Henry Gordon keeps alive the tradition of villains with moustaches.

Character Players Have Seen Many A Handsome Hero Fade Out But They Go On Forever.



genuine-registered  
**Keeps**

*Delight  
Your Sweetheart*

WITH A KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RING

**F**EMININE eyes light up when they see the sparkling beauty and exquisite design of a Keepsake Diamond Ring. Your thoughtfulness in selecting this superb engagement symbol wins praise and appreciation. Through five decades the world-famous Keepsake Diamond Rings have been pridefully worn by America's most particular women. The name Keepsake in a diamond ring is your guarantee of satisfaction built on a long history of craftsmanship and skilled diamond knowledge. Ask to see Keepsakes at smart jewelry stores.

genuine-registered  
**Keepsake**  
DIAMOND RINGS

Registered Trade Mark of A. H. Pond Co., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.



Rice and Reginald Owen in "Vacation from Love." The bride walks girlhood's last mile.

Robert... an English production. This stronghold of a mountain chieftain was actually photographed in India. It is all in color.

Below—"Escape from Yesterday." Akim Tamiroff, Lee Shumway and Robert Gleckler. Tut, tut—Mustn't point!



SCENES

Constance Bennett is now a Universal star. Scene from "Service De Luxe."

Above — Deanna Durbin, Melvyn Douglas and Nancy Carroll in "That Certain Age," the picture in which Deanna has her first screen love affair.

The cutest kid, Janet Chapman, and Margaret Lindsay in "Broadway Musketiers."







George Bancroft and Nancy Kelly (remember the name). They are in "Submarine Patrol," but the big surprise is Nancy.

FROM OCTOBER  
RELEASES

Scene from "Stablemates," with Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney and Ladybird (that's the thoroughbred).



**SURE SHE'S THAT PRETTY  
REDHEAD WHO ALWAYS  
GETS STOCKING RUNS**

Then Joan  
learned to guard  
**S.A.\***

SO, I'M  
ALWAYS  
GETTING  
RUNS AND  
LOOKING  
LIKE THE  
DICKENS,  
JILL?

WELL, YOU  
NEEDN'T,  
JOAN. WHY  
DON'T YOU  
CUT DOWN  
ON RUNS  
WITH **LUX**?



LATER

JILL WAS  
CERTAINLY RIGHT!  
**LUX** SAVES ELASTICITY  
—NOW I HARDLY  
EVER HAVE RUNS  
OR HORRID  
WRINKLES. **LUX**  
GUARDS **S.A.\***



**\* S.A. =  
Stocking Appeal**

Stocking runs—heel humps—spiral seams kill S.A.\* Guard against them with Lux! Gentle Lux saves elasticity, so stockings *stretch*—then spring back into shape without breaking easily into runs.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the big box for extra economy.





(Scene from 20th Century-Fox's production "Five of a Kind." © NEA.)

## THE MOVIES' "FAMOUS FAMILIES"

(Above) The camera-man's assistant helps while Jean Hersholt keeps the babies in good humor.

**Y**EARS ago, Norma and Constance Talmadge were famous screen sisters, and now Joan and Constance Bennett are sisters that are making pictures—but the Dionne sisters, as usual, hold the multiple star record. The speeding years make these famous babies more and more interesting, and the thought of these five picture stars at the age of sixteen years is too blinding for even a press agent's imagination.



The three Lane Sisters, Lola, Rosemary and Priscilla, were so clever in "Four Daughters" that we can hardly wait to see their next.



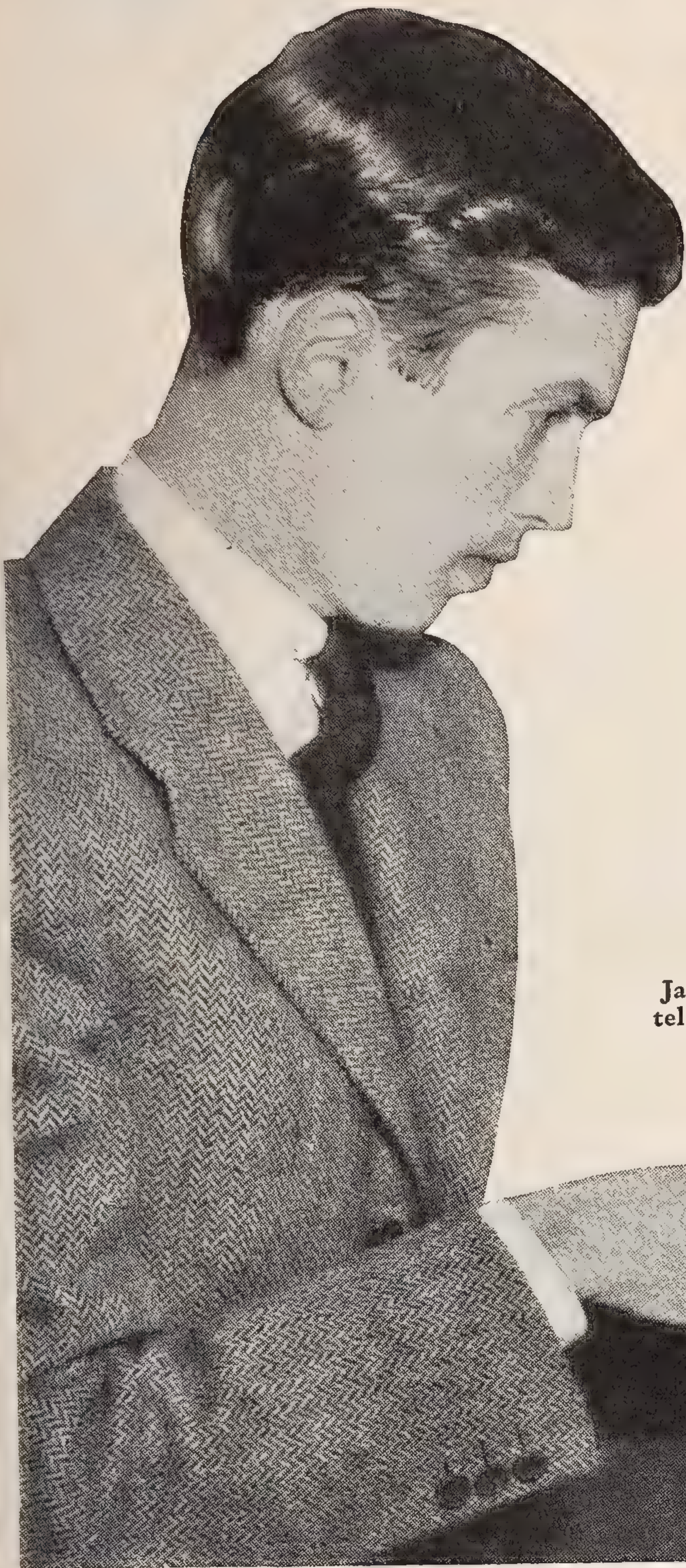
Twin stars. The Mauch brothers made a fine picture record.

Frances Farmer and Lief Erickson are man and wife and they both are in the same picture, "Escape from Yesterday."





# CAN YOU WRITE? A Novel Way For You To Earn Money Prizes



James Stewart  
tells the world.

**I**F YOU can express your thoughts, opinions, beliefs and preferences so that others may read and grasp your viewpoint, then you have the talent for writing.

The subject of your essays must be Motion Pictures and, particularly, you are invited to criticize and, by so doing, help the producers improve their product.

To make this contest as simple as possible, so that no formalities may prevent a person with a good idea from entering, the prizes will be awarded for the best letters. After all it is what you say that is important and it must be expressed so that your meaning is clear. But embody the whole in a letter to SILVER SCREEN.

A PRIZE of \$50.00 will be awarded for the best letter received before November 1, 1938. A number of letters will be selected and printed on the Letter Contest Page and every one that is printed will be paid for at \$5.00 each.

## WHAT TO WRITE ABOUT

The reports from the Box-Offices establish that the public did not like some pictures much and that it did like some others very much indeed. All this the producers know but WHY, WHY, WHY? This contest is to end the wall of silence that surrounds the picture makers of Hollywood. They spend their good money and they secure the best stories they can get. They hire authors and experts to bring a story to the screen and they hire actors and actresses of world wide fame to act in it. And then, perhaps, the public does not like the finished picture—and so another well-heralded movie gets a lukewarm box-office reception.

It is our belief that the public is fully aware of the reason why the picture is a flop, but there has been no way in which the fans could tell the producer what was wrong. Here is an opportunity to help the producers make the kind of movie that you want. SILVER SCREEN establishes the first

line of communication to Hollywood. All along you have heard FROM the studios in great detail, now you can let the Stars, Directors, Producers, Writers and even the Film Cutters and the Set Builders know what you believe WOULD HAVE IMPROVED the pictures that you did not like.

Be Specific. Do not write in that the pictures would improve if the producers made them better. *The producers want to know what actuated you to go to one picture and stay away from another, or to like one picture and not like another.* We are putting you in touch with Hollywood. Win a prize by telling what you believe would have improved some particular picture.

## HINTS TO LETTER WRITERS

Below are some sample letters written to order, not in competition, showing how the prize letters should be written, as to length, etc. No letter will be returned, so keep a copy.

## CONDITIONS IN THE \$50. LETTER CONTEST

1. Letters must not be longer than 150 words.
2. No letter will be returned.
3. Contest closes November 1, 1938.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Address your letter to PRIZE LETTER CONTEST, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Silver Screen:

I understand you want us to take a certain picture that we did not like and tell you why. Well take "The Racket Busters," for example. It was a good picture and well worked out without impossible incidents, but the reason that I did not care for it was that it was depressing. Of course they could not have had the gangsters anything but tough, and teamsters are not of heroic mould. Who wants to die for a bunch of truck drivers? It is of course a hard world. The day falls and the night breaks. But after seeing this picture I knew that I was not going to lead anyone out of their economic swamp, that I was not a crusader nor a rough and tumble fighter.

Sincerely yours,  
Thomas Cornwall

Dear Silver Screen:

I really believe that the screen to be successful must fulfill its appointed task and teach common everyday philosophy. In "You Can't Take It With You," we see the money chasing capitalist lose the love of his son and we also see the devotion of the family and the neighbors of the genial poor man. It teaches us that happiness is a reward for services rendered to others and that it comes as mysteriously as the return of bread cast upon the waters. The poor do not have to pay back to the givers. They must in turn be kind to those who need their help.

I like pictures that make me conscious of the improving world because these betterments are a part of the marching forward of Justice. Perhaps Hollywood hasn't thought about that.

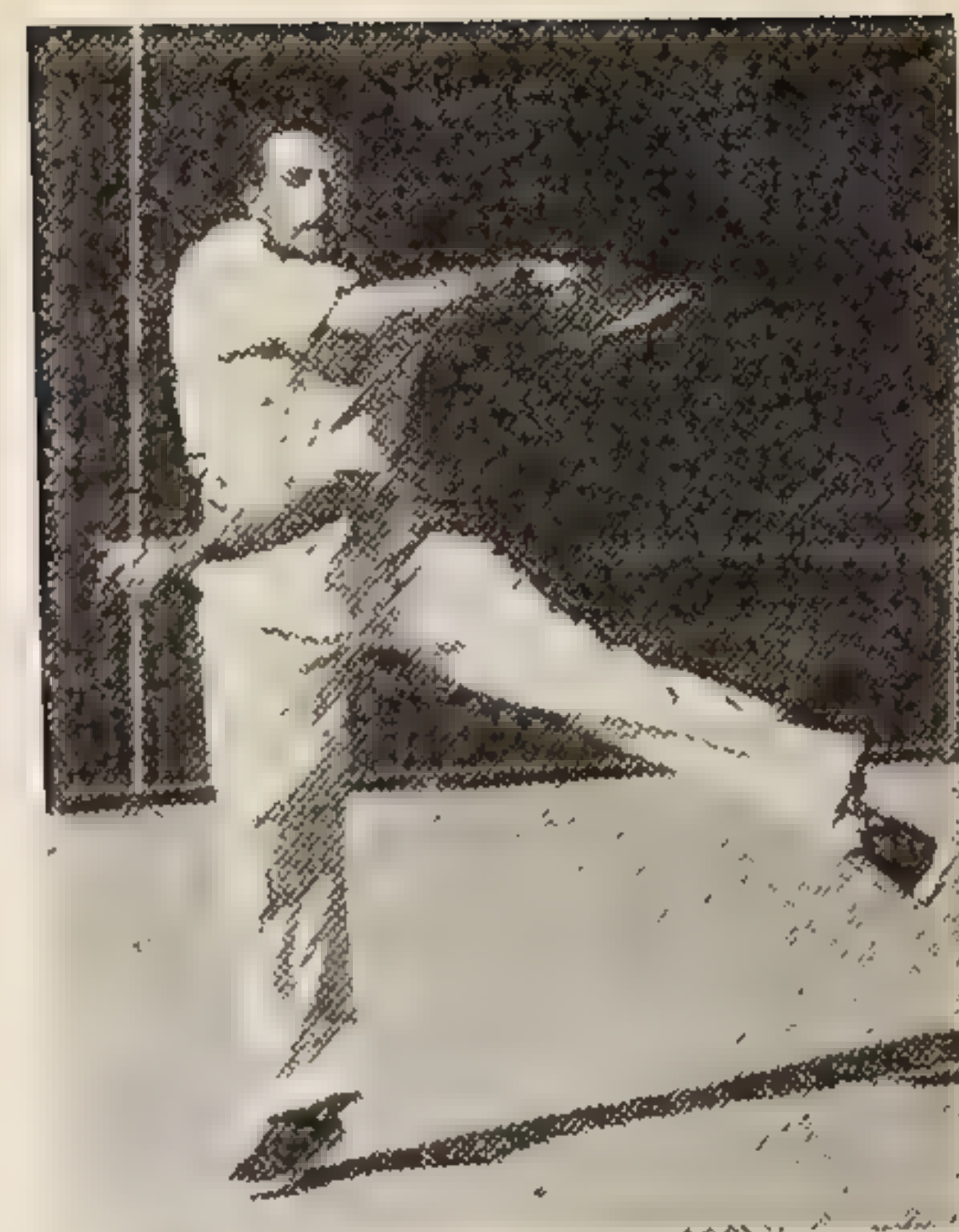
Cordially yours,  
Leonard Howell

Another Letter Contest Next Month



# HE DELIVERS

Tennis loosens  
up the Massachu-  
setts stiffness.



*The*

## GOODS

*Jeffrey Lynn Used To Work  
In A Department Store. He  
Carried A Lot To Hollywood.*

By Robert Joseph



"Four Daughters" gave  
him a good chance, and  
one was all he needed.

"Hollywood," Jeffrey opines, "is a funny, funny place. Don't let them tell you movie making is the chief business out here. Not by a long shot. It's falling in and out of love.

"But, boy, I fooled 'em! I went to live in the prosaic Hollywood Athletic Club. I didn't buy me a long yellow roadster, and I didn't fall in love the first day I got here—unless you're talking about the place itself."

Jeffrey has a rich background of people who weren't connected in any way with the theatre, or any field of entertainment. His father is an engineer, as are two of his brothers. One of them in the electrical field, the other in the mining.

"As a matter of fact, I was the dyed-in-the-wool black sheep in my family for years. They weren't exactly horrified at my being interested in the theatre and in acting. But you can be sure they weren't pleased. Father was a man who worked with his hands. He came over from Sweden when he was a kid of sixteen, and he worked with engines and dynamos the rest of his life. Imagine an actor in the family! Honestly, I don't think there's any greater humiliation for a family bred on the idea that the only good work in the world is done with the hands.

"It's different now, of course. I guess father and mother have resigned themselves to my fate. My kid sister, fifteen, by the way, is the most popular kid in school back in Auburn, Mass. That's my home town."

However prosaic his background, Father Lynn imbedded some pretty solid and sound common sense in young Jeffrey's head.

Jeffrey is representative of the new type of Hollywood actor. Unaffected, honest and candid, he looks upon his profession as a career, not as an opportunity to wear a brown coat and grey slacks without being called "arty."

At one time Jeffrey was scheduled to be a lawyer. He graduated from Bates and started on a summer job for the New England Telephone Company. The following fall he was to have matriculated at the University Law School of Harvard. But while at Bates he was in some amateur

dramatics. Makeup got into his bloodstream and has never left it since.

"Say, in those early days I starved for my art. Well, maybe starved wasn't the right word to use. But subsisted on carrots and sweet potatoes. It happened like this. I was connected with the Barter Theatre in Abington, Va. And "Barter" is right. The manager took in foodstuffs—or anything, for that matter—in lieu of money. Our regular admission was fifty and sixty-five cents for a performance, depending on seats. The cheaper seats had slivers in them.

"Anyway, one week we got nothing but carrots and sweet potatoes. And that's all we got to eat. They talk about poor starving artists. I'll stand up to any of them and tell you it's better to starve than live a week on carrots and sweet potatoes."

Jeffrey must have had theatre in the blood pretty bad. He went to New York—and got into the movies almost immediately—in the wrong way, however. He was doorman for the Embassy Newsreel Theatre, while a student at the Theodore Irvine School of the Theatre. Jeffrey knows how to suffer for his art.

"As a sidelight on my career," he interrupted, "you might be interested to know that I was once the head of a school English Department. The town—Lisbon, Maine. The school—Lisbon High. The teaching staff—one teacher. Name—Jeffrey Lynn.

"I liked acting from the start," he continued. His next comment was to be a bombshell. "Listen, if I were to be perfectly honest I'd say I like it because it makes me someone I'm really [Continued on page 74]

THE first thing they did when I arrived was to ask me about romance!" This from newcomer Jeffrey Lynn who has quite a chestload of opinions to present to the world. "It was futile to explain that I hoped to be an actor," he continued, "and they didn't even wait to get me in front of a camera for a screen test. But romance! That was something I had to have."

Jeffrey Lynn is a member of the cast of that celebrated Broadway stage play, "Brother Rat," that electrified a nation. He had gone through some pretty tough experiences to get where he was. Hollywood was his crowning achievement. When he alighted from the train, waiting to be taken to his lodging place the "romantic question" was popped at him by a barrage of reporters.



*Love Comes From  
Sympathetic Tem-  
peraments, But  
Jealousy Comes  
From Manhattan.*

By  
Stephen Williams

*Illustrated by  
James Trembath*



"Surely you remember New York, Roger, where you had such fun two-timing me with Miss LaVerne?"

IT WAS strictly under-cover.

Only a small crowd of three or four hundred was on hand at the Burbank airport when the plane circled over the field and pillowed down to a landing so perfect it might have been staged by the Chamber of Commerce.

The boys with the cameras were all ready . . . but not for what happened. Somewhere between the third and fifth passengers, they saw a billowing gray overcoat, a soft gray hat, and a scowling face.

Even before they could focus their cameras, he had jumped off the landing platform into the crowd.

It wasn't like Roger Lawrence, they hastily agreed, to pull a stunt like that. Roger had never been one to go for that tempera-

tance of America's film favorite. Wistful girls and tremulous ladies started for him as if they were bargain hunters and he was a thirty-nine cent pair of hose.

That was when Roger let out a yell.

"Nobody touch me! I've got smallpox!"

The crowd fanned back, which gave Eloise Sargent and Barney Eldridge a chance to fight their way through, Eloise hauling and shoving like a female wrestler.

Publicity lads described Eloise Sargent as glamorous, beautiful, a dynamic actress, and a breath-taking personality. But they never

called her dignified.

When she was twelve years old, Eloise could lick any boy on the block. As she got older—and much, much prettier—she never stopped looking for a fight. The day after she graduated from Hollywood High School she threatened to tear a producer's head off if he didn't give her a part in his picture. She got the part . . . then proceeded to fight, storm, and browbeat her way to stardom.

Barney Eldridge, publicity agent extraordinary, elbowed the last human obstacle aside, performing the painful duty of bringing Eloise and Roger face to face. As Eloise tugged at her dress, straightened her hat, and smiled eagerly at Roger, Barney thought

# TROUBLE FROM BROADWAY



to himself miserably that she had never looked sweeter. Her face was flushed, her eyes radiant, seemingly alight with the glow from the golden hair that hung almost to her shoulders. If only, he thought, she would look at him like that some time.

A tense, expectant hush descended over the crowd. This, they sensed, would be something. All the world knew that Roger Lawrence and Eloise Sargent were in love . . . thanks to radio and news syndicates and photographers and publicity departments. And here they were, meeting after being separated for a month, he appearing in a New York play, she forced to remain in Hollywood to finish a picture.

Eloise was the first to break the silence.

"Well," she said. "If you ain't the one, though."

Roger let go with that bright, boyish grin that had women clawing and screaming to get into theaters all over the world. "Ain't I though?" he said. "Where's the car?"

Somehow they got through to the car, and there was Rudolph Meyer with his hand outstretched, his well-fed face swimming in amiability.

"Welcome home, Roger."

Roger shook hands perfunctorily with his producer.

"Rudolph, I wired I was to arrive secretly."

"This is secret, Roger," soothed the head of Triumphant Pictures, Inc. "It's just a spontaneous tribute."

"Sure," agreed Barney. "You draw people like a horse draws flies. Or have I got it twisted?"

Barney smiled triumphantly after this bon mot. He had never cared for Roger, and he was inclined to regard his unexpected return to Hollywood as a personal affront. Not that he envied Roger's phenomenal popularity on the screen (though that didn't help any). It was more an innate conflict of personalities . . . that and the fact that they both were in love with the same girl.

The malicious grin on Barney's face suddenly congealed as he caught the icy glare aimed at him by Eloise. Sulkily he climbed into the front seat, feeling pretty kicked around.

They were whisking into Hollywood in Rudolph's Cadillac, Roger with his arm around Eloise.

"First thing I got your telegram," said Rudolph, "I started making plans to co-star you and Eloise. That is, unless you got ideas about going back to New York."

"Look. Nothing could get me back to New York. I wouldn't take the place as a gift if they threw in two features and a Silly Symphony. The town's a madhouse."

Barney turned around. "In other words, your show was a floperoo."

"His show was a smash hit!" said Eloise between her teeth. Then to Roger. "That's what I can't understand. You're good for six months, and here you close the show and rush home after a month."

"You know the answer to that. I needed you. I couldn't stand being away from you any longer. The guy that said November has thirty days is the biggest liar of the century. November has thirty years, and I can prove it!"

In the privacy of Rudolph's chromium and knotty-pine sanctum (with a desk as large as a double bed, but not so practical) Roger tore loose, with noises like Harry Ritz winding up a song.

Rudolph leaned back in his Louis XV desk chair, which suited the rest of the furniture the way a boudoir necking scene suits the Hays office.

"Since when, Roger, did we trade our loud herringbone suit for the modest cloak?"

"I've got a reason."

"All right. I'm listening."

"How would you like to have someone walk up and hand you a subpoena for breach of promise?"

Rudolph rose from his Louis XV chair, knocking over a wastebasket and crushing three cigars in his emotion.

"There was a chorus girl," explained Roger moodily, "named Gloria LaVerne. We went places together a few times . . . purely platonic . . . nothing censorable . . . simply relaxation. But there were two indiscreet telegrams, sent in the spirit of harmless fun."

"Why telegrams," was what Rudolph wanted to know.

"Somebody gave a party," sighed Roger, "and I was just past the swacked mark. A telegram came from Gloria saying: 'Will you take me to dinner tomorrow? Do you love me madly, devotedly, and passionately?' I thought it was a gag. Being a sap, I answered: 'Of course I'll take you to dinner. Of course I love you madly, devotedly, and passionately.'"

"And the other one?"

"Very similar. Maybe a little worse."

"That's right. Always try to improve. Then what?"

"She began to get sugary and talk wedding rings. Then she got tough and started talking lawyers. So I decided to duck out."

Rudolph unfastened



Eloise picked up a long, jeweled poniard and whirled around toward Gloria. "Friends!" she scoffed.

his tie. "Aside from the fact that this will probably cost the studio a ghastly sum, I thought you were in love with Eloise."

Roger concentrated on the design in the carpet.

"I am. Nuts about her." He stole a look at Rudolph. "Yeah, I know. The word is rat."

"It was love at first sight, wasn't it?" asked Rudolph, rubbing it in. "That's what the papers said."

Roger glowered at the carpet and didn't say anything. He thought of all their days and evenings together. Serious days, nutty days . . . criticizing each other's work, getting a little high at the Trocadero and dissecting mutual hates among the film gentry, breakfasting on scrambled eggs and Sparkling Burgundy in Santa Barbara after a midnight ride up the coast.

And the night he proposed and she accepted . . . the same night she kicked him down the stairs outside her house for getting premature and making a pass at her, bellowing at the top of her lungs that she was a nice girl and no Hollywood punk





was going to convert her to free love. . . .

That night Roger and Eloise ate dinner together in Chinatown. She was gay, and he was putting on a good act so that she wouldn't see how he really felt. He told her that he didn't want to look at anybody but her and didn't want anybody looking at them. So they didn't go to any of the smart spots out on Sunset Boulevard, where the stars pay fancy prices to sit and smile malevolently at each other and let their egos off the leash to run loose.

"I just thought of something," said Eloise, pausing in the midst of Egg Foo Yeung. "The first time we've ever played in a picture together we'll be co-starred. Shouldn't that be a sign of a long and happy marriage or something?"

"Sure. What are we waiting for?"

Eloise smiled coyly. "As soon as the picture's finished, I'm yours."

"That'll take two months. Why not now—tonight?"

"Can't. I promised Rudolph. He wants the publicity for the picture. Says he's got a lovely ceremony all planned."

"Yeah. Something in good taste but colossal."

"The two months will go fast, honey. Besides, actors do better work when they're in love."

Roger grinned and took her hand.

"If that's the case, tell them to polish up that Academy Award, 'cause I'll walk right away with it."

From the day of Roger's arrival, Barney went around looking like a professional mourner with stomach ulcers. As always during times of stress, he turned to Belva Davis for comfort. Belva was Rudolph Meyer's secretary, and whenever Barney stopped to speak to her she removed her glasses and fluffed her hair.

"What's the use?" wailed Barney. "I've got as much chance as a one-legged toreador with a charley horse. The guy's got looks, money, and he's famous. What've I got?"

Belva smirked engagingly.

"Some people think you're pretty nice."

"She doesn't think of me at all."

"Eloise Sargent isn't the only girl in the world."

"Who says she isn't?" demanded Barney.

Belva lifted her eyebrows, put on her glasses, and returned to her typing.

It couldn't have been more than a week later when Gloria LaVerne arrived, via train. She hopped into a taxi and headed for Triumphant Pictures, a determined look on her face.

It was a perfectly-formed face, every feature flawless. Eyes dark and lustrous, skin an ivory tint, nose straight and small, mouth full and capable of a brilliant smile in which the eyes, however, failed to join. A cameraman would have called her face a dead pan.

Gloria had no trouble getting into Rudolph Meyer's office. All she did was send in her name, and wheels began to turn swiftly. Seconds later she was tapping her foot and watching Roger and Rudolph beam and grovel.

Rudolph was reading the telegrams.

"Of course I'll take you to dinner. Of course I love you madly, devotedly, and passionately." Rudolph chuckled. "That's great. You always were one to send those comical telegrams. Remember the one you sent me after 'Revelries of 1937 flopped all over the place?'"

"Yeah."

Roger laughed heavily. As the laugh wavered and died in his throat, Rudolph took it up. His staccato hacking filled the room. It had a cheery, deathlike quality—like the Hopeless Ward in a lung sanatorium.

Gloria uncrossed her legs.

"Listen, boys. Let me tell you something. I didn't come out to Hollywood just to gather around and have a few laughs."

"You know what I'm going to do?" exclaimed Rudolph. "I don't care how busy I am. I'm going to personally take you around the lot and show you how pictures are made!"

"Nuts!"

Rudolph blinked.

"How's that?"

"I said nuts! I'm not gonna watch any pictures being made. I'm gonna be *in* 'em! Either that or I hunt myself up a good lawyer. Those telegrams are worth dough!"

Roger gritted his teeth.

"There's nothing cheap about you, is there, honey? You wouldn't use a harmless joke to stab me in the back . . ."

Rudolph cut in hastily. "Now, let's you and me talk things over, Miss LaVerne. It just happens that I have an interest in a play opening on Broadway soon. If I wrote my friend Saul Goldblatt, I know he would fix you up real nicely."

"Would you pay my expenses back to New York, Mr. Meyer?"

Rudolph waved an arm. "Sure. Why not?"

"Anything to get me out of the state, eh Mr. Meyer?" purred Gloria.

"Yes . . . that is, no! Of course not!"

"I think I'd better see a lawyer."

Rudolph tapped his chin. "Let me see. As I think about it, Triumphant Pictures can probably use you."

Gloria smiled. She really was pretty when she smiled . . . like a shiny, pearl-handled stiletto.

"Mr. Meyer, I wouldn't be surprised if you had something there. Possibly a nice contract. But I'll just take those telegrams. You know. In case things don't work out."

Eloise attributed Roger's nerves and melancholy to the strain of hard work. It's no fun standing in front of a camera, trying to get the feel of a scene and make it [Continued on page 78]



# Twenty Years Ago Many of Your Movie Heroes Were Glad the War Was Over, and No Retakes

By Gordon R. Silver

**T**WENTY years ago the mightiest war man has ever seen abruptly came to an end. Three momentous bulletins startled millions of people everywhere. They were:

"Berlin, Nov. 9, 1918.—Revolution throughout Germany has driven William II from the throne, deposed Prince Max of Baden as imperial chancellor and delivered the country into the hands of a socialist government under Friedrich Ebert."

"Eysden, Holland, Nov. 10, 1918.—The ex-Kaiser and his suite arrived at the Dutch frontier at 7.30 o'clock this morning, seeking sanctuary in neutral Holland."

"Paris, Nov. 11, 1918.—The carnage of the Great War ended this morning at 11 o'clock. Frantic rejoicing rocked capitals of the Allied countries, spreading quickly to cities and countrysides of the world."

"German emissaries at 5 o'clock this a.m. signed the armistice dictated by the victorious Allied governments, the solemn moment occurring in the railway carriage of Generalissimo Foch in the forest of Compiègne, near Senlis. It called for cessation of hostilities at 11 o'clock. Promptly at that hour thousands of American and Allied heavy guns fired a parting round, and silence settled over battle lines where fighting has been continuous for four bloody years."

Come this Armistice Day, twenty years later, a large number of Hollywood's film colony will cast memory's eyes back to that glorious first November the 11th. And varied, to be sure, will be the reminiscences.

Victor McLaglen will recall that he almost unconsciously dropped to his knees and commenced to pray when he first heard that the mighty war had at last drawn to a close.

Vic is one of Hollywood's real soldiers. He went through the entire war with the British army with only minor wounds, although he was in the midst of hand-to-hand conflicts again and again as a lieutenant in the Irish Fusiliers in Mesopotamia. Later, he was appointed assistant provost-marshal of Bagdad. Twice he was seriously knifed by natives and once poisoned. After the war he received a citation from the King for "gallant and distinguished service in the field." He was also decorated, for extreme bravery in action, with the Mons star, the victory medal of the British Empire and the general war service medal of the British War Department.

Basil Rathbone recalls that he cried out, "Thank God it's all over! I hate war!"

Incidentally, if you see Basil in "Dawn Patrol," you may notice his very own military cross, for he wears it in that picture. He was two and a half years in France with a



Buck Jones was wounded in the leg when he served in the Philippines, Troup G, 6th U. S. Cavalry.

George O'Brien was "stationed" on a submarine chaser. He was a wireless operator and many a thrill and more than a few dangers did he encounter. But he was a fearless young "devil" and cared not. Yet, the news of the armistice couldn't stop him from "breaking down." He cried in sheer joy until the tears



Look closely—it's Pat O'Brien. No wonder he can play gobs.



Herbert Marshall was wounded seriously, but in spite of this handicap he is one of the most genial actors.

rolled down his cheeks, then he jumped up and down so much that a comrade actually had to grab him or poor George might have leaped right into the ocean!

Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman and Leslie Howard are a trio of Britishers who served valiantly in France, all of them being wounded. Ronald was in a London Scottish regiment and had been ordered to the front as one of Britain's famous "First Hundred Thousand." At the big battle of Ypres, he was struck by the fateful piece of shell which splintered his ankle and laid him in a hospital for long, weary months. But the armistice found him back in the trenches—right in the middle of mud, fire and hell.

Lewis Stone is one of the colony's most noted soldiers. He served in the Spanish-American as well as the World War, and for a time even held a Colonel's commission in the Chinese Army! He still

## FIGHTING



holds a major's commission in the United States Army Reserve.

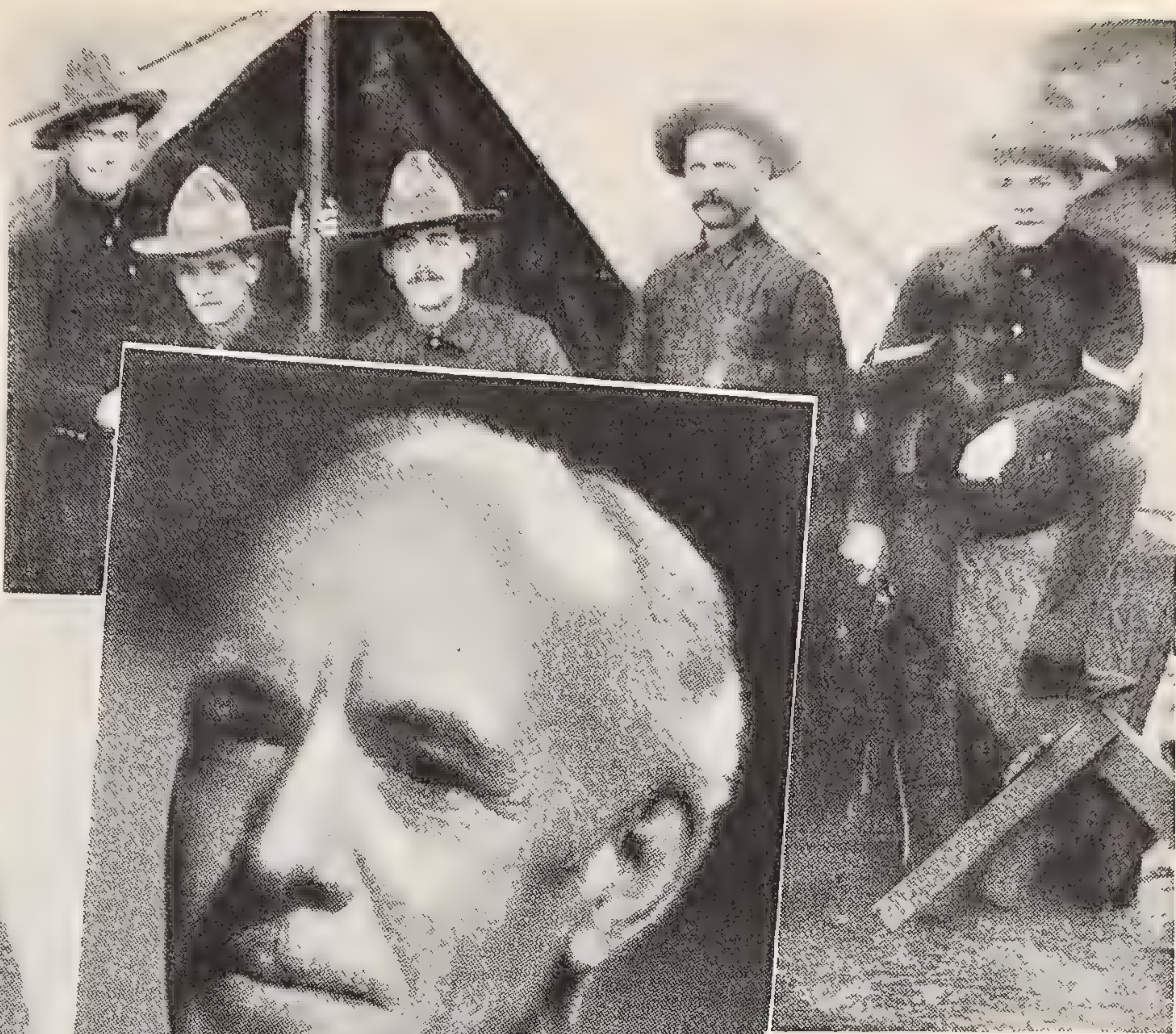
"Armistice Day is of double significance to me," says Pat O'Brien, "for it is also my birthday. On that famous day, twenty years ago, I was in the Great Lakes Naval Station, getting ready to start for 'over there.' But the armistice came. Incidentally, having given my 'all' to the 'False Armistice,' I was rather badly equipped in lung power on the all-important *real* day!"

Director Wesley Ruggles recalls that he was one of the first in the whole American army to learn that the war was over.

When the conflict started he went as a private, but soon rose to a lieutenantcy. Early November 11, 1918, Lieutenant Ruggles was on duty at the headquarters of General John J. Pershing at Chaumont.

Over his ears was clamped a telephone headset, hooked up to a line that ran from there to the railway coach in the Compiègne Forest, where the document ending the war was signed. A couple of minutes later, Ruggles got the official order that hostilities were to cease at 11 o'clock, and rushed it in to General Pershing.

To Wesley, the Armistice meant the end of nearly two years of constant danger, stringing telephone wires through areas raked by rifle and machine gun fire,



Lewis Stone in the Spanish American war (the figure at the right). He also served in the World War.

Victor McLaglen, a captain in the British Army.

ing across the street. She darted excitedly across the thoroughfare and right into the path of an army truck. She was instantly killed! Ever since then Sutherland has sponsored a mass in Gondricourt in her memory. Her parents, now nearing their seventies, attend every year without fail. . . .

There are dozens of others who have their memories, some sad, some glad, of that never-to-be-forgotten-day of November 11, 1918. . . .

Adolphe Menjou, an officer, immaculately groomed even in those days, who drove a battered, dusty war ambulance on the Italian front.

Harpo Marx, a buck private in the rear rank of the New York 7th Regiment; also an ace reporter for *The Stars and Stripes*, official war newspaper of the A. E. F. But he wasn't a cut-up—a funny-looking and acting fellow with a huge red wig in those days. No indeed! He was a serious-minded young chap with, of all things, a penchant for talking!

John Boles and James Gleason, both with the U. S. Intelligence Service in France during the entire struggle.

Buster Keaton, one of the first to enlist from Hollywood, who fought at Cantigny and Amiens.

And Roland Young, who enlisted for his native land, England, at the start and later, when wounded, entering the limited service division of the American army.

Herbert Mundin, the comical fellow, who was a jolly British "tar" on a sub-chaser. Throughout the war he had to wear a bulky and uncomfortable life-belt [Continued on page 76]

of the bitter sorrows of his life.

During the war, while he was a lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps, his escadrille was stationed in the village of Gondricourt, France.

Like many soldiers, he was "adopted" by a little French family of three. They had a pretty little daughter who became very attached to Sutherland and he to her.

On Easter morning, his arms filled with bunnies, Easter eggs and toys, Eddie was just at the front door of the house when the child spied him while play-

blasted by artillery shells and aerial bombs. Later, he was on the picked detail assigned to guard President Woodrow Wilson during his stay in Paris. Then he returned to the world of his dreams—Hollywood, where he was soon directing Alice Joyce and others on the old Vitagraph lot.

Another director, Edward Sutherland, says the Armistice found him tired and worn-out and wanting to go right to sleep more than anything else! Incidentally, a few months before Armistice Day, 1918, Eddie experienced one

John Boles served in France.

# MEN—and NO FOOLIN'



# The Greater Movie Season Has Its Beginnings In The Whirl And Ex- citement Of The Studios Under The Watchful

S. R. Mook

**A**NOTHER month spins its way into eternity, bringing with it its quota of pictures. The busiest studio this month is—

## 20th Century-Fox

Most important picture here is "By The Dawn's Early Light" which the one and only Gregory Ratoff is directing. We manage to get on to the usually closed set but there is nothing doing. "Perhaps we'd better come back later," I suggest.

"No," my guide vetoes the idea firmly. "We're here, we'd better stay. God only knows when I'd be able to get you on the set again."

Just then Mr. Ratoff passes. "Psst! Mr. Ratoff," I hail him politely. "Do you think if we came back later we could get back on the set?"

"Yass!" Mr. Ratoff thunders and then explains in a—for him—gentle voice, and in his own inimitable accent, "it iss only when my pupppul are doink an intimate love sink dot I haff de set closed. Visitors distreks dem. It iss hard enough for strangers to mek luff to vun anodder widout outsiders vatchink. Ve will be gled to see you later."

I start to explen to Mr. Ratoff dot I haff seen many strangers mekink luff to vun anodder on beaches and in parks in front of hundreds of odder strangers but then I think I had better let well enough alone so I thank him profusely.

We proceed to the next big picture which is "Submarine Patrol"—formerly called "Splinter Fleet." This one seemed like a meaningless hodge-podge to me when I read the synopsis but I've been wrong before and it's quite possible I may be wrong this time. I hope so, as it is one of the studio's big productions for the year.



Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly and Henry Armetta in "Submarine Patrol."

This features Preston Foster, Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly—to say nothing of Maxie Rosenbloom who is a show in himself. Unfortunately for me, neither Preston nor Maxie is working today. Greene and Nancy are just about to be married. They come up some stairs, Henry Armetta (the butler) sees them, rushes over and opens a door. As they start through, Greene says, "Wait!" reaches down and picks up Nancy

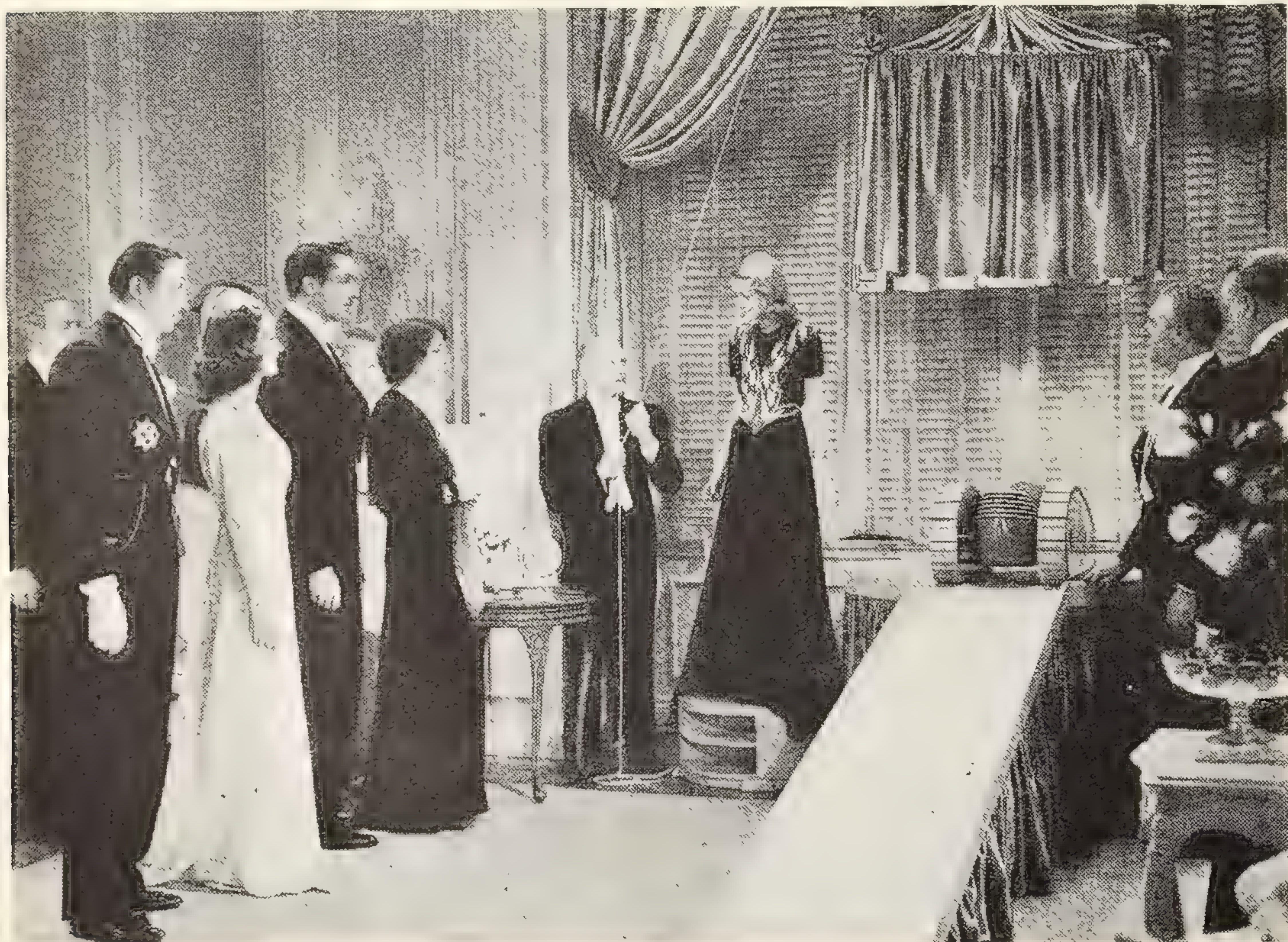
## PICTURES ON THE FIRE

to carry her through the doorway. He has his hands full in more ways than one for Nancy is a hefty lass. I could tell him he's being a bit premature, also, for although he has carried the bride across the threshold, and although they sit down to the wedding supper, there is no wedding. Nancy's father finds out their plans, rushes in and drags Nancy back to his ship.

But, I always say, there is enough unhappiness in the world without putting people on their guard against it. They seem so taken up with each other—so full of joy at the prospect of life together—I just wish them luck and happiness and leave them to find out themselves what's in store for them.

Next we have "A Very Practical Joke" which marks Ricardo Cortez' first directorial effort and which features Michael Whalen—for once without Gloria Stuart or Rochelle Hudson, not that there's anything wrong with either girl, mind you, for a couple of

Mischa Auer, Joy Hodges, Vincent Price, Helen Broderick, Charles Ruggles and Constance Bennett in "Service de Luxe."





more beautiful dames could hardly be found, but they've been cast together until saying Michael and Gloria is like saying "ham 'n eggs" and saying "Rochelle and Michael" is like saying "mustard with ham."

The script of this picture is not yet finished and, as it has a very short shooting schedule, the picture will undoubtedly be shown in your favorite theatre before the writers have completed their work. This

for it reminds me Christmas is just around the corner and here I haven't yet finished paying for my last year's prodigality, although last year's prodigality of my friends (both of 'em) has long since been downed and forgotten.

I leave the above set and gloomily return to "By The Dawn's Early Light." Mr. Ratoff has had lunch—a big lunch—and is in fine fettle. He greets me effusively and I return the greeting for, next to Jack Benny, there is no comedian of whom I think more highly than Mr. Ratoff. He is developing into a first rate director but the woods are full of those. But the screen hasn't developed another comedian like him and I think it's a shame he should be lost to picture audiences.

Although there is no dialogue in this scene it is tense and gripping. The scene is the cellar of a house and very realistic. Boxes are stacked up, there are old, dusty file

a Japanese air raid.

Charles Winninger is trying to reassure the frightened populace. Alice Faye, as a phony Russian, and Warner Baxter, as a stalwart American are somewhere in the background. In the distance, the sound of bursting bombs is heard. It is all very depressing until the scene is finished and Arthur Treacher (who is also in the picture) comes up to shake hands.

"They previewed 'My Lucky Star' the other night," he tells me.

"Was it good?" I inquire.

"I didn't see it," he rejoins and adds with horrifying candor, "and all I asked was if I got laughs. You see," he explains, "if I didn't they won't take up my option. I have no friends at court and my working depends on my ability. I've been here three years and I haven't yet met Mr. Zanuck. This is very swell because he only knows me by my reviews and the exhibitors reports. If I met him personally he might start asking himself, 'Is this the duffer we've been paying all that money to?'"

I can't argue with Mr. Treacher and as there is nothing else to see on this lot I merely smile ambiguously and trickle out to—

#### M-G-M

THREE pictures going out here—"Listen Darling" with Freddie Bartholomew, "Stablemates" with Mickey Rooney, and "Vacation from Love" with Florence Rice and Dennis O'Keefe.

Take the first, for instance. Mary Astor is a pretty young widow who is in desperate financial straits as the result of the unbusiness like methods of her dreaming, inventor husband. She lives with her two children—Judy Garland and Scottie Beckett.

Judy realizes all her mother's troubles are financial ones so she calls on her friend Freddie for advice and help. They plan to have her mother marry a likely man with plenty of money, and Walter Pidgeon is the first man they run into. But before they can carry out their plans Pidge disappears. They start off in pursuit but before they catch him they run into Allan Hale and Freddie talks plenty. When Mary finds out what they've told him, they find out she hasn't got that red hair for nothing. She corners Judy and Freddie.

"Buzz Mitchell," she says sharply to Freddie, "what have you been saying to Mr. Slatery?"

"Nothing, Dottie—honest!" he protests, and then at the look in her face, "Well, hardly anything. At least, all I did say

was what—well, only what you said."

"That's all," Judy amends. "Just the reasons."

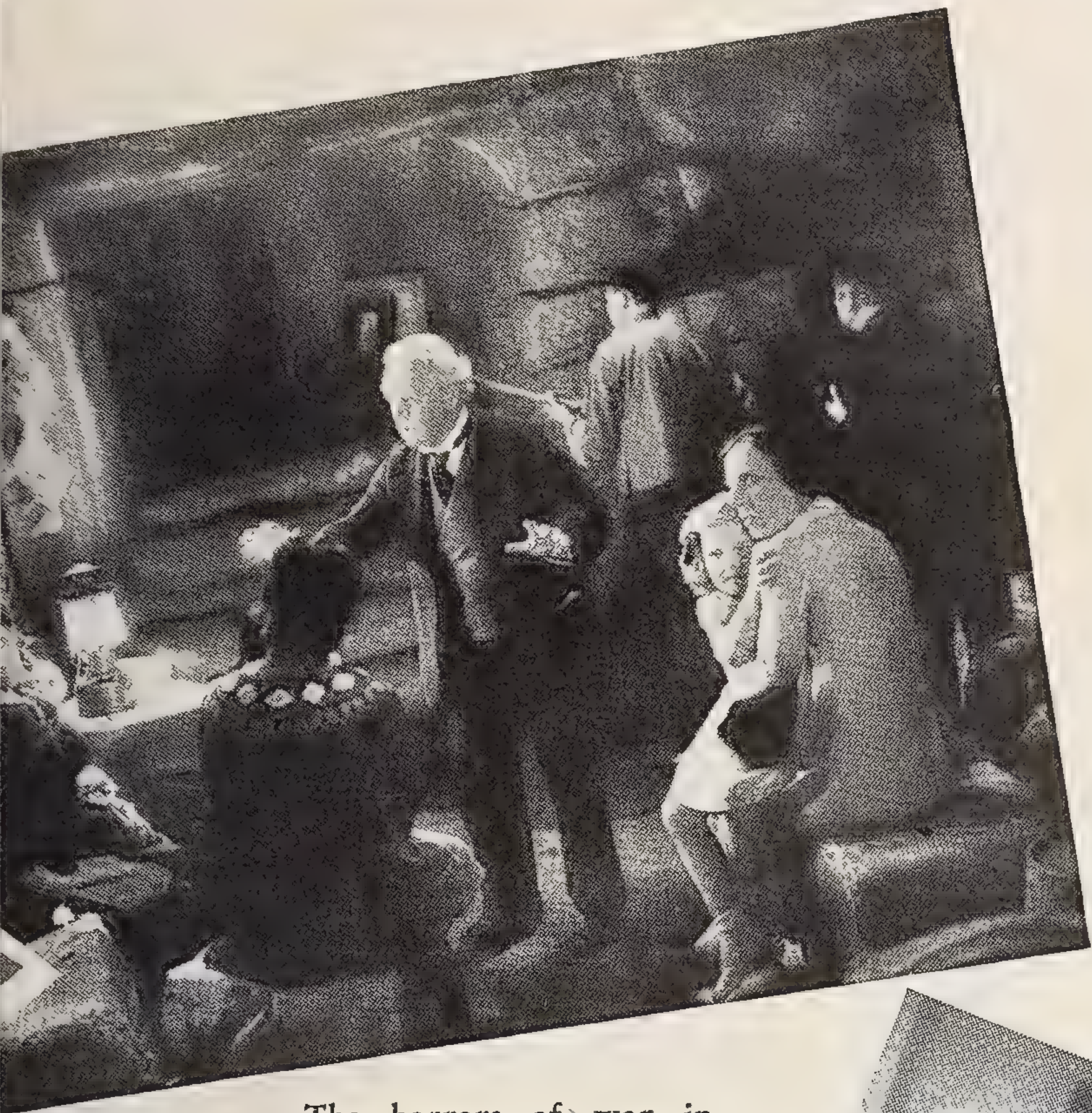
"Reasons?" Mary repeats, baffled.

"Well, I mean," Freddie squirms, "only the reasons why you were going to marry Drubbs (Gene Lockhart)."

"Buzz!" she exclaims aghast. "Whatever possessed you to tell that to a total stranger?"

Freddie starts perspiring. "Gosh, Dottie," he whimpers, "he didn't seem like a total stranger at all. I felt like I knew him all my life, particularly after he was so nice about the skunk."

"Stablemates" comes next and it's all



The horrors of war in China coming through at last in "By The Dawn's Early Light." Charles Winninger in the midst of an alarming tale.

Lucille Ball and Ralph Forbes in "Annabel Takes a Tour," a new brand of comedy—"not screwball."

much I do know, however.

It is Christmas morn, for there is a huge tree in the corner, the Victorian-furnished living room is all decorated with holly and mistletoe and the whole family, in dressing gowns, are sitting around while Spencer Charters distributes the gifts. He hands several gifts to Jean Rogers. She seems quite surprised when she finds they are all from Mike.

"I don't know whether you'll like these things," he vouchsafes apologetically. "I had to buy them in the dark. I didn't know what you looked like or anything—" (which may throw some light on the plot).

"I never expected anything like this," she murmurs, hugging the presents. "I didn't get you one single present."

Just then Spencer picks up a present for himself from Jane Darwell. He gleefully discovers it is a bottle of liquor. "Well, Mary," he exclaims, "I'll be doggoned. Just what I needed." He starts to kiss her but she evades him and takes the bottle from him.

"Yes, sir," she rejoins firmly, "I thought it'd go mighty fine in the plum pudding."

Although the scene is one of joy and good cheer, it gives me an uneasy feeling

cases, an old worn-out bed spring stands in a corner alongside a huge clothes hamper. An upright lamp with a beaded fringe tilts crazily against a table. There are a couple of old battered trunks and all the other junk a family accumulates over a period of years. It is war-torn China and refugees are flocking to the cellar to escape







Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman and Priscilla Lane in "Brother Rat."

about Mickey and a horse. Oh, yes, and Wally Beery, who is one of the hangers-on at every race-track. For some unaccountable reason he hates a horse-owner—Minor Watson. Mickey is Minor's stableboy and because Wally dislikes Minor he also hates Mickey. But Wally has to admit a grudging sort of admiration for Ladybird, one of Minor's horses. When the mare loses race after race, Mickey tells Minor he'll take the horse in payment of the three weeks salary due him. Minor accepts the offer and Mickey has a horse but no money. Well, it's a lot like that old story Wally and Jackie Cooper did years ago called "The Champ" only this time a racehorse is thrown in for good measure and Wally is a veterinarian instead of a champ.

This scene I witness is where Ladybird is going to her stable after having an operation performed that makes her a new horse. Mickey is talking to her encouragingly, telling her she is now in fast company, etc., etc. It'll be a tear-jerker all right and a good clean story to boot.

And the last one—"Vacation from Love." It is a wedding scene and—except for Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Crowd Roars" and Claire Trevor at her own wedding—I have never seen a more beautiful bride. I think Florence is about to marry the wrong man because as she is strolling around inside the house, Dennis O'Keefe, hiding in some shrubbery outside, goes "Psst!" Florence looks startled so Dennis goes on in a guarded voice, "Psst! Miss Lawson! Hey!" Florence locates him and goes to him.

"How do you do?" he stutters.

"How do y—," she begins and then stops. "Well, that's kind of a silly thing to say."

There is much more to the picture before Love Conquers All, but conquer it does, in the long run.

When the scene is finished, I compliment Florence on her appearance and am rewarded with a big hug, which just goes to



Jack Arnold, Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda in "The Mad Miss Manton." She's looking for excitement.



"Angels With Dirty Faces" has James Cagney, George Bancroft and Humphrey Bogart in the cast.

prove that crime doesn't pay and neither does lying. From here on out it's nothing but the truth to me.

Next on tap is—

#### Paramount

HERE we have "Zaza" starring Claudette Colbert, "Arkansas Traveler" starring Bob Burns (which is on location), "Escape from Yesterday" with Frances Farmer, Leif Ericson and Akim Tamiroff (also on location) and "Thanks for the Memory" with Bob Hope and Shirley Ross.

As I barge on to the set of "Zaza" Director George Cukor is rehearsing Claudette, Rex O'Malley and Constance Collier in a scene. Claudette is, apparently, an actress and she comes flying into her dressing room from a scene on the stage.

"You should have seen me, Natalie," she burbles to Constance Collier (her maid). "I had Florianne wild." There is a knock at the door. "Who is it?" Claudette calls.

"Are you receiving?" calls Rex's voice from the outside.

"Oh, it's you," Claudette breathes gayly as she slips behind a screen to change her

clothes. "Come in, my darling." As he enters she turns to Constance: "Isn't Monsieur Bussy good looking, Natalie?" Rex pauses at the foot of the steps, expectantly—embarrassed. "Come in," Claudette urges him. "Sit down. No, closer," as he prepares to take a chair on the opposite side of the small room. "Here!" indicating a chair right next to the screen, "where I can look at you."

"Umph!" Miss Collier grunts.

"And he always wears such smart clothes," Claudette raves on.

"What nice things you're saying tonight," Rex exclaims in pleased surprise.

"I always say nice things about you," she assures him.

It's my guess Miss Colbert is cultivating Mr. O'Malley to make someone else jealous.

"I'm so tired of being gay," Claudette tells me when the scene is finished. "I've been gay for two weeks and I can hardly wait to get to the sad part."

I love Claudette—in a conservative way, of course, because she's married, but in this particular picture she is not the center of interest for me. The main attraction in "Zaza" is a little middle-aged woman who sits quietly on the sidelines. She is Madame Alla Nazimova whom I consider the greatest





Fay Helm, Ann Gillis, Tom Kelly and Edgar Kennedy in "Peck's Bad Boy at The Circus."

Michael Whalen, Jean Rogers, Jane Darwell, Spencer Charters in "A Very Practical Joke."



actress I have ever seen—anywhere—any time. And critics have acclaimed her the greatest "Zaza" the stage has ever known. She tells me she is technical adviser on this picture. I protest that she should still be acting but she smiles, assures me she has had her day and that she has no regrets over giving up acting. But *I* regret it.

Unfortunately, for me, I can't stand there all day talking to Nazimova so I move on to "Thanks for the Memory." Perhaps there are no history-making performances being born on this stage but there are laughs. Mr. Bob Hope is taking his ease on a divan. "Hi, sucker," he greets me but before I can retort the director calls him for a scene. Mr. Hope rises with an alacrity surprising at this hour of the morning and some loose change (27 cents to be exact) drops from his pocket. Bob starts an intensive search for the 2 cents after recovering the quarter. "Gosh," he exclaims ruefully, "this puts me in the red for the day already."

In the film, Bob is a happy-go-lucky salesman of electric appliances who is working on the Great American Novel. His bride (Shirley Ross) was a model before her marriage and now she gayly helps Steve entertain their drink-cadging pals, as well as stall off the finance company, to say nothing of the landlord.

They dine with Otto Kruger, a wealthy writer's agent and unsuccessful suitor of Shirley's before her marriage. Shirley has

alive and the dialogue fairly crackles," he continues, "but—"

"Come on," Bob encourages him, "I can take it."

"But I got the feeling you wrote most of those chapters while rushing for the subway," Mr. Kruger finishes, "When do you work?"

"Oh," says Bob defensively, "I work nights and Sundays—"

"Lots of friends, eh?" Kruger purrs.

"The line forms on the left," Shirley mutters.

"You know," Ott goes on expansively, "I've always tried to make my authors feel writing is a business. A book has to be planned as carefully as a house—a house that interesting people will live in. The characters have to have something to say."

"I hate novels with a purpose," Bob puts in.

"I almost agree with you," Kruger

agrees, "but if you have nothing to say, why bother to write? Of course," hastily, apologetically, "I've only read the first ten chapters. The first nine are splendid but after that it sinks!"

"What?????" Bob ejaculates.

"It sinks," says Kruger positively.

"Oh," says Bob in a relieved tone, "you had me worried for a moment."

So it goes on and on and I go on and on to—

#### R-K-O

WELL, my fraands, here we have Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda in "The Mad Miss Manton" which

Miss K. Hepburn eschewed. Be that as it may, I wouldn't trade one of Barbara for all the Hepburns in all the existences to come. So we find Barbara portraying Melsa Manton—a dame too rich and too spoiled to have any aim in life other than excitement seeking. She has acquired a reputation as the leader of an equally futile group of debutantes who perpetrate a series of thoughtless pranks.

Suddenly she calls the police, tells them she has just discovered a dead body in the

old Lane mansion and left her cloak in her horrified flight. The investigating officers find neither cloak nor body and tell her to go home and behave herself. She *really* becomes irritated when the morning paper (Henry Fonda, editor) rebukes her and her flighty companions for their escapades. She sa-wishes into the office, slaps Mr. Fonda's face (he's the youthful editor) and then (woman-like, of course) slumps into a chair and starts to sob.

"Now that we've met," Mr. Fonda begins, "will you tell me why a perfect stranger dashes into my office, slaps another perfect stranger in the face and—?"

"How about me?" his henchman puts in. "Two perfect strangers."

Babs doesn't say anything. She just goes on with her weeping.

"I'm awfully sorry, miss," Hank apologizes. "I don't as a rule go 'round taking slaps at women—that is, not as often as I'd like to. It was pure reflex—self-preservation and all that." He hands her a handkerchief. "Will you please stop crying?"

"I'm not crying," Bobbie screams. "I'm just mad." She hands him a newspaper. "Did you write this awful thing?"

"Oh-h," Henry ohs as the light begins to dawn, "so you're Miss Melsa Manton?" He snatches the handkerchief away from her. "Laundry is quite an item to me," he explains.

I must confess that ever since Barbara invited a house guest of mine to lunch and failed to include me, things have not been quite the same between us, so we merely exchange nods and I proceed to the next set which is—

"Annabel Takes A-Tour" starring Jack Oakie and featuring Lucille Ball and Ralph Forbes.

Mr. Oakie is not working today. But Miss B is and so is Mr. Forbes. Lucille is the tempestuous star of a picture company. She has had her press agent (Jack) fired because he kept getting her into embarrassing situations with his stunts. When she finds she is slipping she insists on having him re-hired. She [Continued on page 66]







Barbara O'Neil  
and Edward G.  
Robinson in "I  
Am The Law."

### TOO HOT TO HANDLE

WITH PLENTY OF ACTION AND PUH-LENTY OF  
GLAMOUR—MGM

**I**F it's action you want, here it is, and by golly it's terrific action. Clark Gable plays a reckless newsreel cameraman whose one desire is to outsmart his rivals, and he'll stop at nothing. When he scoops his rivals on Alma Harding's plane crash in China, he lets himself in for a lot of trouble, on account of Miss Harding's flight was a hoax, and rival newsreel cameraman Walter Pidgeon swipes the reel from him.

But anyway he has the pleasure of rescuing Miss Harding from a burning plane, and as Miss Harding is none other than the utterly adorable Myrna Loy, you can be quite sure a romance starts then and there. Myrna's brother was lost in a flight over the Dutch Guianas, and as Myrna still believes him to be alive her one ambition is to get money enough to fly a plane to Dutch Guiana.

When she is exposed as a fake her chances are pretty slim but Clark comes

across with some more neat lying, and soon Clark and Myrna and Pidgeon and Carrillo, Gable's sound man, are all in the jungle at the mercy of the voodoo savages. Clark pulls a number one newsreel scoop in the jungle that puts him right on top again with his boss—and with Myrna.

Walter Connolly is elegant as the high-strung boss, and so is Marjorie Main as his phlegmatic secretary. The high spot of the picture is when Clark and Myrna fly out over a burning mystery ship in an effort to photograph it before it explodes. And of course Clark "trucking" with the jitterbug natives isn't exactly un-funny.

### BOYS' TOWN

THIS PACKS A REAL WALLOP—MGM

I've seen a lot of pictures in my time, and my time is your time, but never one that is so thoroughly satisfying as "Boys' Town." It is the best advertisement that the Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment campaign could have. Told with the utmost simplicity and sincerity it clutches you right around the heart, and you find yourself caring an awful lot over what happens to Father Flanagan, Whitey Marsh, and Boys' Town.



Hope Hampton in "The Road To Reno."  
Randolph Scott plays opposite.

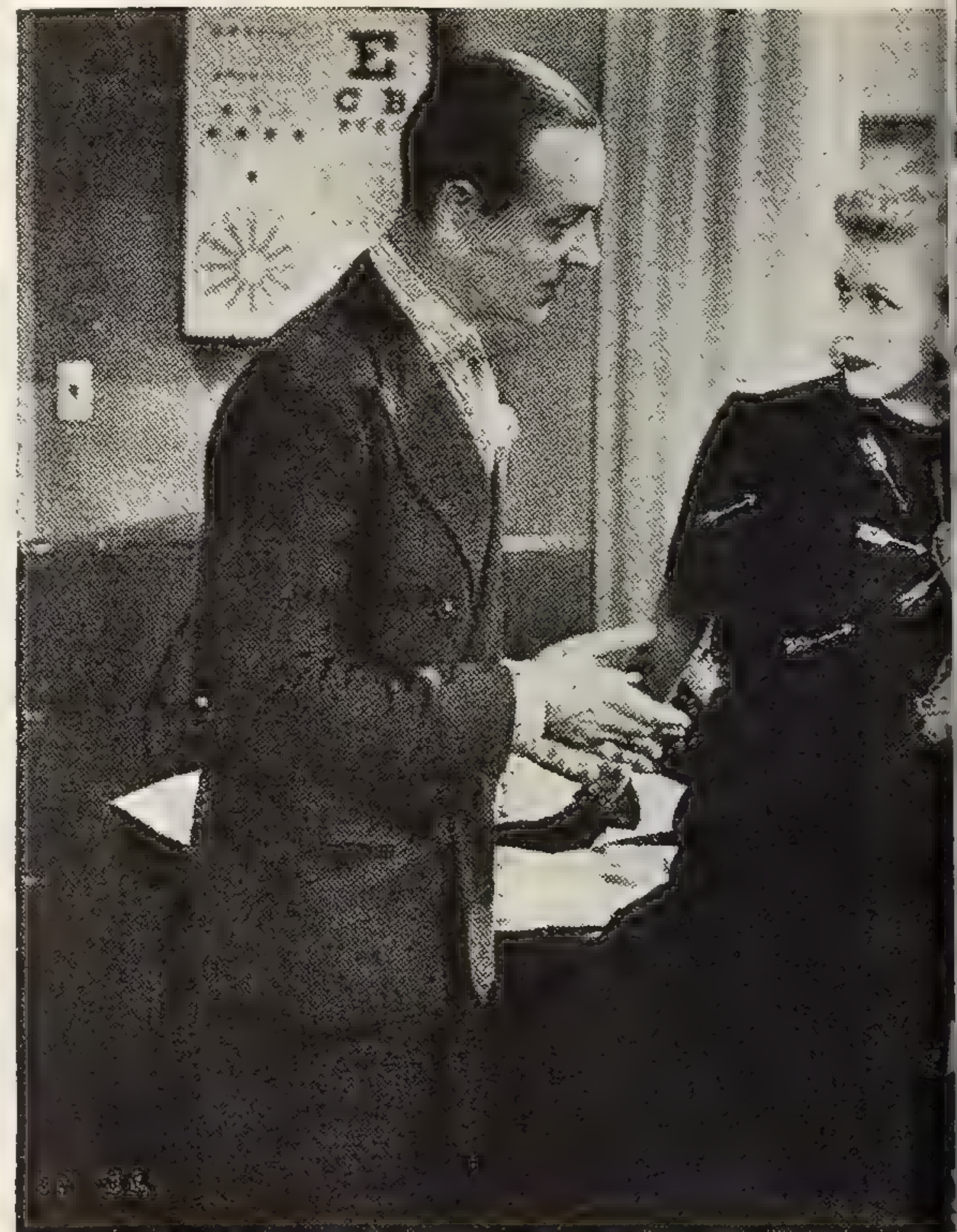
## REVIEW

There is in real life a priest named Father Flanagan, who is the founder of a community for homeless boys, near Omaha, Nebraska. The community is really called Boys' Town, and it has a post office, a police department, and a board of commissioners, all in charge of the boys.

When the real Father Flanagan built the real Boys' Town his one idea was that "there never was a bad boy." And this is the main idea of the picture, with Spencer Tracy playing Father Flanagan (and he might just as well be given next year's Academy Award here and now).

The picture shows the long uphill fight of the young priest to establish Boys' Town for the homeless waifs from the city streets, and how, once established, he must save it from destruction by such hard-boiled brats as Whitey Marsh, the brother of a gang killer. Dealing as it does with the everyday life of a community of youngsters the picture is simplicity itself—but it packs an awful wallop.

The picture ends with Whitey being unanimously elected as Mayor of Boys' Town while he bawls his eyes out, and kindly Father Flanagan's faith renewed in his great belief: there never was a bad boy. Whitey Marsh is played by Mickey Rooney, who cannot be praised enough for his grand



Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and  
Walter Kingsford in "Carefree."

performance. Henry Hull plays Father Flanagan's one friend, whom he coaxes into giving him money with which to finance Boys' Town, with a ten cent toy as security. Edward Norris plays Whitey's gangster brother. Leslie Fenton scores tremendously as the condemned man on the way to the chair in the opening sequence. Outstanding among the boys of Boys' Town are Jimmy Butler, Frankie Thomas, and Gene Reynolds.



# OF PICTURES

## THE ROAD TO RENO

A GAY FARCE WITH A WESTERN FLAVOR—U

Hope Hampton, more beautiful than ever, returns to the screen in this grand tongue-in-the-cheek comedy, and right nice it is to have her back again. Besides being extremely easy on the eyes, Hope has a delightful flair for comedy, and can toss off a song like nobody's business. In this little opus she sings an operatic number, Musetta's song from "La Boheme," a sentimental bit called "Tonight is the Night," and a perfectly swell swinging range song, "Ridin' Home."

She plays the part



Richard Greene, Cesar Romero and Sonja Henie in "My Lucky Star."



Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney in "Boys' Town."

of an opera star whose husband (Randy Scott) is not in sympathy with her career so she goes to Reno to divorce him. On the train she meets up with Glenda Farrell on the way to Reno for her fourth divorce, and the girls sort of team up. Randy's ranch straddles the California-Nevada boundary (that brings on plenty of trouble) so he is at the train to meet her and takes her off to talk things over with Aunt Helen Broderick, who gums things up nicely. The

story ends in an hilarious court room scene

## CAREFREE

RECOMMENDED TO ALL DANCE LOVERS—RKO

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are reunited after a long absence in this picture which is of great interest to everybody, because when those two get together for a bit of brisk high spirited dancing it's well worth watching. Just as previous Astaire-Rogers pictures introduced "The Carioca" and "The Continental" this one serves to launch "The Yam" which is just about as senseless as the Big Apple, and so naturally will be a success with swing-mad young America. It looks so easy when Ginger and

Fred do it—but just wait until you start dancing over tables and chairs.

As usual, in the case of a dancing musical, the plot is sliced rather thin, and we find Fred Astaire playing a psychiatrist who has built up a pretty practice among the rich country club set. When his friend, Ralph Bellamy, brings his fiancé, Ginger Rogers, to him to be psycho-analysed he rids her of a few inhibitions and she falls madly in love with him. Then he has to hypnotize her to cure her of her infatuation for him and Ginger is turned loose on society under the delusion that men like Fred "should be shot down like dogs."

Arriving at a swanky skeet-shoot at the club she proceeds to carry out his hypnotic suggestions while everyone runs to cover. But Ginger, equipped with a black eye, marries the right man for the final fade-out. The dance numbers are even better than usual, with Fred doing a tap dance with a niblick and a dozen or so golf balls, and Ginger and Fred together doing a slow-motion dream dance that really leaves you breathless with its beauty. Luella Gear of the New York stage plays Ginger's aunt and Clarence Kolb plays a Judge. The picture is blessed with a few Irving Berlin songs, the most outstanding being "Change Partners."

## SPAWN OF THE NORTH

A STORY OF THE SALMON FISHING INDUSTRY—Par.

This is a glorified Western (glorified to the tune of a million bucks) which takes place in Alaska during the salmon run, and like all good Westerns has a couple of rousing fights and a thrilling chase.

Henry Fonda plays a law abiding cannery owner who is crazy about his pal, George Raft, but doesn't see eye to eye with him on law and order. George is all for making his pile and getting out so he falls in with a gang of fish pirates.

Akim Tamiroff, the best villain who ever stalked the silver screen, plays the Russian leader of the gang, and when he starts





Robert Montgomery, a bit player, Janet Gaynor and Emma Dunn in "Three Loves Has Nancy."

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BOYS, if you want the real low your girl's character don't take a palmist or a phrenologist—take a beach. This is the advice of Letta Hollywood dance director, whose is picking and training girls for "A girl's character is revealed by her walk," says Prinz. "If your girl has to hustle her off to a preacher, for find her not only affectionate and erate, but loyal and dependable." a girl's character, not only by her by her walk. Intelligent girls lift

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THE motion picture industry depends on your judgment and welcomes your challenge to fresh endeavor, to constant research and experiment.

Therefore, as you enter the theatre, remember that you and those around you are the judge and jury.

And the more you exercise your privilege of criticism—the more you voice your praise or disapproval to the theatre management—the better pictures will be.



Scene from "The Citadel," famous best seller. The doctor (Robert Donat) applies a dressing to an injured coal miner.

## Enter The \$250,000 Movie Quiz Contest

Can you predict the future? The told me she couldn't act, but agreed to go to our Dramatic School. After a few weeks of intensive training, she passed the screen-test with flying colors. Right now she is in Hollywood, making good progress.

"We maintain an 'open door' policy," the Paramount Scout continued. "Everybody rates an interview."

Asked the importance of an interview, he answered, "Most important. It gives me a chance to study their facial expressions and character during different moods. I'll talk to a young man whom I am interviewing about anything but pictures—baseball, football. When he is at ease, not tense, as most of them are at first, and talking freely, I'll purposely, but in a nice way, differ with him, just to see how he reacts."

"We really lean over backwards in an effort to make actors out of these young people. We prefer to train them ourselves in our Dramatic School. Here they are taught to act before the camera; if there is any latent talent, it will be brought out. Then, if they come along as expected, we give them a screen-test."

"After all," he offered, "what experience does a newcomer get in two years of Summer Stock or in a Broadway show? Sixty percent of the time is spent in the casting

just now," demurely queried the writer, expecting to be "discovered" himself at any moment, "do you find these prospects?" He was seated not two feet away—and me with the physique of Oliver Hardy, the face of Stan Laurel and the voice of Donald Duck. After all, a writer can always find time to bat out a couple of pictures with Joan Bennett and C. B. DeMille. The two nickels in my pocket rattled together and it was decided there and then that my talents could be had, for the asking, for cinematic exploitation. "More important," the writer continued, hinting broadly, "how do you know when you've got a good, potential leading player?"

"Well," he began his explanation, "take Fred MacMurray, for example. We found him playing a saxophone in the band with the show, "Roberta." We sent for him. The minute he walked into this office the atmosphere seemed to change. He told me that he had no acting experience and we knew that photographically he was no Adonis. He isn't what you'd term a handsome man. But he had an honest, sincere, agreeable disposition; an aura of authentic, glowing personality prevailed while talking to him. No one could miss it. You just couldn't help liking the man. After he had attended our Dramatic School, he went to Hollywood and shot right to the top."

"Frances Farmer," the Talent Depart-





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DURING rehearsals of the musical finale of "Sweethearts," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy were working at the top of a high ramp on a theatre stage setting. The Technicolor lights

## "Motion Pictures Are Your BEST Entertainment"

THE motion picture industry depends on your judgment and welcomes your challenge to fresh endeavor, to constant research and experiment.

Therefore, as you enter the theatre, remember that you and those around you are the judge and jury.

And the more you exercise your privilege of criticism—the more you voice your praise or disapproval to the theatre management—the better pictures will be.



Scene from "The Citadel," famous best seller. The doctor (Robert Donat) applies a dressing to an injured coal miner.

Enter The \$250,000 Movie Quiz Contest  
Can You Name the Stars?

BOYS, if you want the real low your girl's character don't take palmist or a phrenologist—take her to the beach. This is the advice of Lela Hollywood dance director, whose is picking and training girls for the "A girl's character is revealed by says Prinz. "If your girl has to hustle her off to a preacher, for find her not only affectionate and erate, but loyal and dependable. a girl's character, not only by her by her walk. Intelligent girls lift



# Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 61]

goes to make a personal appearance in Chicago. Also in Chicago is Ralph (a titled foreigner and also an author). Jack—who never quibbles over trifles—sends Lucille a corsage consisting of a scant dozen gardenias with Ralph's card attached. Lucille drapes the corsage on her shoulder and sets sail for Ralph's suite. He is soaking his feet in hot water when she bursts into the room.

"Oh, sorry," she mutters abstractedly when she spies him. "Where's the Viscount?"

"I'm River-Clyde," Ralph informs her. "Pardon me for not rising but I'm—"

"Wading," Lucille amends. "How quaint!" And then she becomes seriously dramatic: "Imagine a writer being able to get the atmosphere of a rippling stream in a Chicago hotel!"

"It's not exactly that—," Ralph interrupts.

"And thank you so much for the lovely flowers," Lucille rushes on, paying no heed to the interruption.

"It's epsom salts," he explains. "Lecturing tires me." And then her words sink in: "What flowers?"

Before he knows what's what Lucille has him dated up for dinner and the papers have them reported engaged.

You'll love Lucille in this part. And let me tell you, if you should ever meet her in person don't make the mistake of tangling with her verbally. *There's* a dame who knows, not only all the answers but a lot of the questions besides.

Lastly, we have "Peck's Bad Boy at the Circus" with Tommy (Tom Sawyer) Kelly and Edgar (Slow Burn) Kennedy.

Tom and some friends of his carry water for the elephants at the circus in the expectation of getting passes. When the owner only gives two passes for ten boys, Tom and the rest of his friends put sleeping tablets in the lions' water. When the supposedly ferocious beasts are presented to the audience they are so sleepy they look as harmless as kittens. Their trainer, Mr. Kennedy, is furious. He has discovered the tablets were prescribed for a party named "Peck" but he doesn't know that's Tom's last name. Into the dressing room of Ann (Tom Sawyer fame), who is the daughter of the circus,

"You know what I'm going to do the first chance I get?" Mr. Kennedy wrathfully demands. "I'm going to Bloomfield and look up Mr. Peck and I'm going to have a little conversation with this Peck party." He almost bursts with anger. "And when I do!" grabbing hold of Tommy's head, "I'm going to pull his head right off his shoulders!" yanking at Tommy's head. Tommy looks frightened almost to death. But Edgar lets go and sits down. "Excuse me, I don't want to get excited—I *can't* get excited!" He starts to count to control his temper but he only becomes more excited as he counts.

## Columbia

AT THIS studio there is only one picture shooting—Edith Fellows in "Thoroughbred"—another racehorse picture.

She has been a bareback rider in a circus, her father is killed and decides she should live with her aunt—that is, when he knew he was going to die he decided. Edith doesn't like her aunt so she is talking Cliff Edwards into letting her go to her cousin Dick (Richard Fiske) because he is a relative, too. It isn't much of a scene but that's not my fault. Anyhow, I think it will be a good picture on the order of "Ann of Green Gables"—only it would be expecting too much to expect it to be *that* good.

Having covered everything in Hollywood and environs, I head for the valley and—

## Warner Bros.

"BROTHER RAT" is going full blast. Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane, Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman are sitting on the floor (kiddie fashion) playing with a toy doll.

"Isn't that the cutest thing!" Priscilla exclaims. "I fell in love with him the minute I laid eyes on him."

"Lucky guy," Wayne grins, and adds: "What won't they think of next, as the farmer said when he saw the giraffe."

"Don't tell him he's cute," Ronnie advises Priscilla, indicating the doll, "or he'll go as crazy as this one," indicating Wayne.

"Sweet young things, don't you think?" Director William Keighley grins when the scene is over.

But before I have a chance to answer, some old codger on the side lines mutters, "I DON'T think."

I turn to Wayne: "I hope you get a check cashed before tomorrow night."

"I won't need any money," he answers confidently.

"Does he owe you money?" Keighley asks.

"Not yet," I retort. "but he's going to play poker at my house tomorrow night—and he will."

"Ha!" says Wayne sarcastically.

I don't want to upset Wayne too much or he won't come and then I couldn't win any money from him so I leave and jog over to "Angels With Dirty Faces" starring James Cagney. He is in an office with George Bancroft and Humphrey Bogart. He is broadcasting over a loud-speaker.

"And the visible fact that you are present tonight and that countless thousands are listening in, is proof to fling in the teeth of those cynics and skeptics that the public *does* care—and does propose to do something about the appalling conditions I have described," Jimmie thunders.

"You are certainly hell-bent for dramatics this afternoon, Mr. Cagney," I kid when the scene is ended.

But Mr. Cagney is of no mind for persiflage. "If you'd use your bean," he admonishes me, "and instead of flying off to Memphis every whipstitch, find out when I'm going to be between pictures, you could take your vacation when we're at the farm in Martha's Vineyard and come up there with us. But, no! You can't be sensible."

There's no answer to that so I politely express my regrets, tell him I'll settle for a dinner in Beverly Hills and wend my way to—

## Universal

IT'S been many a long month since I've visited this studio and even now I find only one picture shooting as "Personal Secretary" has just finished and so has the new Deanna Durbin picture—and also "Swing That Cheer" with Tom Brown. But the one that's going is a biggie. It stars Constance Bennett in "Service de Luxe."

She runs one of those personal service bureaus that shops for you, hires or fires servants for you, rents houses or what have you. Connie becomes interested in a young inventor—Vincent Price (who scored with Helen Hayes in Victoria Regina (on the stage). She (unbeknownst to him) arranges to have a rich man (Charles Ruggles) finance his invention. When Mr. Price learns what she's up to he's furious, calls the whole deal off and gets himself engaged to Joy Hodges (whom I privately suspect of being Mr. Ruggles' daughter). Mr. Ruggles arranges a huge reception to announce the engagement of the two and also to display the model of Mr. P.'s invention.

is known as Miss Madison #1. Frederick, her first assistant, is Miss #2. Other assistants are Miss Madison #4, etc., etc. Connie is not supposed to the reception which her taken charge of.

the night of the party, we find going to Helen.

Madison #2, I want to compliment your arrangements for the party he offers. "I've never seen the service so efficient."

I've done better jobs than this," joins sarcastically. "Look at the job on you!"

just like your boss, aren't you, Madison #2?" he shouts angrily.

Quite, Mr. Wade #1," she replies. I had her brains, her looks and age—"

he hadn't enough courage to come right and arrange things herself," says.

much sense to come and see you a mess of everything she did for Helen advises him.

then the butler's voice is heard announcing, "Miss Dorothy Madison!"

Ruggles rushes to meet her, takes her



to the platform where the model is draped in silken curtains and begins his speech.

As soon as Connie is free of directors, supporting cast, etc., I rush up to her and begin my speech. But Connie has to have fittings, she has to look at rushes and what with one thing and another I never get a chance to talk to her. So we make a date for next month at the Hal Roach studio where she'll be working.

And you, my pretties, will just have to contain yourselves (along with me) until next month to find out what we talk about—if you care.

## Scouting for Talent

[Continued from page 23]

possibility that one of these gentlemen will be in the audience.

"That is how we found Tyrone Power," the Head Scout told me, "acting in a bit part in a Katherine Cornell show. You can't tell anything by letters. We haven't the time or the facilities to teach people how to act, here in the East. They should have some experience and one good place to get it is in the college shows; they get the benefit of professional teaching there—and we can see them in action.

"Arleen Whelan is an exception," he continued. "Even so, she was in Hollywood to be discovered and when she ran out of money, she took a job as manicurist. She is a natural, possessing rare photographic features. At that, they had to coach her for months before her debut in pictures; she is still going to school out on the coast."

Writing letters to Twentieth-Century-Fox is wasted effort. On the other hand, at Warner Bros., where they have only a limited New York Talent Department, they firmly believe in correspondence.

"A good prospect," says their Scout, "should have a flair for wearing clothes, a

John Beal and Jean Parker in "The Arkansas Traveler," practice up their traveling. Bob Burns has the star part. Out in Arkansas romance is as sartin' as the Ozarks and so Johnnie and Jean git to keepin' stiddy company. Dan'l Boone ain't in it.



fine well-proportioned figure, culture, poise, education, fine speaking voice, and good photographic qualities. We can judge all but the voice from a complete letter, covering background, height, weight, measurements, etc., plus a good-sized, smiling photograph. It is impossible to go to, or send for, all our prospects. How else can it be accomplished? We have given screen-tests to many people as a result of these letters."

Paramount's Eastern Talent Head feels much the same way. Some time ago he received a letter from Vida Ann Borg, a model in Boston. It covered her background and gave data explaining that she was writing at the insistence of her friends. It was accompanied by a photograph. He was definitely interested and asked her to come to New York as soon as possible. Within a week she arrived with her mother.

"She sat where you are," he told the writer, "and she looked even better than her photograph. She told me she couldn't act, but agreed to go to our Dramatic School. After a few weeks of intensive training, she passed the screen-test with flying colors. Right now she is in Hollywood, making good progress.

"We maintain an 'open door' policy," the Paramount Scout continued. "Everybody rates an interview."

Asked the importance of an interview, he answered, "Most important. It gives me a chance to study their facial expressions and character during different moods. I'll talk to a young man whom I am interviewing about anything but pictures—baseball, football. When he is at ease, not tense, as most of them are at first, and talking freely, I'll purposely, but in a nice way, differ with him, just to see how he reacts.

"We really lean over backwards in an effort to make actors out of these young people. We prefer to train them ourselves in our Dramatic School. Here they are taught to act before the camera; if there is any latent talent, it will be brought out. Then, if they come along as expected, we give them a screen-test.

"After all," he offered, "what experience does a newcomer get in two years of Summer Stock or in a Broadway show? Sixty percent of the time is spent in the casting

director's office, listening to, 'No more parts'; thirty percent in meeting the right people, socially; and ten percent in acting, which usually means reading two of three sides at the most, over and over again for the duration of the show. And the lines must be read as the director has instructed, at that!" Which sounded very much like good, common sense to these ears.

"Yes," he continued, looking out onto Forty-fourth street, "give me, not a handsome, but a good looking, clean-cut American boy or girl—even though inexperienced—and we'll teach them more about motion picture acting in two or three months than they could learn on Broadway, obtaining and playing roles, in three years." This from a man who spent many years finding talent for the theatre before taking over his duties with Paramount.

"Just how," demurely queried the writer, expecting to be "discovered" himself at any moment, "do you find these prospects?" He was seated not two feet away—and me with the physique of Oliver Hardy, the face of Stan Laurel and the voice of Donald Duck. After all, a writer can always find time to bat out a couple of pictures with Joan Bennett and C. B. DeMille. The two nickels in my pocket rattled together and it was decided there and then that my talents could be had, for the asking, for cinematic exploitation. "More important," the writer continued, hinting broadly, "how do you know when you've got a good, potential leading player?"

"Well," he began his explanation, "take Fred MacMurray, for example. We found him playing a saxophone in the band with the show, 'Roberta.' We sent for him. The minute he walked into this office the atmosphere seemed to change. He told me that he had no acting experience and we knew that photographically he was no Adonis. He isn't what you'd term a handsome man. But he had an honest, sincere, agreeable disposition; an aura of authentic, glowing personality prevailed while talking to him. No one could miss it. You just couldn't help liking the man. After he had attended our Dramatic School, he went to Hollywood and shot right to the top."

"Frances Farmer," the Talent Depart-



Raymond Massey returns to play in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" on the New York stage. He can now be seen in "Drums," which was filmed in England.



ment further informed me, "won a contest and a prize of two weeks abroad. On her return to New York a ship photographer took a picture of her as the contest winner. We saw the picture in a newspaper and sent for her immediately. She, too, had had no dramatic training other than a couple of college shows, but there was no mistaking her looks and personality. Our coaches brought out her wealth of ability and her success is now an old story."

"Olympe Bradna was never an actress. She was a dancer. We found her in the chorus at the 'French Casino,' recognized her possibilities and sent her to our school. First we had to teach her to speak English; later to act."

"We haven't the time," the Paramount Scout said, "to bother with all the mediocre shows and people in the country, but, rest assured, if anyone has something 'on the ball,' we'll hear about them. There are twenty-three sources that we watch and from which talent may be found; in order to cover them properly we read the write-ups and look at photographs in newspapers and magazines from every corner of the country. Why, only recently, I saw a picture of a popular student that was printed in the school paper of a small college near Chicago. On the strength of it and a report from one of my contact men, I sent for that boy and put him in our school."

That substantiates the theory, "something must be done about the menace of being discovered." That spark of genius will be detected. Often a person may possess great talent and not be aware of it himself. Vincent Price, of whom marvels are expected by Universal, was calmly studying the "Romance of Languages" at Yale. He hadn't an acting thought in his mind and must have felt pretty safe when he won a scholarship to England to further his studies. Surely no talent scout would bother him there. But no, someone saw that he resembled the real Prince Albert and insisted that he try out for that part in a new play called, "Victoria Regina." Gilbert Miller saw the try out. From then on all thoughts of the "Romance of Languages" were forgotten. A triumphant run of some forty weeks with Helen Hayes was the direct result; followed by stardom with Universal.

The same company discovered Joy Hodges singing with a band in Chicago. She jumped right into a starred spot. When the producers of the George M. Cohan hit, "I'd Rather Be Right," were looking for a feminine lead in the show, they had to borrow Joy from Universal. This company has now eliminated the screen-test in the East. Two players have been signed this year without benefit of a test.

Several scouts told the writer, in effect: "You'd be doing your readers a tremendous favor if you would ask them *not* to go to Hollywood or to New York, without having been encouraged to do so by some interested company." Of course they are right. Making motion pictures is a business not unlike any other. Every executive has his own department, his own duties to fulfill. The Talent Scout and his staff are important to this field; they are experts and it is their job to find the talent. They are the stepping stones to fame and fortune; once you have passed this department you are on the inside looking out. Even if you should go to Hollywood and be fortunate enough to talk to a producer, the first thing he would do is send you to the Talent Scout.

If his report is a favorable one, action will be had with no loss of time. So you had better watch out, if you want to keep that twelve dollar a week job in the stuffy old office, or you'll soon find yourself out in the hot California sunshine, riding around in a Rolls Royce with nothing to spend but money.

## Treasured Memories

[Continued from page 31]

that the *one indestructible thing in life is memory* . . . they may build pavements over the dusty roads and apartment houses over baseball diamonds but memory is stronger than concrete and more enduring than stone."

John Barrymore's most poignant memory—and oh, how rank and lush must be the memories of Barrymore!—is of watching his grandmother, Louisa Drew, at work . . . "because she was the best actress I ever saw, and because she gave me a pride in the job I was to do . . ."

Loretta Young says that her first date is her most precious memory. She declares that she has never been happier than when she was anticipating it, the new dress she had to wear, the sense of Grown-Upness, of Life really *beginning*. She was all ready at five although her date was not until seven. The young man, Jimmy Richman, took her to the Coconut Grove, dancing, and they won the cup in a dancing contest and saw a lot of movie stars and afterwards they went to Marchetti's, then a fashionable after-the-theatre spot and had hot chocolate and French doughnuts . . . "it was all so sweet and exciting," Loretta told me. And it went off so perfectly and sweetly that it overshadows, even now, a lot of things which others might think more important incidents in life. . . ."

Bette Davis' most important memory is, as memories go, practically brand new. It is her recent meeting with Helen Hayes. For years Bette and Helen corresponded, not as personal friends but as admirers of one another's acting ability. So, when Bette attended the opening of "Victoria Regina" in Los Angeles, she sent a note to Miss Hayes, asking her out to the studio for lunch. Miss Hayes accepted. Lunch was a simple affair, only a few guests attending, among them Mr. Jack Warner, Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak. And the conversation between Bette and Helen was as though they had known one another all their lives . . . "I knew, as we sat and talked," Bette told me, "that right then and there I was creating a life-long memory."

"A story someone once told me," Irene Dunne remembered, "is a more unforgettable memory to me than anything that has ever actually happened to me. It's the kind of thing you like to remember in a world where wars and greeds and depressions and recessions and rackets of all kinds sometimes seem to prevail. Anyway, the story is that after General Lee's surrender he was a guest at the home of a Southern family whose fortunes had been ruined by the war. For several days the General, grieving over the loss of the Confederate cause, did not notice that he was alone in his fasting. At last his hostess prevailed upon him to take a cup of tea. He did not know that the last tea in the house had gone to brew his cup. He did not know that his hostess had filled her cup with muddy water from the James River and was sipping it to keep him company."

Warren William, like Olivia, remembers most indelibly a day and an experience far removed from sound stage, neon lights and the limelight. "It was," Warren recalled for me, "a morning in the Minnesota woods. I was sleighing with a friend—the woods were beautiful—it was just the borderline between the Indian summer and the first approach of winter—ice was just forming on the lake and the last warm breeze came and caused ripples on the lake, thus playing havoc with the newly forming ice. There came a mysterious fairy tinkling through the forest, like the delicate chimes of a thousand temple bells—it was so mysteri-

ously beautiful that I thought I was dreaming or that there was truth in fairy tales, for here in the woods was fairy music and there was no one in sight and the heavenly sounds apparently came from nowhere. Not until we came to the edge of the lake did we find the source of the mysterious music. Then we saw the warm wind cracking the ice and knew that this was responsible for the melody mortal ears had never heard before."

Jimmy Cagney swears that he will never forget but always remember the great day when, at sea, he first managed "to keep a sandwich down!" Jimmy and his wife had always wanted a boat. More than anything at all, they wanted a boat. Finally they purchased an eighty-five-foot schooner. Neither had ever sailed, but were confident that their love for boats would conquer all. But on their first trip three green days were spent unsuccessfully combating a more than mortal seasickness. They could not eat a crumb. On the fourth day, just as they were about to admit defeat at the rough hands of Ole Debbil Sea, Jimmy ventured a sandwich . . . he waited . . . he prayed . . . he held his breath . . . *he held the sandwich down*—Eureka! Said Jimmy, "Laugh it off, if you will. Say it's too silly to print. But if you do laugh, you haven't got the point. It wasn't just that I kept the sandwich down. It was that I had licked Old Man Pacific and 'could a sailor be.' . . ."

It seems to me that these memories bring fresh testament to bear that Fame is pretty hollow and material possessions not to be compared to the warm rememberings of the heart. . . .

## The Hollywood Derby

[Continued from page 27]

years running. The day following graduation, Marjorie and Judy left for New York, where the contest winner immediately was besieged by studio scouts to take a screen test. She refused, declaring she wanted to use her scholarship before considering any movie offers. Upon the completion of the course, she made several tests, signed finally with Warner Brothers and departed straightway for the West Coast, much to the disappointment of two Broadway stage producers who wanted her in their shows. After a short period on the Warner lot, she secured her release and soon afterwards signed with 20th Century-Fox, where she is soaring now to fame.

Had Nan Grey and her mother not left Houston for a two-weeks' holiday and by sheerest chance selected California as their destination rather than one of a dozen or so other parts of the country, the blonde actress might have realized her ambition to be a journalist, with all its attendant thrills. But with a map spread on a table, a pin placed at random while blindfolded designated California, so to Hollywood came the two, for a visit with friends.

Even in the film city, though, Nan evinced scant interest in motion pictures. No, she didn't want to meet any actors, and no, she didn't think she wanted to see the inside of any studio. She simply wasn't interested, a fact that may be accounted for by her father being an official of the motion picture operators union in Houston, and movies, therefore, were commonplace in her life. Her friends thought her rather balmy.

An old friend of her mother's, an agent, was so intrigued by the girl's natural blonde beauty that he insisted that Nan should accompany him to several studios. With the result—as so often happens in cases of this kind—that not only one, but three studios offered the gal from Texas a contract. Hesitant at first—she still wanted





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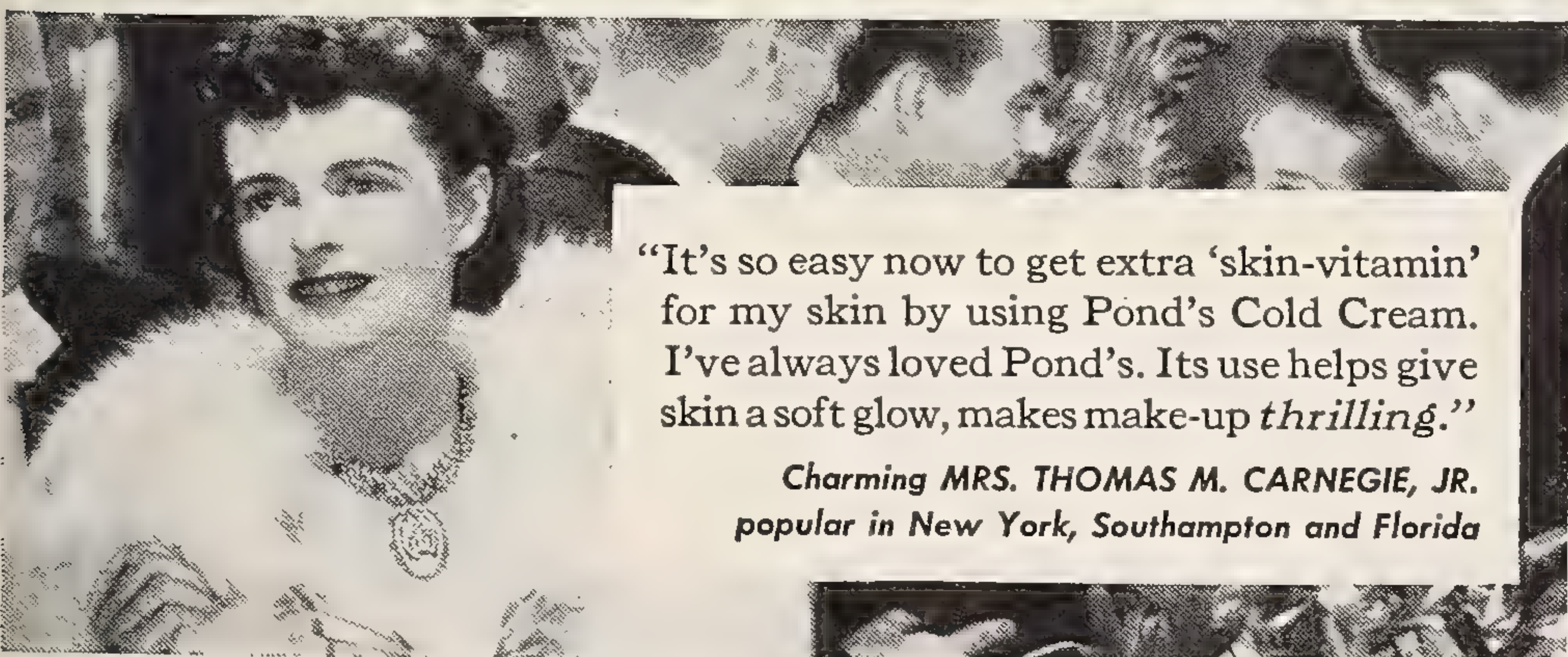


**Glamorous Whitney Bourne, Society Beauty** who has chosen the movies for her career, snapped with friends at Hollywood's Brown Derby . . . "I believe in Pond's extra 'skin-vitamin' beauty care," she says. "I use Pond's every day."

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to be a newspaper-woman—she gave in and joined the Warner Brothers roster of players, later moving over to Universal.

Even more roundabout than the others was Lucille Ball's final advent to Hollywood. With her family, she had moved from Butte to Jamestown, N. Y. During her senior year in high school she decided she wanted a dramatic career, so she enrolled with the John Murray Anderson Dramatic School in New York, remaining there more than a year.

After an engagement with a small traveling stock company, she joined the road company of Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita," returning to New York so dissatisfied with the stage that she became a mannequin for Hattie Carnegie. For three years she paraded fashions, posing for commercial photographers on the side. Chosen "The Chesterfield Girl" by that company, when Samuel Goldwyn brought to Hollywood a number of famous poster girls for his "Roman Scandals" a friend shoved Lucille into the group, without even a screen test. The consequence of this led to her remaining in Hollywood after the Goldwyn picture, determined to etch for herself a screen career.

So entered our young lovelies, without any particular intent, upon Hollywood, embarked upon careers that were thrust upon them rather than won through hardship and struggle.

Lana, brisk as an Autumn day, the personification of youth.

Marjorie, roguish, starry-eyed, with a deep desire to get the most out of life.

Lucille, sophisticated, crisp-speaking, inclined to be cynical.

Nan, the soul of romance, idealistic, earnest, gentle.

It becomes at once apparent, in considering the talent and temperament of these four girls, that the two from the North—Lana and Lucille—tend to be more modern-minded, attuned to the times, more capable of characterization. There's a down-to-earth quality about both their acting and their personalities which is decidedly refreshing, and it is obvious, even from their few appearances, that both are equally at home in comedy and drama. Of the pair, I should say Lana will progress farther up the ladder of fame, for she isn't limited by type and is capable of the widest variety of roles.

On the other hand, Marjorie and Nan, while clever performers in whatever parts they may play, are best in warmly-appealing roles, roles requiring sympathetic handling. They typify romance, the softness of lovely young womanhood. Their work is ingrained with the human touch, and a lightness of approach. Of these two, I fancy Marjorie will out-distance Nan, not through any lack of ability on Nan's part but by virtue of a more definite personality, one calculated to indent itself upon the popular mind. To this must be added the fact that Marjorie will be enabled greater opportunity on the 20th Century-Fox lot than Nan at Universal, which specializes in more modest productions.

What impresses one the most in contemplating the participants in this competition between the North and the South is how true to form they run. Lana in "Rich Man, Poor Girl" and Lucille in "The Affairs of Annabel" displayed those independent qualities one invariably associates with the Northern girl, while Marjorie in "Three Blind Mice" and Nan in "Danger On the Air" were reminiscent of daughters of the easy-going South. Naturally, each school has its partisans; but it would seem, from careful comparison and an honest evaluation, that the chill of Northern latitudes might after all exert a more potent force upon those who felt its breath—insofar as screen requirements and standards are concerned—than those who listened, however attentively, to the nightingales among the magnolia blooms of their native South.

## "Tricks of the Trade"

[Continued from page 33]

a tour of universities and recognized Little Theatres in southern and midwestern states, visiting Dallas, New Orleans, Des Moines, Chicago, Evanston, St. Louis, and other cities, and brought with him four young players whose names for the present must remain secret. I asked him what are the qualities he looks for when picking candidates for a Paramount contract.

"The day of the pretty men and women, thank God, is over," he said. "What I look for first of all is personality. What's personality, from the standpoint of the screen? That's a difficult thing to define. I can best explain it by saying what qualities enter into it. First, and most important, sympathy for our fellow beings, a sense of kinship with the world, and ability to identify yourself with others, to feel their emotions and problems as they do. That, in my opinion, is basic. A good speaking voice, education, burning ambition, courage, vitality, and capacity for taking infinite pains, are other requirements for a good screen personality."

Hindsell is chummy with those who know him and whom he has accepted, but he likes to frighten people who apply to him for a chance in the movies. "I want the applicant to be nervous when he comes to see me," he said with a sly smile. "Nervousness indicates sensitivity. The hard-boiled person is set in his ways and you can't teach him anything."

If you go to Hindsell's office for an interview, he will form a pretty good opinion of your screen possibilities by a quick glance at your dress and the expression on your face. And as soon as you speak a few words, and move around a little, his diagnosis is practically complete. If you are dressed simply, in good taste, if sympathy for your fellow man shines through your eyes, if you speak naturally, without affectation, and can walk and sit down with natural grace, then he will be interested in you. If your personality is such that you have to hide it, if you lack simplicity and genuineness, in other words, if you aren't sincere, you may be the most ravishing beauty in the world, Hindsell will look at you with indifferent eyes. "Convincingness," he said, "is the keynote to all the arts."

His advice to screen aspirants is, Be yourself! Don't try to imitate anybody, don't try to become another Robert Taylor or Garbo. "I don't try to mold our young players into a standard pattern," Mr. Hindsell stated. "On the contrary, I try to preserve those individual qualities which make that attractive personality what it is. In other words, I work at the roots, and let the plant blossom of itself."

His idea of a good actor is the person who can make the audience anticipate something new and startling, who can keep them at the edge of their seats. What is the general technique of Hindsell's method? "I first work with them individually, improving their carriage, posture, voice, diction, and teaching them some of the elementary principles of acting if they don't know them. I make them study the masterpieces of classical sculpture to see the grace of perfect repose and of the various movements involved in standing, sitting, etc."

"Once a month I hold talent auditions for producers, supervisors, directors and writers in a theatre the studio has built for me on the lot." These monthly auditions at Paramount are exciting events for these young players, for frequently such bigwigs as Adolph Zukor and William Le Baron are present. "Often our players are engaged right then and there. Ellen Drew, for instance, after working with me a year, and working like a slave, did a scene from

'Golden Boy' during one of these auditions, and was immediately signed for the feminine lead in the new Bing Crosby picture, 'Sing You Sinners.' Frank Lloyd saw the rushes, and signed her up for the second lead opposite Ronald Coleman in 'If I Were King.'"

Hindsell receives 15 to 20 letters a day seeking advice or asking for an appointment. He showed me a letter he had just received from a girl in South Africa, who wanted to know if he would advise her to come to Hollywood. A few years ago he wrote an article on the art of screen acting for a national magazine, and he still receives many "gratifying letters" from people in all parts of the country who have read that article. It is of course difficult to tell from photographs and press notices and references if a person has a chance in pictures. A personal interview is necessary for that.

You may think a man like Hindsell would be very difficult to see. But he is accessible to all those who really have something to offer. "You can never tell what tremendous talent is hidden behind an absolutely unknown name," he told me. "I grant as many interviews as my time permits. Every letter I get, asking for an interview, receives careful consideration. The industry is desperately in need of new faces, and there is always room at the top."

## "You're a Better Man Than I Am"

[Continued from page 25]

Two miles south of this, a vast level plain was selected as site for a British army outpost. Block houses, watch towers, parade ground, living quarters, stables, elephant stalls—seven acres of set—all properly surrounded by barbed wire entanglements.

Gunga Din was a womanless city. Joan Fontaine, her hairdressers and wardrobe women, the two script girls, lived in the hotel at Lone Pine, traveling four miles to location each morning. When Joan wasn't there, the only lady star in camp was Anna May, the elephant. And you realize she's both a lady and a star in this production, for she wears false eyelashes.

Life in camp began at 5:40 A.M. with an alarm clock emoting before the mike of the public address system. A suggestion humorously offered by Cary, taken seriously by the sound man!

Actors and extras dressed for work, reported to the make-up tent, while the crew started equipment rolling. Breakfast over (14 tons of food was dished up weekly by a staff of 37), the gang piled into trucks and buses for the run to the sets.

Shooting began at 8:00, lunch was called at 12:00, and you could hear that dinner siren all the way to Hollywood. Shooting was resumed at 1:00, lasting until the light failed. Curfew rang at 10:00.

But it was far from a routine life—not in the studio world of practical jokers, who found, even in disaster, time for fun. Late one night a fire of unknown origin (Doug, still muttering about the weather, claimed it was spontaneous combustion!) destroyed the entire village of Tantrapur. Stars and extras turned out in pajamas, fought the blaze all night. The still cameraman "shot" the event for the publicity department. Director Stevens, at the height of the excitement, was heard to remark that stars would make better firefighters if they'd forget to turn their left profiles to the candid camera! Several days thereafter, a number of astonishing "left profile" shots of Mr. Stevens appeared in camp. Just between ourselves, now, Doug owns a candid camera. But Stevens couldn't prove a thing.



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# GLAZO

NEW TROPIC SHADES

## Projection of Virginia Bruce

[Continued from page 19]

sweet disposition, Virginia can become awfully stubborn about little things, and has even been known to fly into a frenzy over something so simple as floor plugs. She and Mr. Ruben (his friends call him "Jack" but Virginia calls him "Sonny") are building a beautiful home on six acres out in the Pacific Palisades section, and Virginia is taking more interest in a home than she ever took before.

Her great desire is to be a sophisticate. A woman of the world. With perfect poise and dignity. And to be able to flip off a *bon mot* with the ease of a cigarette ash. "If only I could be cold and brittle," says Virginia, "and never lose my poise. But," she adds ruefully, "all you have to do is say 'boo' to me and I am thrown into complete confusion."

Her worst fault is her extreme tactlessness, which sometimes borders on rudeness. She is certain she would never be tactless if she wasn't frightened and self-conscious. "I just rush right in and say things," she says, "and they always seem to be the wrong things."

She is very quick to admit when she's wrong, and comes forth with a pretty little apology. She doesn't like arguments because she usually becomes so fascinated with the other person's reasoning that she forgets her side of the argument entirely. She admires her husband's brilliant mind and is perfectly content to let him do the oratory for the family. She has always maintained that she would never be jealous, in fact she has given out numerous interviews on that subject ("It isn't intelligent to be jealous") but now she is not so certain. Maybe it's because she is so much in love with J. Walter Ruben. "I think," says Virginia seriously, "I could be very jealous."

Mr. Mayer's naturally beautiful star was born Virginia Briggs in Minneapolis, Minnesota, but her family moved to the little town of Fargo when she was a baby. She had a marvelously healthy childhood—and that might have something to do with the magnificent health and glowing beauty she has now. She was popular at school with the boys and girls both, but even at that early age she had the unfortunate habit of speaking without thinking. And one day she told off the history teacher, and was requested to leave. But she apologized, and several weeks later came back to school.

When she finished high school she moved with her mother and father and brother Stanley to Los Angeles where she entered the University of California. But a couple of agents saw her one day, and Virginia's school days were suddenly at an end. They signed her on a personal contract at twenty-five dollars a week, and not thinking much of Briggs for a name, thumbed through a telephone directory until they decided upon Bruce. Her first picture under the contract was at Fox studios about seven years ago. Madge Bellamy was the star of the picture, and one of Virginia's fellow extras was Jean Harlow. After a few bits at Fox she was taken over to Paramount where she played in "The Love Parade," starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. She landed mostly on the cutting room floor.

Out of a contract, and out of agents, she was next "discovered" by Jack Harkrider, a designer for Ziegfeld, who got her a small part in "Whoopie" and later wired her to come to New York as a show girl in "Smiles" at ninety dollars a week. The show girls were not paid during rehearsals, and Virginia remembers quite a lean period there in New York. Her family had been hit pretty hard financially so she couldn't ask

them for help. "I didn't even have an evening dress," says Virginia. "If I was asked out I'd have to ask quite casually if it was formal or informal. If it was formal I managed to say I was busy that night. I got awfully tired of a hotel room."

After "Smiles" she went into "America's Sweetheart" and when that closed she left for the Coast. She was "discovered" next by agent Nat Goldstone while she was sitting in the ante-room at Columbia Studios one day waiting for an interview with the casting director. Goldstone immediately got her a test at Metro (she made the test with Robert Young, who was just beginning there too) and when Irving Thalberg saw the test he handed her a muchly coveted Metro contract. Her third picture at the studio was "Downstairs," a picture that starred John Gilbert, and it didn't take Handsome Jack long to start wooing his leading lady. They were married one day after work at the studio with Thalberg for best man and Norma Shearer one of the bridesmaids.

After two years of marriage Virginia decided to get a divorce and, with her baby, went to live with her mother and father at Toluca Lake. She decided she had had enough of marriage and would devote her life to her career—and then she went on location with the "Bad Man from Brimstone" company and changed her mind entirely. She fell madly in love with the director, J. Walter Ruben. They were married last December in one of Hollywood's smallest weddings. And it's Love with a capital "L."

## Personality For Sale

[Continued from page 13]

bunions, rubs, blisters and so on have been prepared for in neat plasters that you can wear and walk in with comfort, and confidently expect a cure.

Perspiration is a distressing subject. I dare say that everyone of us has at some time experienced the heart break of a ruined new dress. Perhaps we thought we were well protected; but perhaps some sudden situation of undue excitement or strain caused a dampness, often fatal to colored and black wools and silk. If you prize that new frock or blouse, invest in dress shields for extra precaution. Kleinert's new Airlite dress shields are about the lightest, softest protection of their kind. They contain no rubber, only a protective layer of sheer silk water-proofed without rubber. They pin in, in a jiffy, weigh less than half an ounce, and you are not conscious of wearing dress shields. They are odorless and a dip in boiling water restores their original freshness. They protect against underarm friction and wear at the under-sleeve, too. They will definitely prolong the wear of your clothes.

The girl on her own, like all of us, wants and needs to stretch that budget, yet not compromise on quality. I think Mary Pickford can help you here, for about this time there are appearing in department and drug stores, Miss Pickford's fine cosmetics. A line that includes about everything you need—cosmetics within the reach of the woman whose taste demands the best but whose resources are limited. Not long ago, I saw Miss Pickford, petite, golden-haired, retaining still much of the Mary whose long curls and eloquent eyes won a strong place in the hearts of another generation.

For the younger girl, Miss Pickford believes that her Cleansing Cream is an ideal all-purpose cream for those skins not yet needing a tissue cream. She thinks, too, that soap is as necessary to skin cleanliness as cream, and should be used daily. For this purpose, there is her creamy Beauty Soap, to be used in conjunction with the





Practical, yet charming,  
is Ann Morriss' up-down  
coiffure.

Cleansing Cream. On this point, I believe all beauty advisors agree—that soap and water and cream are both necessary. Regulate their use, according to your skin needs. There is also a Tissue Cream, for skin needing it. Miss Pickford has an interesting method of using this cream, herself. While her face is still wet from bathing, she dips her fingers frequently into hot water as she works the cream into her skin. The slight warmth quickens the absorbing action of the skin—a good idea with any cream of this type. If you prefer a Cold Cream type of cleanser, there is also one in this collection. A Skin Freshener, for toning and invigorating, six shades of face powder, rouge and lipstick complete this array for more beauty. "California Sunrise," a fresh, true orange is the lipstick tone Miss Pickford uses. The preparations are all beautifully packaged in Wedgwood blue and white and all most pleasingly priced at less than a dollar.

Good luck, if you're one of the job hunters. Remember, now it's largely a question of appearance and personality for sale, as I said. Later will come the experience that you put a good price upon.

## The Habit of Success

[Continued from page 29]

for years on the screen.

Another successful young actress who early acquired the habit of winning laurels in anything she tackled is Gail Patrick. While a student at Howard College Miss Patrick was not only the outstanding campus beauty, she was also a distinguished scholar, the captain of the girls' varsity basketball team, a member of the Delta Zeta Sorority, prominent in undergraduate theatricals and was chosen for the College "Hall of Fame."

Unlike a lot of other campus giants, Miss Patrick continued to shine after obtaining her degree of Bachelor of Arts, as her screen career will testify. Her greatest ambition is to become governor of the State of Alabama and this writer for one wouldn't be sucker enough to bet she wouldn't make it, if she ever decides to go in for politics seriously.

Certainly one of the most outrageously funny and successful characters in the movies today is Charlie McCarthy and his creator, Edgar Bergen, but the success Bergen and his wooden dummy are now enjoying in the films is only a continuation of the success they enjoyed and still enjoy on the air and before that in vaudeville.

Of course, not all popular stars today were successful in other endeavors, just as a number of those who were have not achieved the same rewards on the screen. But generally speaking—and in the cases of those mentioned above, specifically speaking—a goodly number stand as excellent proof of the theory that "whatever has been done can be done again."

**TOM IS TAKING ME OUT!**  
**SO I'M BATHING**  
**WITH FRAGRANT**  
**CASHMERE BOUQUET**  
**SOAP... IT'S THE**  
**LOVELIER WAY**  
**TO AVOID**  
**OFFENDING!**

I'M KEEN ABOUT TOM!  
THAT'S WHY I BATHE WITH  
THIS LOVELY PERFUMED  
SOAP THAT GUARDS MY  
DAINTINESS SO SURELY...  
KEEPS ME ALLURINGLY  
FRAGRANT!

HERE'S HOW CASHMERE  
BOUQUET SOAP WORKS—  
ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING  
LATHER REMOVES EVERY  
TRACE OF BODY ODOR.  
AND THEN, LONG AFTER  
YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING  
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SURROUNDS YOU LIGHTLY  
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**HOURS LATER—STILL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!**

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET! AND  
THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU  
ARE...THE SWEETEST GIRL  
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**CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**





Merle Oberon at her morning ablutions. The tent and the faucet are a part of location life when making "The Cowboy and the Lady."

## He Delivers the Goods

[Continued from page 52]

not. I'm someone I never could be in real life.

"For example, in 'Four Daughters,' in which I play with the Lane sisters, I'm supposed to be a studious, reticent sort of a fellow. Yet, for some reason or other all the sisters in this particular family have a secret affection for me. Now, do you think I'm really that attractive in real life? No, sir."

Mr. Lynn is too modest, however. His personality and looks are such as to make him very appealing to the fair sex. There is nothing more typical of the new Hollywood actor than this type of level-headed realist.

"On Broadway I got my first break in the stage play 'A Slight Case of Murder.' Other minor parts followed, including a short stint as a haberdashery clerk in Macy's Department Store. My first real part—pardon, parts—came in 'Lady Precious Stream,' in which I enacted the roles of four different Chinamen. I was the nemesis of the cast. The leading players never knew when I might fall out of one character to drop into another—and I did. One night I got switched and brought the play back two acts."

Then came "Brother Rat," the play which brought Jeffrey out to the West Coast. The occasion of his being cast for the play's leading role was memorable. George Abbott, the Broadway Producer scared him. He read his tryout lines as directed, and then turned to leave. He felt he was a flop and that others had done much better than he.

"Young man!" a stentorian voice to the rear called. Jeffrey turned around and faced a stern-looking individual. "You report to my office first thing in the morning."

Jeffrey gave a methodical affirmative answer. Then he was puzzled. He hadn't the slightest idea who the man was, and said as much to an attendant standing nearby.

"Him? That's George Abbott. He's just the producer of this show."

Since coming to Hollywood young Jeffrey has climbed fast. He enacted the role of a news reporter in his first screen venture, a Warner Brothers' Vitaphone short, "Out Where The Stars Begin." "Cowboy From Brooklyn," a picture starring Dick Powell, was his second venture. Then Fate herself stepped in. Errol Flynn was not available

for the leading role in "Four Daughters."

Jeffrey was almost the cause of a studio riot. Camps were evenly divided on the subject of his ability to do that kind of part. Any misgivings Director Michael Curtiz might have had the first day of shooting were dispelled the moment Jeffrey stepped before the camera.

In a way his is the complete Hollywood Success Story. Just four months in Filmdom, and assigned to one of Hollywood's most coveted roles. A complete "Success Story," without the usual trite accoutrements that go with it.

In discussing his own idiosyncrasies, Jeffrey said: "I dislike cocktail parties. They're giddy and they're pointless."

"Dancing is my specialty. But I go for the nice intimate places. Not the Grove or the Troc. When you dance in a big place like that you get the feeling you're at a track meet, and you have to cover so many laps between songs."

"With whom do I go dancing? Well, now, isn't that one of the things we agreed we weren't discussing?"

It's a bit of an open secret that Jeffrey and Rosemary Lane have been dancing frequently, but, then, they're going to be co-starred, so it may only be good publicity.

"There's no romance in my life. There was. She married someone else. Say, I've got a lot of things I want to enjoy before I settle down. A trip to Sweden, to my father's birthplace. A world cruise, perhaps, that will take me to the South Seas. That's my secret ambition. I suppose it's everyone else's, too."

The same kind of wanderlust can be traced to the other members of the Hollywood Bachelor fraternity, Fred MacMurray, Cary Grant and Robert Taylor. All of them have expressed a desire to go to faroff places—alone.

"I've got a bit of a formula for sensible living in Hollywood. First of all, I get away from the sirens on Hollywood Boulevard. Maybe I'd better explain I mean the ones on fire engines. I'm too tired to go out at night, except once a week. That keeps me out of the papers, I suppose. I go in for sports. Swim in the Athletic Club pool right after I get up. I do a lot of reading, and I'm a sucker for any kind of concert."

"And, say, I have a confession to make. Sure there's a woman in my life. Margaret Parsons, Literary Critic on the 'Worcester Telegram.' If it weren't for her confidence, her urging—I'd probably be repairing a telephone wire somewhere around Fall River. Or maybe giving some Lisbon, Maine, kids a corking good lesson on 'Silas Marner' or 'Tale of Two Cities.'"

## Radio at the Game

[Continued from page 21]

ters miss much important by-play. Also, since their schools are involved they tend to get so excited that they simply forget to give the help they are supposed to supply. Which is pretty bad if you are relying on it.

As a matter of fact, Ted Husing passes up school spotters to employ a fulltime assistant who works with him on all games and helps him gather background material on plays and players. Instead of using a separate chart for each team, Ted combines both in a special board of his own invention on which the names of all the players are placed in proper lineup. Each name is illuminated by a light, red for one team and green for the other. The assistant signals, on the lights of the board, to indicate who ran with the ball and who made the tackle. In addition to this lighted board, Ted also uses a miniature football field marked off on a heavy piece of cardboard. By manipulation of colored pins his assistant keeps the score, the period, the down and the number of yards needed for a first down.

And now we're ready to go on the air—fifteen minutes before the game starts for in no other sport is the listener so interested in color and sidelights as in the description of a collegiate football game. The announcer uses that quarter-hour to tell something about the opposing teams, but mainly to sketch in the scene as it spreads before him. With thousands of enthusiastic persons jammed into a mammoth stadium, with flags flying, well-drilled bands parading, and talented cheer-leaders exhorting undergraduates and alumni to give their utmost in fight songs and cheers, the tuner-in depends upon the announcer to faithfully relay this pulse-stirring pageant as well as an accurate play-by-play description of the game when it starts.

With the kick-off the announcer's problems begin. He's got to satisfy the technical students of the sport, such as former players, who really understand and follow involved formations and to whom such terms as "quick opening play," "a cross check," "unbalanced line" or "double wing back" have a world of meaning. They, however, are only about 25% of the air audience. "The larger element," in the opinion of Paul Douglas who manipulates the CBS California football mikes, "knows enough about the game to follow simple descriptions. They want more of the glamour of this great outdoor drama and the feel of the action on the field. Give them accuracy in identifying a player and in the yardage gained or lost, and they can do with a minimum of technical information."

Most announcers agree with this. They feel that if they throw in interesting details and keep the dialers posted on the position of the ball and the type of play made, they are doing a good job. To Don Wilson, who also acts as comedian on the Jack Benny show between broadcasting details of Pacific Coast games for NBC listeners, the biggest part of the job is correct identification of players. "I make a point of this," he states, "because the folks back home are probably waiting just for the mention of their own local hero. I try to satisfy the technically-minded fans as much as possible, but I make sure to give the majority its full quota of thrills and excitement. And it's all legitimate because the game itself breeds so many of these moments it isn't necessary to romance 'em."

All during a play the announcer does his best to tell what is happening as fast as it happens. Football is the kind of sport in which the game is tremendously fast while the play is being run, but the action is intermittent. Even so, the announcer must



keep the broadcast going at good speed for any lag will allow the parabolic mikes to pick up and pass on the grandstand reaction to a play, before the armchair audience knows that a play has been made. That's where the preliminary work, in which he learned all about the plays and players, helps the announcer keep pace.

While announcing a play, the announcers try to maintain a very factual attitude toward the game. But since they are on the air approximately 165 minutes for every game, while, of that time, the ball is in play and there is action between the teams for only about 60 minutes, there is plenty of time to give the full flavor of what is going on. During the lulls in action, at time out, and at intermission the announcer gives the listener the full benefit of his research and reportorial ability. If the referee has slipped in the mud, if the wind has toppled over a goal post, if a couple of fans are slugging out their difference of opinion, the listener wants to know all that.

"And he also wants to know a lot about the boys who have participated in spectacular plays," adds Tom Manning. "It is at such times that I frequently pull out the index cards on which I recorded anecdotes on each player. I give his nickname, interesting facts on his college career, and whether he was part of outstanding plays in previous games. If he's the sort of player the fans want to hear about, I play him up. These are the touches that give depth and substance to the broadcast."

It's tough to keep impartial when one team is definitely inferior to the other, but they maintain balance by leaning over backward to give the underdog all the breaks.

Norman L. Sper perhaps best expresses the opinion of all announcers when he says: "I prefer to believe that my attitude during a game is some sort of emotional

outlook halfway between the enthusiastic spirit of the home-town rooter and the impartiality of the officials on the field. In other words, I believe a football announcer should sound enthused and excited if the play warrants it, but he should always maintain emotional balance so that he does not favor one team in calling plays and talking about the players. Because inside dope is available to us on the strength of the teams, it's an unwritten law that an announcer does not bet on the game he broadcasts."

In spite of all they do to insure accuracy, mistakes do occur. But when you realize that the broadcasting booth is high up in the stands and about 300 yards away from the playing field, it's easy to see how errors can creep in. For as Hal Totten humorously points out: "When the weather conspires against you, it's time to keep your fingers crossed. Rain may drench you, snow may freeze you, the sun may blind you—and you can still talk about the game. But when the fog rolls in and blankets the field, you've got to rely on a sort of player's intuition to guess at what's going on. And it's only because the gods are kind that from our lofty perch we are able to identify those mud-encased miniature men whom the crowd recognizes as football players but who, from where we sit, look like mad marionettes at a taffy-pull. If I call a wrong turn, I keep in mind this fact: the folks who attend the game by radio do so because they can't appear in person. Therefore, unless the error is a grave one, I don't bother them about it but let it go and correct later on in my summary."

Announcers unanimously agree that truth and accuracy are essential in microphone reporting, but they also feel that over-emphasis on these points when the errors are minor ones, can spoil the listener's pleasure

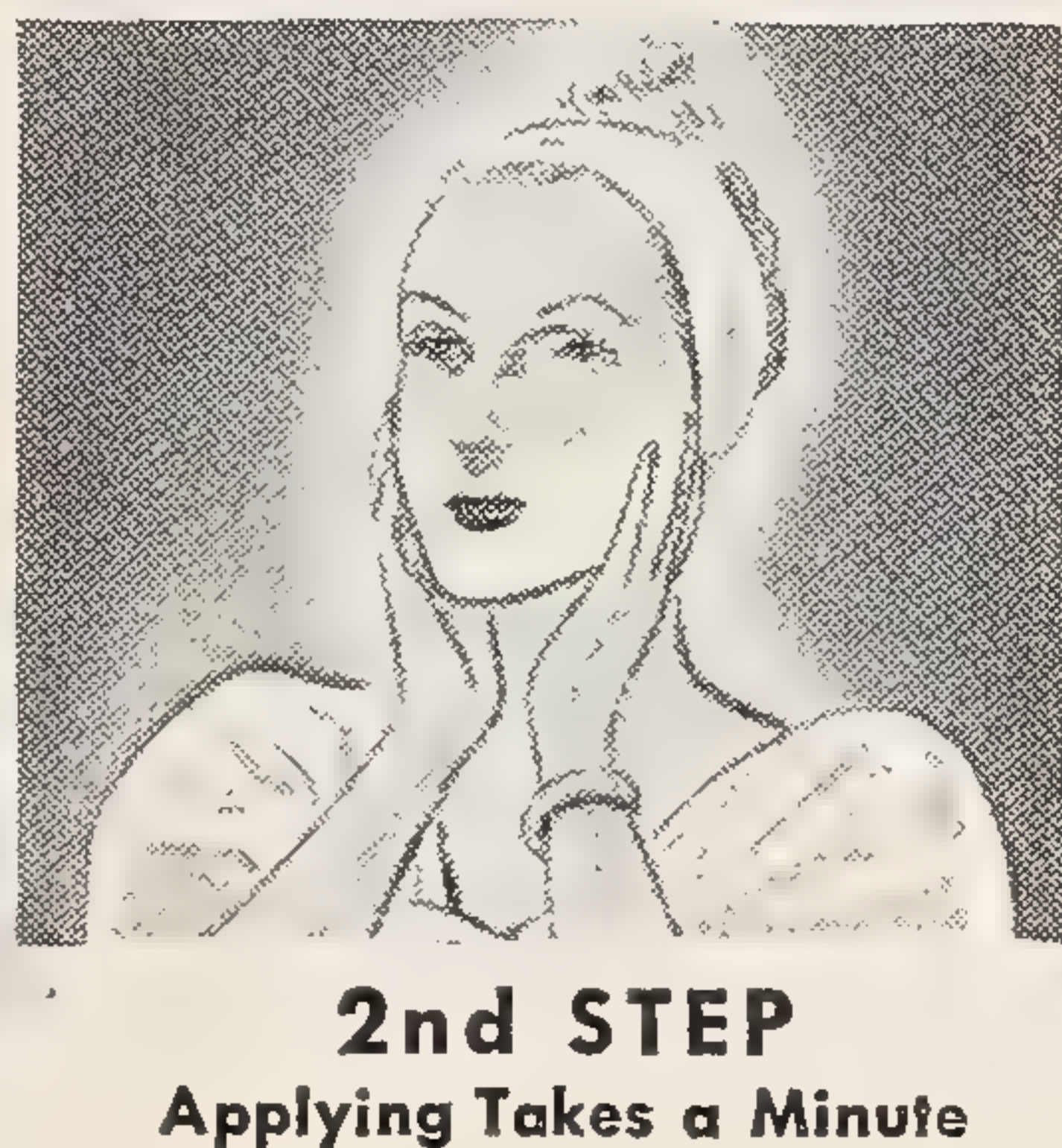
in the game. They don't purposely mislead, but at the same time they don't want to confuse needlessly. It's impossible, naturally, to be right all of the time because even the spotters, who don't have to describe the play so can concentrate on figuring it out, often err in identifying their team-mates. If an announcer has said that guard Jones stopped a two-yard center buck and then discovered it was tackle Smith, he won't bother to change his statement at the moment. But he will instantly correct errors on key men and plays that affect the final score for he doesn't want to be a "liar in the headlines" and have the newspaper stories, written after the game is over, differ radically from his account of what happened.

It's easy to see now that, no matter how enthusiastic he sounds it isn't all a lark to the man announcing a football game. He has to put in plenty of preparation before he faces the mike, and once there he's got to talk for almost three hours without a letup. Most of what he says is ad lib, yet it must be coherent and interesting at all times.

With words he has to paint a picture that never really has been on canvas and yet include every last detail of the picturesque panorama of the colorful crowd, the cheers, bands and glee clubs. At the same time he must keep his eye on the ball so that he can call a play not only as he sees it, but the split second he sees it. For if he doesn't the crowd will beat him to the roar and that's the tip-off that he's not right on top of, but lagging behind, the action. Now you understand why I, who "see" most football games via radio, now listen with new ears, so to speak, when out of my loudspeaker come those words that signal the start of another sports session: "Good afternoon, football fans . . . !"

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## Fighting Men—and No Foolin'

[Continued from page 57]

fastened tightly around him. And, when news of the Armistice came he was so excited, he says, that he ripped off the life-belt and tossed it into the sea. And what do you think happened? The blamed thing immediately sank to the bottom of the sea! Was Herb's face a study? You said it!

And Paul Lukas and Buck Jones and Jack Holt and Lucien Littlefield and Melvyn Douglas—all were very much right there in the thick of things, too.

Other World War participants in Hollywood today, who honor the day in their own way with varied memories, include John Miljan, Richard Arlen, Robert Arm-

strong, Ken Maynard, Hoot Gibson, Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, Walter Connolly, Conrad Nagle, Otto Kruger, Alan Mowbray, Lynne Overman, Edgar Kennedy, Nelson Eddy, Spencer Tracy, Walter Pidgeon, Bruce Cabot and Porter Hall.

Yes, Armistice Day is a day of memories for them—and for many others like them in Hollywood as elsewhere.

In the midst of the mad whirling of the motion picture cameras, your favorite actor undoubtedly pauses . . . to reflect once more . . . for a fleeting moment, if no more . . . on the shadowy scenes of another day . . . twenty years back. . . .

## Picture-Stealers Spotted

[Continued from page 17]

carry a picture. The advent of talking pictures marked an advance in the literacy of the moving pictures, and as the I. Q. of Hollywood moved up in decimal points the barons of film imported the great dramatists of the world. The greater writers brought rounded stories and rounded plots that depended not upon ONE characterization, but upon many characterizations. That was a happy day for the players who never might become stars because of physical limitations, but who, cast in a supporting role, could turn in a bit of make-believe that was enthralling and absorbing in its completeness.

As the discrimination of movie fans was enlarged and sharpened they turned more and more from the star of the piece to comment upon the excellence of a minor principal. As appreciation developed and was manifest in fan mail, the supporting players took on new dignity. In "Rain" a minor principal played a drunk scene so brilliantly that a star was born in the person of Edward Arnold. In "100 Men and a Girl" a taxicab driver, allotted only a few minutes on the screen, occupied himself so aptly that his performance caused hats to be tossed in the air. His name, you remember, was Frank Jenks. In "Mannequin" Joan Crawford was the star, but what about Elizabeth Risdon, whose celluloid etching of the dishwashing, patient mother added strength and sincerity to la Crawford as the daughter?

It is worth while to note, however, that while the rest of the country acclaims the supporting player, the Hollywood stars take a different slant on the entire matter. In Hollywood the supporting player is known in the professional ranks as a "scene stealer." The Academy may reward a supporting player, but the stars look upon him suspiciously, for many a star has learned to his or her sorrow that the supporting player of today is the star of tomorrow. So the star calls them scene stealers and attributes grand larceny to their every move on the screen. More than one star having seen the rushes of a picture (the daily grist of the celluloid mill), has rushed to the head of the studio and demanded that certain scenes be deleted or reshot because in those scenes a supporting player, either through talent or camera tricks, has usurped the dominance and authority of the star.

The Hollywood gag, now trite, about "the face on the cutting room floor" was no gag or joke to the supporting players. Too often had they found themselves scissored out of a picture in which they had only sinned by performing too well. Stars, protecting themselves against the day of release, watch every member of the cast with hawklike eyes to see that they are not pho-

tographed too glamorously, that they are not given choice lines, that they are not given scenes that are "fat" in dialogue content.

You can sympathize with the star, while indicating the methods used, because this is a dog-eat-dog business, to put it in its most unsavory light. The star, once he or she is on top, knows from the experience of others that it's a short life and not always a merry one. So they protect themselves by a twenty-four hour a day guard against those supporting players who are smart enough to steal the picture.

Gregory Ratoff, Beulah Bondi, Etienne Girardot, Leo Carrillo, Allen Jenkins, Walter Brennan, and Akim Tamiroff are a few others so expert that they can pull attention away from the star of a piece and focus it upon themselves. Recall Brennan as Swan Bostrom, the Swede timber boss, in "Come and Get It?" Recall Tamiroff in "Buccaneers" when Brennan and Tamiroff were thrown together in the same scene. Here were two of the most accomplished scene stealers in the business directly at grips, and on the night of the preview the entire Hollywood audience leaned forward in its seats to see which one of them would come off the winner. It was a draw right up to the last seconds of the scene they were playing, but Brennan, chewing tobacco, suddenly bethought himself to make believe that he was going to squirt tobacco juice in Tamiroff's face. Tamiroff for once could not top another player and so retired with great dignity from camera range. Brennan, according to the Hollywood referees, had earned the decision by a shade.

In "Life Begins at College" the Ritz brothers were starred, but it was Supporting Player Nat Pendleton, as the bewildered Indian student, who almost stole the picture. Because of their numbers the Ritz brothers are almost immune to the scene-stealing threats of supporting players, so Pendleton's feat takes on added importance.

In "A Star is Born" astute Fredric March and film-wise Janet Gaynor had all they could do to stand off Lionel Stander as the press agent. The late Ted Healy, because of his instinct for stagecraft, had stars tearing out their hair. In every scene the brilliant Healy would do something with hands or face to pull the audience attention to him.

Spencer Tracy is one of the few Hollywood stars who do not fear supporting players. The reason is that Tracy depends upon a low key for his effects. He talks softly, he reacts almost imperceptibly. As a result he makes almost any other performer look crude and violent by comparison. Now, Luise Rainer is a pretty fair actress, if you enjoy that sort of histrionics. M-G-M teamed up Miss Rainer with Tracy in "Big



City," and he made her appear so actorish that her fans let out a roar of pained rage that bounced from the rock-ribbed coast of Maine to the sun-kissed slopes of California. Tracy, underplaying, made her seem hysterical. If you don't believe that Joan Crawford is a mighty darn good actress, see her in "Mannequin" with Tracy and note how well she measures up to him, for there are few in the business who can play opposite him without dire results.

Some supporting players become scene stealers without a deliberate plan of larceny in mind. For instance, in "Conquest" the veteran Maria Ouspenskaya, product of years on the legitimate stage, had nothing but the kindest feeling toward Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer, the stars. To the veteran Maria this was just another picture, rendered more interesting than most, perhaps, by the presence of Garbo, but still just another chore of make-believe. Yet without any intention on her part, and solely due to the veteran's consummate artistry, she stole a scene from Boyer and Garbo as casually as you'd light a match. It was in the scene where Boyer, as Napoleon, comes to visit Garbo, with whom he is smitten. Mme. Ouspenskaya, thus thrown into a scene with Boyer and Garbo, delivered her lines over the card table so magnificently and enacted the "business" of the scene so brilliantly that the audience had eyes for nobody else.

These veterans cannot be described as scene stealers. They are in the truest sense of the word supporting players, giving noble support to the stars. John Barrymore, for instance, as the drink-maddened lawyer in "True Confession," leering at Carole Lombard, brought a psychopathic quality to the picture that added shadow and form to the entire document.

In "Tovarich" Basil Rathbone, in the dinner table sequence, as the commissar,



Sigrid Gurie relaxing at Lake Arrowhead after her good work in "Algiers." She was the discarded sweetheart—something wrong there.

stole the scene simply by the intense quality of his voice. Everybody else in the picture was shrill and high-pitched. Rathbone's delivery was a change in pace, and people went out of the theater with an indelible impression of his expert restraint.

In "Wells Fargo" there were two grand supporting performances on the part of Bob Burns and Barney Siegal, who played the "ugh-ugh" Indian brave. Siegal's performance was all the more interesting because he never said a word, but the critics raved over what he did and the manner in which he did it, proving that silence

can be golden even on a silver celluloid sheet.

Inevitable it was that the Academy would take cognizance of the part that the supporting performers play in the success of the pictures that are sent out of this town in an endless stream. Producers of pictures and exhibitors already had taken notice, because your movie fan is alert and responsive to every gem of acting. Long before the Academy decided to award prizes to the supporting players, movie fans had awarded their own prizes, in the most practical fashion. They told theater managers that such-and-such a player was great in a minor role. The theater manager passed the word along to Hollywood, and minor players were startled suddenly by increases in salary and long-term contracts that seemed to descend from the clouds without rime or reason.

Hollywood will tell you that the expert supporting player occupies a unique and advantageous niche in the industry. For this reason: The star gets a huge salary and must earn it back by drawing people into theaters. Once the star fails to serve as a box-office magnet, he will be dismissed summarily. But the supporting player, getting a big salary but not an exorbitant one, can go along year after year making a grand living without any obligation. The supporting player is never blamed if a picture flops, and by virtue of his limited appearance on the screen the percentage is all in his favor to click. The star, on the screen most of the time, is exposed constantly to criticism and must justify his salary.

The most contented folk out here are the supporting players. They support the stars, but the industry supports them right nobly, and now even the Academy has minted silver statuettes in token of the industry's loving and grateful regard. It's nice work if you can get it.



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## Trouble from Broadway

[Continued from page 55]

come alive... then, when you think you've got it, having the director yell "cut" and politely pick your work to pieces... encouraging you and telling you you're lousy at the same time...

In fact, she didn't suspect a thing until Barney Eldridge inadvertently sprang the cat from the bag. Barney disliked Roger with a degree of feeling bordering on ecstasy, but he was not the back-stabbing type—which helped distinguish him from most of the rest of Hollywood. Besides, his devotion to Eloise was something real, and he would have protected Roger to spare her any pain.

In other words, it was just one of those unfortunate slips.

He was griping—more to himself than to Eloise—as he drove her home from the studio one evening.

"That friend of Roger's probably isn't the worst actress in the world, but she's a cinch to be somewhere in the money."

"Which friend of Roger's?" asked Eloise conversationally.

"That Gloria LaVerne number. The one from New York."

Eloise sat up. "From New York!"

That started it.

At first Eloise went home and had a good cry. Then she got mad. And when Eloise Sargent got mad, there was bound to be a detonation heard for miles around. This time she smashed a couple of forty dollar bottles of L'Heure Bleu, grabbed the phone, and started to bellow. When Eloise got mad, her voice flew down the scale and took on a sturdy, two-fisted timbre. The result was an unmistakable bellow.

"Barney? I'm going to give a party, and everybody's going to be there... including Gloria LaVerne. I want you to see that she's present!"

At the other end of the wire Barney winced. He knew that tone and all that it heralded.

"Now, take it easy, Eloise. There's no sense in..."

"It will be a jolly party! A riot of fun for old and young!"

"What'll it get you? Now, listen..."

"Shut up and do what I tell you, you insubordinate pup!"

Barney heard the receiver slam down at the other end of the line. He shook his head and sighed.

It was a real party... in the very best Hollywood tradition. Not like most of Eloise's parties, to which only a small, literate, and well-behaved group were invited. Her hillside home was jammed to the curtain rods. A slam-bang, polo-shirt-and-sport-coat free-for-all it was, with the flow of liquor paralleled only by the steady stream of loose talk. The cigarette damage alone ran close to a thousand dollars.

Barney arrived with Gloria, holding her by the arm gingerly... as he might hold a highball that had gone flat. Gloria was radiant, marching up the walk swinging her hips with cheerful abandon.

Eloise was at the door to meet them, Barney handling the introduction in a manner that would have done credit to a stunned longshoreman. To his bewilderment, Eloise was as sweet as a hive-full of honey. But behind that honeyed smile and sugary greeting, Barney detected an ominous note—like the buzzing of many bees.

Still, Gloria held the upper hand... and she knew it. She had a self-assured air, but her eyes were watchful and cagey. They took in everything in quick, appraising glances.

"So nice of you to come," said Eloise,

sizing her up in that inch-by-inch feminine way.

Gloria's eyes were still roving.

"Thanks."

Even Barney knew that wasn't the right thing to say.

"I've heard so much about you... your contract and all."

"Have you? That was supposed to be sort of a secret."

"Secrets will leak out, you know."

Gloria gave her a funny look. "And there's not much anyone can do about it, is there?" She turned to Barney. "Fetch me a drink, lambie. Let's get in the party mood!"

Barney spun around, clawed his way to the nearest waiter, and gulped a martini and two side-cars.

All the oxygen in the house had been exhausted, and the party had reached the flushed-faced, contentious stage when Roger entered the front door. Nodding and smiling, he worked his way over to the corner where he spied Eloise.

He greeted her brightly. "Hello, darling. Wonderful party. And so practical of you... no waste space."

Eloise laughed gaily. She was more than a little high. "It's rather clubby, isn't it?"

"Clubby's the word. The very air is like a blackjack. Confidentially, aren't you the girl who doesn't like Hollywood parties?"

"This is different," exclaimed Eloise. "This is a reunion. Old friends and that sort of thing. By the way, I want you to meet someone. This little girl has just been given a contract, and everyone tells me she has a multitude of talents. Miss LaVerne... Mr. Lawrence."

Roger looked up at the girl who had just approached. He paled and fought with his tie.

"How do you do," he wheezed. "Hot in here."

"We've met," smiled Gloria.

"Really?" said Eloise in her best hostess fashion.

"I'm afraid I don't..." began Roger lamely.

"In New York, Mr. Lawrence," said Gloria. "Don't you remember?"

"Yes, Roger, don't you remember?" Roger was suddenly aware that Eloise's voice had descended a full octave and was rapidly picking up volume. People stopped talking and looked around.

"Surely you remember New York, Roger, where you had such fun two-timing me with Miss LaVerne? It isn't possible that you could have forgotten so soon, is it, my darling, deceitful, two-faced rat of a Roger?"

Where thirty seconds before there had been a pounding din, there was now a taut, breathless silence. Someone dropped a glass, and it sounded like doom cracking up.

Roger tried to laugh. "Wait just a minute, darling, and I'll get you a soap box. I don't think the boys in the back room heard you."

"I'd appreciate it if you would take Miss LaVerne and leave my party!" Eloise's voice never carried so well.

In ten minutes everyone was gone but Barney. Eloise sat glumly on the couch watching him go around the room finishing up the hors d'oeuvres.

"Well, you really told him," commented Barney, his mouth full.

"You said it."

"Rudolph won't like it a bit, but who's Rudolph?"

"Sure. Who's Rudolph?"

Barney filled his mouth before answering. "Nobody."



"You said it."

"Listen. You're well rid of that ham. I never liked him."

Eloise got her handkerchief up just in time to head off two large tears.

"Look, Barney. Do me a favor, will you? Just eat in silence for the next couple of hours and don't say anything."

It was easy for Barney to eat, but not to keep quiet.

"I don't want to step on any fresh graves, honey, but you know I'm mighty fond of you."

"Yes, Barney. And I'm fond of you."

"What I mean is . . . what's the matter with me?"

"I don't know. Don't you feel well?"

"Yes. I mean no. I'm in love with you, Eloise."

She stared at him for one horrified moment, then burst out crying.

"Oh, Barney. You poor thing! I know just how you feel. Isn't it awful?"

"I tell her I love her," groaned Barney to Belva the next day, "and she dissolves into tears and says, 'Isn't it awful.' How do you like that?"

Belva sighed contentedly. "My heart bleeds for you, Barney."

"You're a good kid, Belva. Thanks for the sympathy. Too bad it doesn't do any good."

Rudolph was not pleased with his stars' romantic misbehavior. In fact, he went crazy. When Jimmie Fidler announced over the air that Eloise Sargent had tied the can to Roger Lawrence even before the completion of their co-starring picture, Rudolph began talking about tearing up her contract.

Then Barney resourcefully pointed out that this might bring them in at the box-office in bigger droves than ever. "The battling lovers co-starred in a rib-tickling, side-splitting farce, 'Love's a Bargain!'" Rudolph smiled and started eating regularly again.

As for Eloise, she was relentless. Each time she saw Roger it was like touching a live wire to an open wound. She put on an eight-hour-per-day demonstration of shrill, razor-edged temperament. For each member of the "Love's a Bargain" company, the set became a little bit of hell. She didn't like the direction, she didn't like the photography, she didn't like the sets, and, with special emphasis, she didn't like Roger Lawrence.

Roger soothed, explained, and cajoled till his head rang, and then he only succeeded in opening up a new mother lode of invective.

One day he blew up and screamed back at Eloise. That night he took Gloria to the La Maze and had champagne with dinner. The next night it was Lindy's, then the Brown Derby, then the Cock and Bull, then the Trocadero.

Jealousy gave way to despair. The awful realization struck Eloise that she had lost Roger. It was useless to keep repeating to herself that she no longer loved him.

Those days were agony for Barney, too. There could be no worse torture for him than to be compelled to watch Eloise suffer. He tried kidding her and babying her and jollying her with bluff heartiness. And each time it was like trying to swim in a barrel of soft dough.

Then he remembered something. He remembered that Eloise had a whale of a temper.

He waited till the time was ripe, then he got busy.

They were eating lunch together in the studio commissary, sitting at a small table on the far side of the room. Eloise had gotten so she would eat with no one but Barney. She didn't want to talk, and he kept his mouth shut. On this day Barney maintained his usual discreet silence until



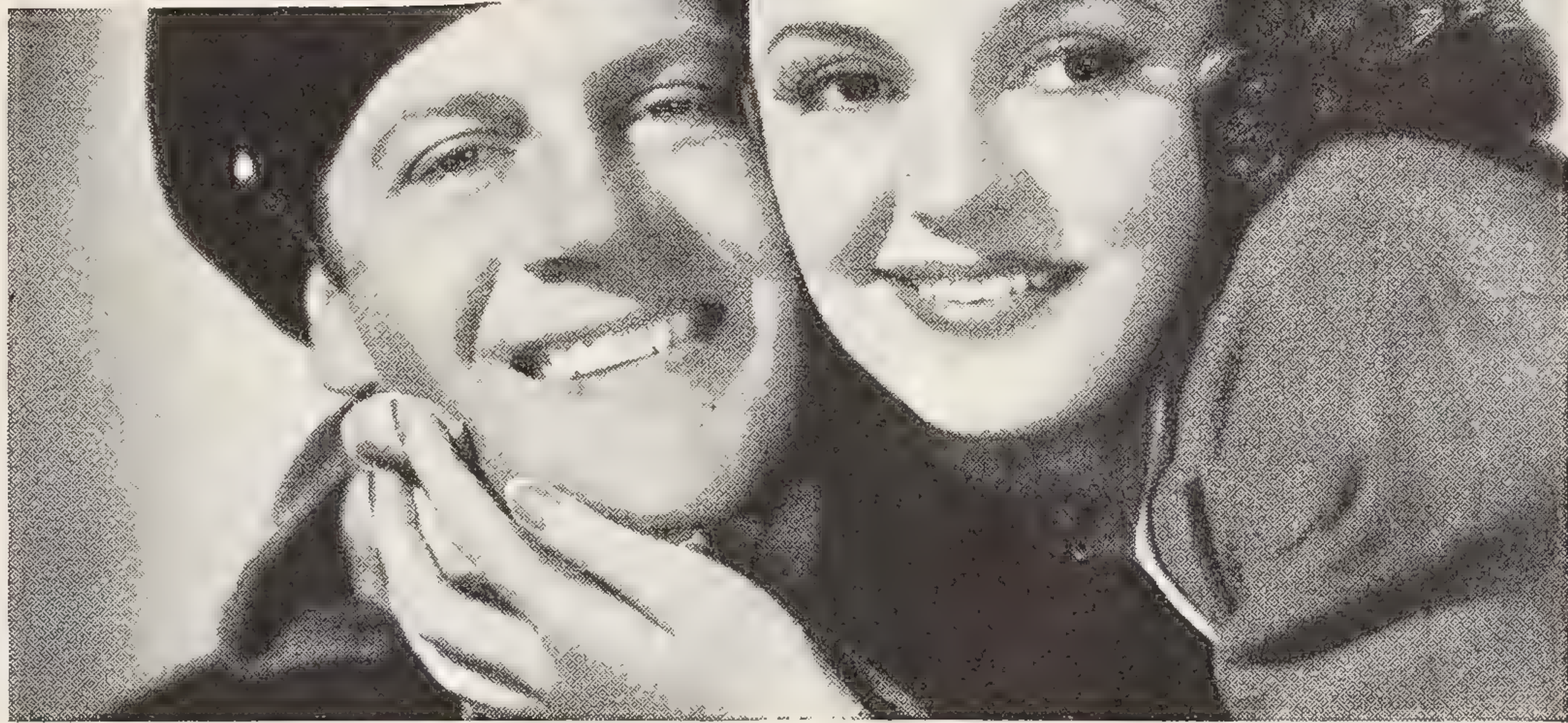
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Roger and Gloria entered and were seated on the other side of the room. Gloria wore a stunning mink coat that appeared to be brand new.

Eloise didn't look up, but Barney knew she had seen them. He took a firmer grip on his fork and inhaled.

"They seem to be getting along pretty well."

"Yes." Eloise looked up quickly, blushing clear through her makeup. "Who?"

"Roger and Gloria."

She jabbed at her food with sudden fervor.

"I don't care if they're wallowing in compatibility. What Roger and that leprous girl do is of so little consequence to me that I'm bored at the mere mention of their names."

"You know something honey?" said Barney pleasantly. "I think your attitude's all wrong. She's a pretty nice kid when you get to know her. I was surprised."

Eloise raised her head, the look of a woman betrayed in her eyes. Barney was reminded of a trusting sheep being led to slaughter. He resumed.

"Say what you like, she's a fighter. Goes after what she wants."

"I'm glad you're so open-minded." Eloise bent a mental crowbar over the head of her publicity man.

"Sure. She's just a normal girl with normal impulses. She wanted Roger, so she set out after him."

"And got him."

"Yep. And she'll hang on to him."

"But fine. Fine! What do I care?"

Barney grabbed his chop and chewed vigorously on it to hide his emotion. Eloise's voice had dropped noticeably in timbre and had picked up volume.

"Of course you don't care. If I thought you did, do you think I'd talk like this to you? Do you think I'd tell you that Roger

just bought her that mink coat...?"

"What?"

"And was looking at Beverly Hills property for her?"

"What did you...?"

"And was talking to Rudolph about making a picture with her?"

Eloise laid her hand in the salad and rose from her chair.

"I'll kill her! I'll kill them both!" A waitress shied into the air and spilled soup into an executive's ear. "I'll take a scalpel and bone them like a pair of mackerel!"

That noon Barney left a fifteen cent tip—five cents more than he had ever tipped a waitress in his life.

Half an hour later Barney was sitting in his office listening to Eloise fume as she paced up and down the carpet. At intervals Barney tossed in a snappy remark or two to keep the bile flowing.

In the midst of the tirade, Barney opened a drawer of his desk in a quiet, matter-of-fact manner, drew forth a large mahogany box, and opened it. A dozen or so knives of every variety lay exposed to view. Unconcernedly he selected one with a broad, vicious blade and an intricately carved handle and began polishing it with a cloth.

"I'm telling you," said Barney. "You oughta have a talk with Gloria."

"I'd like to sing at her funeral!"

Eloise turned and hauled up short.

"What are you doing with that cutlery?"

"This," explained Barney with great deliberation, "is my collection of rare knives."

"Knives?"

"Knives."

"What for?"

"I don't know. It's a collection." Then, by way of making himself clear... "Of knives."

"Oh." Eloise's eyes took on a dreamy quality. "It would be nice to work on her with your collection."

"Now, listen to me," admonished Barney severely. "It won't do anybody any good if you try rough stuff."

"You don't think I'd do anything like that, do you, you idiot?"

"Well, I'm just telling you, that's all."

He rose abruptly, leaving the knives on his desk.

"I've gotta see a man. Be right back."

When Barney walked onto Stage 5 a few minutes later, they were adjusting the lights on a hotel lobby set, amidst much hammering and shouting. Gloria was sitting in a

corner reading a fan magazine. She looked gorgeous in the mink coat. Barney dropped into a seat beside her.

"How's the career going, honey?"

Gloria looked up from her magazine resentfully.

"Why?"

Barney smiled... a big Irish smile.

"Just curious. Thought I'd write a little publicity yarn about you."

"Really?" Gloria closed her magazine and showed her dimples. "That's nice. What're you gonna write about me?"

Barney looked her straight in the eye.

"I had in mind something deep down... a searching portrait of the real you. I wanta get beneath the surface. Why don't you come over to my office?"

"Oh, yeah?"

"To talk, I mean. It's too noisy here."

"Oh, to talk. Well, okay doke."

As they walked toward the Publicity Building, Barney became confidential.

"It's a relief to talk to somebody human for a change. I'm just about fed up on that Sargent dame."

"You're fed up on her? How about me? That's all Roger can talk about. Half the time he calls me Eloise."

"That must be aggravating."

"Aggravating! Do you wanta hear something that'll really peel your skin?" Gloria didn't wait for an answer. "He buys me this coat, see? It comes today with a card—Love to Gloria from Roger—and what does he do?"

"Tell me," begged Barney.

"He says he never bought it and I have to send it back. I'm telling you, he's nuts!"

Barney glanced around him warily.

"You think he's nutty. You oughta see that Sargent dame. She's whacky!"

"No!"

"Yeah! She's got ideas that folks are out to get her."

"I can't believe it!"

"It's terrible. She's even taken up knife-throwing. Carries a knife or two with her most of the time. I told Rudolph just the other day, I said, 'Rudolph, that girl's a menace.'"

Outside his office Barney paused.

"You go in and sit down," he told Gloria. "I want to get a photographer."

Gloria entered and closed the door before she saw Eloise. She moaned imperceptibly and reached for the door knob.

"Oh. Well. I didn't know. I'll come back later."



Whitney Bourne is supporting Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda in "The Mad Miss Manton." Her career is bursting into life again!



"Just a minute," snapped Eloise. "I want to talk to you."

"No you don't, honey. There's nothing to talk about. Is there? Well, ta ta."

"Sit down!"

"Of course!" Gloria grunted and sat down.

Eloise looked at the mink coat, and her cheeks fairly sizzled.

"I want an explanation," she bellowed.

"Certainly. Of course you want an explanation. I wonder what can be keeping Barney?"

"Never mind Barney. What is there between you and Roger?"

Eloise strode over to the desk in the manner of a prosecuting attorney. It was at this moment that Gloria caught sight of the knives. A horrible picture flashed across her mind . . . a picture of herself being carved up like a juicy roast. Her teeth started chattering like castenets.

"Who, me and Roger? Good friends. I would scarcely even say *good* friends. Just friends."

Eloise picked up a long, jeweled poniard and whirled around.

"Friends?"

Gloria chuckled crazily.

"Did I say friends? We really aren't friends at all. He doesn't care much for me, and I can't stand the sight of him."

"You're lying!"

"I wouldn't lie to you, honey. I wouldn't even exaggerate. He bores me to distinction."

"You mean to extinction, don't you? To death?"

"Oh, honey, don't use that word!"

There was a sudden pounding of feet in the hall. Then Barney's voice yelled, "Don't try to reason with her. Knock the door down!"

Three shoulders hit the door simultaneously, and it sprang open, revealing

Roger, a policeman, and Barney.

"Grab her!" yelled Barney.

The policeman made a dive and pinned Gloria to her chair. She was too startled to do more than gasp. Roger threw his arms around Eloise and held her tight. Then he took the knife from her hand.

"Thank heaven," he breathed. "You got it away from her!"

Eloise let her lower jaw sag.

"Huh?" she said.

"She's too scared to talk, poor kid," said Barney. Who wouldn't be, after being attacked by a nutty dame with a knife? He looked straight at Eloise and closed one eye briefly.

"Sure. Who wouldn't be?" said Eloise with sudden enthusiasm, snuggling closer to Roger.

"She's dangerous," said Roger. "Tried to tell me I sent her that coat. No telling what she'll do next."

Gloria managed to assume at least partial control of her vocal chords.

"Dirty lie!" she yelled. "Frame-up. Filthy trick if I ever saw one."

"Careful what you say, young woman," snapped Barney. "I'm not sure that Miss Sargent won't take this to court."

Gloria grew purple.

"Why, you double-crosser! I never saw those knives before in my life, and you know it!"

For a moment a suspicious look crossed Roger's face. But Barney only laughed.

"Maybe so and maybe not. But they're signed out of the Prop Department *in your name!*" He nodded to the cop. "Very well, Gerald. You may dispose of her now, if you will."

That evening Barney bought a box of chocolates and went over to see Belva. He had to tell somebody about his Machiavelian cunning in bringing Eloise and Roger back together . . . that and his

supreme sacrifice.

Belva was properly awed.

"Barney," she sighed. "You're wonderful. And a real nobleman, too."

Barney blushed and ate half a dozen chocolates. He scarcely noticed the ache in his heart.

At the sneak preview of "Love's a Bargain," Barney and Belva sat close together and held hands. Directly in front of them sat Roger and Eloise.

"Really, darling," whispered Eloise sweetly, "I don't see any sense in lying about it. The whole episode is closed."

"I guess you don't hear very well," hissed Roger. "I didn't buy her any mink coat, and I didn't price any property for her."

The man in front of them turned around.

"Hey, pipe down," he said.

"The coat came in your name, Roger dear, and you did talk to a real estate man."

"I'm telling you, they both came unordered. And they both went back!"

The man in front turned around again.

"If you two mugs don't pipe down, I'm callin' the usher, see?"

"Just keep out of this, brother," responded Roger warmly.

"How would you like for me to let one go in your direction?" asked the man menacingly.

"I'd like it fine. Why?"

Barney leaned forward and tapped Roger on the shoulder.

"I sent that coat," he said. "And I sent for the real estate man. Now shut up and let us watch your lousy picture."

Ten minutes later Roger turned around.

"You're a pretty handy guy," he said. "How about you and Belva flying over to Yuma with us tonight? For witnesses, you know."

"Why not?" said Barney, and sniggered. "You can do the same for us."

## Petal Smooth Skin MAKES A HIT EVERY TIME



3:30 P.M.—A KNOCKOUT AT THE GAME

**EASY TO SMOOTH ROUGHNESSES AWAY.... FOR POWDER**

IT ALWAYS WAS EASY TO SMOOTH AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES—WITH ONE APPLICATION OF POND'S VANISHING CREAM

8:30 P.M.—LOOKS A MILLION FOR THE DANCE

# ..NOW SMOOTH IN EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN," TOO!\*

Now Pond's Vanishing Cream supplies extra beauty care. It contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin." When skin lacks this necessary vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps skin become smooth again. Now every time you use Pond's, you are smoothing some of this necessary vitamin into your skin! Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

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\*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

**BETTINA BELMONT, Society Deb,**  
SAYS: "GRAND FOR OVERNIGHT, TOO"

I'M OUTDOORS A LOT—THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS USED POND'S VANISHING CREAM—IT SMOOTHS AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES—HOLDS POWDER AND IT'S A GRAND OVERNIGHT CREAM. NOW I USE IT TO HELP PROVIDE AGAINST POSSIBLE LOSS OF "SKIN-VITAMIN" FROM MY SKIN, TOO



Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.



# The Final Thing A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



IN Bing Crosby's latest picture, he qualified as an actor. Perhaps the reason was that the screen character he was playing came nearer to his own life. (He had to sing and he bought a race horse). Anyway, the evening with Bing was a very pleasant one. You no doubt had the same experience.

\* \* \*

The problem for the director in one of Bing's pictures—in fact in any singer's picture—is to get the song in and yet to maintain the swing and forward march ("rhythmic flow") of the story. The clever brains of the studios have thought of everything. One good stunt was in Lily Pons' first picture, "I Dream Too Much," when she was on a carousel with the camera following her around. She remained in the center of the screen, but the crowd whirled past—a perfect scheme. "In Congress Dances" Lillian Harvey rode in an open barouche through cheering crowds of friends and sang. Thus maintaining song and motion. Nelson Eddy, in "Rosalie," sang a serenade and the girls all came to the windows, a pleasant plan that again prevented the song from breaking the story in two.

\* \* \*

Few of you fans realize how hard the picture makers strive to reach artistic levels. The double page scene from "Sweethearts" in this issue shows how the movement of the dancers, behind the principals, keeps the story rushing along.

\* \* \*

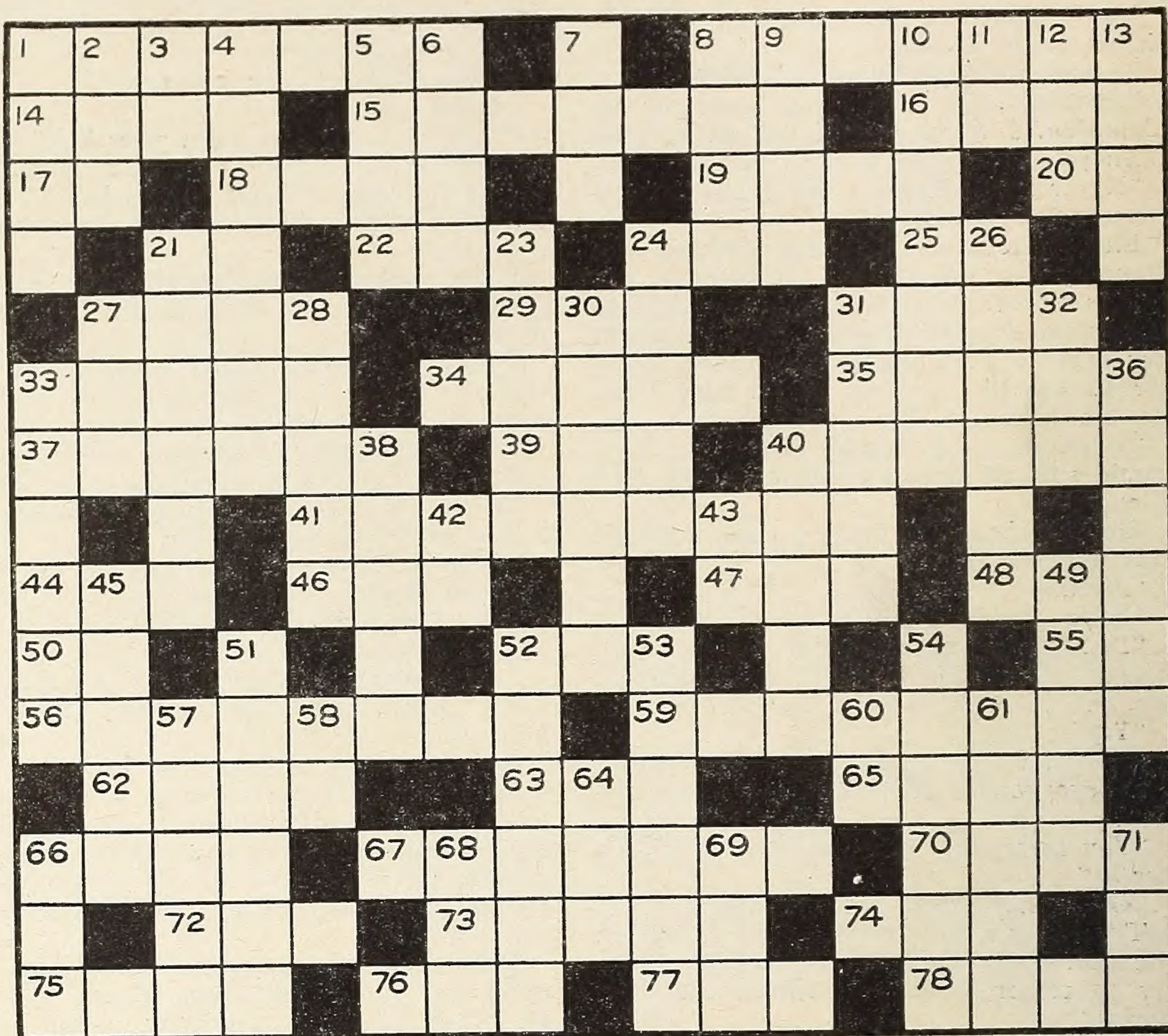
Leaving the problems of picture making to those so competent to solve them, let us marvel once again at the wonder of screen entertainment—and we mean "Boys' Town." You probably have already been one of an audience, as we were, to be swept away from Now and today's shoddy incidents, to the place in Nebraska where a good man found good all about him. If not, you must see this picture.

We came out of the theatre, after seeing it, with wet eyes but no sadness. No harrowing make-believe had moved us to tears. Instead we were filled with pleasant pride.

We were proud that great men perfected the moving picture apparatus, that great writers have shared their gifts with the talented actors and we were glad that we are connected with the great art of the screen, even though our activities are on the very edge of the fringe of the great industry. Our forgotten beliefs were all brightly glowing, for the picture had made us happily certain that everywhere it is shown, people, millions of them, will be in that same mood. Because of this picture, and the unequalled spiritual power of Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney, faith in charity and in kindness will blaze up again across the world.

That evening no panhandler begged of us in vain, but, through the magic of our gratitude to him, our gifts seemed to go to Father Flanagan of Boys' Town.

*Elmer Keen*  
EDITOR



## ACROSS

- 1 Bibulous agent in "Professor Beware"
- 8 Publisher in "Four's A Crowd"
- 14 Famous opera
- 15 Algerian detective in "Algiers"
- 16 Instigate
- 17 Measure of length (abbr.)
- 18 Comedian in "Zaza"
- 19 Wicked
- 20 Sun god
- 21 Star of "Professor Beware" (initials)
- 22 Uneven
- 24 Arid
- 25 Degree (abbr.)
- 27 Large tropical serpents
- 29 Period of time
- 31 Prickly flower-head
- 33 Heiress in "Professor Beware"
- 34 Higher up
- 35 In "Four's a Crowd"
- 37 To manifest affection
- 39 Brazilian cuckoo
- 40 Plant root used for medicinal purposes
- 41 Taxi driver in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
- 44 Large covered wagon
- 46 Young goat
- 47 Be seated
- 48 Feminine name
- 50 Type measure
- 52 Find the sum of
- 55 Speech of hesitancy
- 56 "Dr. Clitterhouse," himself
- 59 Russian actor in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse"
- 62 One of the Lane sisters
- 63 Shirley's dancing partner in "Little Miss Broadway" (abbr.)
- 65 Radio singer
- 66 Instruments for opening locks
- 67 Star of "Marie Antoinette"
- 70 Flower
- 72 Indefinitely long period of time
- 73 Adorn
- 74 Title of respect
- 75 Long exaggerated story
- 76 Contraction of "it is"
- 77 Know (Scot.)
- 78 Hold an opinion

## DOWN

- 1 Feminine lead in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
- 2 To free
- 3 Paid publicity
- 4 Bartender in "Port of Seven Seas"
- 5 Resound
- 6 Tract of ground enclosed
- 7 Aged
- 8 Vat used for bleaching
- 9 Fleet of ships
- 10 One of the amusing "bums" in "Professor Beware"
- 11 Measure of weight (abbr.)

- 12 Ever (poet.)
- 13 A well-known comedian
- 21 Mrs. Hardy in "Love Finds Andy Hardy"
- 23 Prohibit
- 24 Rich young man in "Three Blind Mice"
- 26 Reach one's destination
- 27 Man's name
- 28 Roughly built house
- 30 Soon to be seen in "If I Were King"
- 31 Hat
- 32 Large mythical bird
- 33 Circus performer in "I'd Give a Million"
- 36 French girl in "Algiers"
- 38 Troubled father in "White Banners"
- 40 In "Marie Antoinette"
- 42 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 43 Exists
- 45 Mexican plant root
- 49 Changes direction
- 51 With James Cagney in "Boy Meets Girl"
- 52 Offends
- 53 In "Gangs of New York"
- 54 Native girl in "Algiers"
- 57 Star of "Algiers"
- 58 Our continent (abbr.)
- 60 501 (Rom.)
- 61 Famous opera singer
- 64 Organ of hearing
- 66 Mother in "My Bill"
- 68 Head covering
- 69 Organ of sight
- 71 Shade tree

## Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
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| A | T | L | E | W | E | G | O | P | A | Y | U | T |   |
| L | U | C | I | L | L | E | O | R | O | B | E | R | T |
| T | A | O | C | S | A | D | S | N | L | E | T | A |   |
| O | R | B | H | O | R | D | E | R | E | F | O | R |   |
| T | U | B | S | H | E | A | R | E | R | S | I | N |   |
| M | R | I | C | E | A | R | E | E | M | I | L | O |   |
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| N | O | W | A | N | E | S | C | O | C | O | A | E | U |
| E | L | L | I | S | O | N | E | C | A | R | R | O | L |
| V | A | L | L | E | E | U | N | A | R | E | T | A | I |
| I | N | S | L | I | N | D | S | A | Y | H | T | I |   |
| T | E | O | N | T | W | I | T | S | Y | U | N | V |   |
| C | A | G | N | E | Y | E | V | E | M | A | R | C | I |
| H | A | B | R | O | D | E | R | I | C | K | E | N |   |



**NOTHING DOING  
FELLAS. SHE'S  
MY GIRL FOR  
THE EVENING!**



Girls who guard against  
**COSMETIC SKIN** the Hollywood  
way win out—

**IRENE DUNNE**



**COSMETIC SKIN  
SPOILS A GIRL'S  
CHANCES OF  
ROMANCE!**



PORES CHOKED  
WITH DUST,  
DIRT AND STALE  
COSMETICS  
MAY MEAN  
**COSMETIC SKIN.**  
REMOVE COSMETICS  
THOROUGHLY WITH  
**LUX TOILET SOAP**

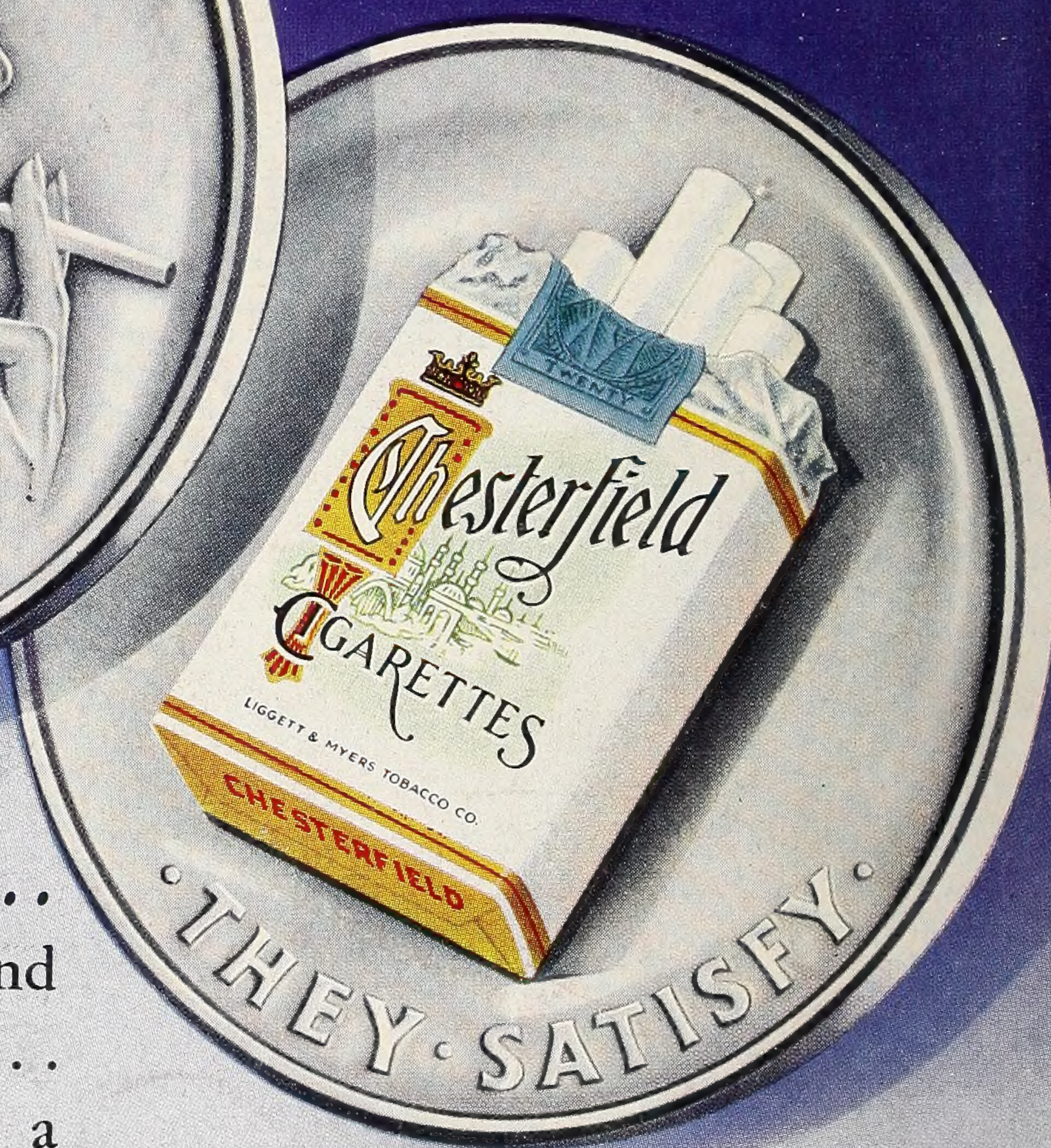
I USE COSMETICS,  
OF COURSE, BUT  
I NEVER HAVE  
**COSMETIC SKIN.** I  
USE **LUX TOILET  
SOAP** REGULARLY!



**9 out of 10 Hollywood  
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



*A new smoking pleasure  
for millions*



*Up-to-the-minute...*  
mild ripe tobaccos and  
pure cigarette paper...  
the best ingredients a  
cigarette can have...

*that's why more and more smokers are turning to  
Chesterfield's refreshing mildness and better taste*

*They Satisfy ..millions*